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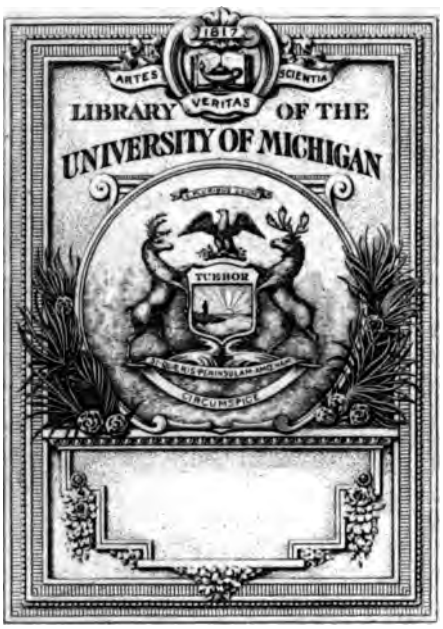
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The English Dramatists

GEORGE PEELE

VOLUME THE SECOND

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THE WORKS

OF

GEORGE PEELE

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN, B.A.

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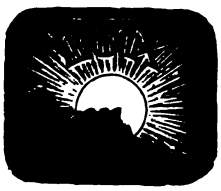
VOLUME THE SECOND



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DAVID AND BETHSABE.

The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe. With the Tragedie of Absalon. As it hath ben diuers times plaied on the stage. Written by George Peele. London, Printed by Adam Islip. 1599. 4to.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

DAVID.
AMNON, *son of* DAVID *by* AHINOAM.
CHILEAB, *son of* DAVID *by* ABIGAIL.
ABSALON, *son of* DAVID *by* MAACAH.
ADONIA, *son of* DAVID *by* HAGGITH.
SALOMON, *son of* DAVID *by* BETHSABE.
JOAB, *captain of the host to* DAVID, } *nephews of* DAVID *and sons of*
ABISAI, } *his sister* ZERUIAH.
AMASA, *nephew of* DAVID *and son of his sister* ABIGAIL ; *captain of the host to* ABSALON.
JONADAB, *nephew of* DAVID *and son of his brother* SHIMEAH ; *friend to* AMNON.
URIAS, *husband of* BETHSABE, *and a warrior in* DAVID'S *army.*
NATHAN, *a prophet.*
SADOC, *high-priest.*
AHIMAAS, *his son.*
ABIATHAR, *a priest.*
JONATHAN, *his son.*
ACHITOPHEL, *chief-counsellor to* ABSALON.
CUSAY.
ITHAY.
SEMEI.
JETHRAY.
HANON, *King of Ammon.*
MACHAAS, *King of Gath.*
Messenger, Soldiers, Shepherds, and Attendants.

THAMAR, *daughter of* DAVID *by* MAACAH.
BETHSABE, *wife of* URIAS.
Widow of THEOCA.
Concubines to DAVID.
Maid to BETHSABE.

Chorus.

---

[1] There is no list of persons in old ed.

THE LOVE OF DAVID AND FAIR BERSABE,[1] WITH THE TRAGEDY OF ABSALON.

PROLOGUS.

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy style and happy victories;
Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew
Archangels stillèd from the breath of Jove,
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers
Heavens rained on tops of Sion and Mount Sinai.
Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The cherubins and angels laid their breasts;
And, when his consecrated fingers struck
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
That, winged with lightning, brake the clouds, and cast
Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
And of his beauteous son, I prease[2] to sing.
Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct
Upon the wings of my well-tempered verse

[1] So the name is frequently spelt throughout the play.
[2] Press.

The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven,
And guide them so in this thrice-haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble Muse,
And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

DAVID AND BETHSABE.

[SCENE I.]

The[1] *Prologue-speaker draws a curtain and discovers* BETHSABE, *with her Maid, bathing over a spring: she sings, and* DAVID *sits above viewing her.*

THE SONG.

HOT sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me, and please me:
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause cause of [my] mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

Beth. Come, gentle Zephyr, tricked with those perfumes

---

[1] Old ed. "He drawes a curtaine," &c.

That erst in Eden sweetened Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with thy [1] silken fan:
This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce:
Thou, and thy sister, soft and sacred Air,
Goddess of life, and governess of health,
Keeps every fountain fresh and arbour sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy [2] thicket bar thy subtle breath;
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with us through the leaves.

Dav. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensèd with a sudden fire?
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?
Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight
Be still enamelled with discoloured [3] flowers;

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "the."
[2] Old ed. "bushly."
[3] A Latinism.—*Discolor*=variegated; of different colours.

That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And, for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
The brims let be embraced with golden curls
Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
Bear manna every morn instead of dew,
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.—
Cusay, come up, and serve thy lord the king.

Enter CUSAY.

Cu. What service doth my lord the king command?
Dav. See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king
In all the land the Lord subdu'd to me;
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
Brighter than inside-bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine-perfumèd [1] myrrh,
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On Zephyr's wings before the King of Heaven.
Cu. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife,
Urias, now at Rabbah [2] siege with Joab?

[1] Dyce points out that in *England's Parnassus* (p. 397) the reading is "*fire*-perfumed."
[2] Here and elsewhere the old ed. reads "Rabath."

Dav. Go now, and bring her quickly to the king;
Tell her, her graces have found grace with him.
Cu. I will, my lord. [*Exit* CUSAY *to* BETHSABE.
Dav. Bright Bethsabe shall wash, in David's bower,
In water mixed with purest almond-flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids:
Bright Bethsabe gives earth[1] to my desires;
Verdure to earth; and to that verdure flowers;
To flowers sweet odours; and to odours wings
That carry pleasures to the hearts of kings.

CUSAY *to* BETHSABE, *she starting as something affright.*

Cu. Fair Bethsabe, the King of Israel
From forth his princely tower hath seen thee bathe;
And thy sweet graces have found grace with him:
Come, then, and kneel unto him where he stands;
The king is gracious, and hath liberal hands.
Beth. Ah, what is Bethsabe to please the king?
Or what is David, that he should desire,
For fickle beauty's sake, his servant's wife?
Cu. David, thou know'st, fair dame, is wise and just,
Elected to the heart of Israel's God;
Then do not thou expostulate with him
For any action that contents his soul.

[1] This word is suspicious; but, Collier's proposed correction "birth" is not happy.

Beth. My lord the king, elect to God's own heart,
Should not His gracious jealousy incense
Whose thoughts are chaste: I[1] hate incontinence.
Cu. Woman, thou wrong'st the king, and doubt'st his honour,
Whose truth maintains the crown of Israel,
Making him stay that bade me bring thee straight.
Beth. The king's poor handmaid will obey my lord.
Cu. Then come, and do thy duty to his grace;
And do what seemeth favour in his sight. [*Exeunt.*
Dav. Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,[2]
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
In oblique turnings, wind the [3] nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks;
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.—
Open the doors, and entertain my love;
Open, I say, and, as you open, sing,
Welcome fair, Bethsabe, King David's darling.

[1] "Qy. 'Whose thoughts are chaste *and* hate' &c.?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

[2] Dyce suggests that this is an error, originating in the word "joy," l. 94. He suggests that the sense requires "charms." I see no harm in the repetition; but if any alteration is required, I would read "eyes," which is nearer the reading of old ed. (I notice, as these sheets are passing through the press, that the correction "eyes" afterwards occurred to Dyce. It is mentioned in the Addenda to his edition of Greene and Peele.)

[3] Dyce adopts Sydney Walker's correction "their."

Enter CUSAY *with* BETHSABE.

Welcome, fair Bethsabe, King David's darling.
Thy bones' fair covering, erst discovered fair,
And all [1] mine eyes with all thy beauties pierced.
As heaven's bright eye burns most when most he climbs
The crookèd zodiac with his fiery sphere,
And shineth furthest from this earthly globe;
So, since thy beauty scorched my conquered soul,
I called thee nearer for my nearer cure.

Beth. Too near, my lord, was your unarmèd heart
When furthest off my hapless beauty pierced;
And would this dreary [2] day had turned to night,
Or that some pitchy cloud had cloaked the sun,
Before their lights had caused my lord to see
His name disparaged and my chastity!

Dav. My love, if want of love have left thy soul
A sharper sense of honour than thy king,
(For love leads princes sometimes from their seats,)
As erst my heart was hurt, displeasing thee,
So come and taste thy ease with easing me.

Beth. One medicine cannot heal our different harms;
But rather make both rankle at the bone:
Then let the king be cunning in his cure,
Lest flattering both, both perish in his hand.

Dav. Leave it to me, my dearest Bethsabe,
Whose skill is conversant in deeper cures.—

---

[1] By reading "Enthrall'd mine eyes," we could make some sense of this corrupt passage.

[2] A doubtful word.—Qy. "garish"?

And, Cusay, haste thou to my servant Joab,
Commanding him to send Urias home
With all the speed can possibly be used.
Cu. Cusay will fly about the king's desire.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]

Enter JOAB, ABISAI, URIAS, *and others, with drum and ensign.*

Joab. Courage, ye mighty men of Israel,
And charge your fatal instruments of war
Upon the bosoms of proud Ammon's sons,
That have disguised your king's ambassadors,
Cut half their beards and half their garments off,
In spite of Israel and his daughters' sons!
Ye fight the holy battles of Jehovah,
King David's God, and ours, and Jacob's God,
That guides your weapons to their conquering strokes,
Orders your footsteps, and directs your thoughts
To stratagems that harbour victory:
He casts his sacred eyesight from on high,
And sees your foes run seeking for their deaths,
Laughing their labours and their hopes to scorn;
While 'twixt your bodies and their blunted swords
He puts on armour of his honour's proof,
And makes their weapons wound the senseless winds.[1]

[1] Cf. Marlowe's *Tamburlaine, First Part*, iii. 3:
"And make your strokes to wound the senseless lure (?)."

Abis. Before this city Rabbah we will lie,
And shoot forth shafts as thick and dangerous
As was the hail that Moses mixed with fire,
And threw with fury round about the fields,
Dèvouring Pharaoh's friends and Egypt's fruits.
Ur. First, mighty captains, Joab and Abisai,
Let us assault, and scale this kingly tower,
Where all their conduits and their fountains are;
Then we may easily take the city too.
Joab. Well hath Urias counselled our attempts;
And as he spake us, so assault the tower:
Let Hanon now, the king of Ammon's sons,[1]
Repulse our conquering passage if he dare.

HANON *with* KING MACHAAS, *and others, upon the walls.*

Ha. What would the shepherd's-dogs of Israel
Snatch from the mighty issue of King Ammon,
The valiant Ammonites and haughty Syrians?
'Tis not your late successive victories
Can make us yield, or quail our courages;
But if ye dare assay to scale this tower,
Our angry swords shall smite ye to the ground,
And venge our losses on your hateful lives.
Joab. Hanon, thy father Nahas gave relief
To holy David in his hapless exile,
Livèd his fixèd date, and died in peace:
But thou, instead of reaping his reward,
Hast trod it under foot, and scorned our king;

[1] So Dyce (who compares l. 3).—Old ed. "sonne."

Therefore thy days shall end with violence,
And to our swords thy vital blood shall cleave.
Mach. Hence, thou that bear'st poor Israel's shepherd's-hook,
The proud lieutenant of that base-born king,
And keep within the compass of his fold;
For, if ye seek to feed on Ammon's fruits,
And stray into the Syrian's fruitful meads,
The mastives of our land shall worry [1] ye,
And pull the weesels [2] from your greedy throats.
Abis. Who can endure these pagans' blasphemies?
Ur. My soul repines at this disparagement.
Joab. Assault, ye valiant men of David's host,
And beat these railing dastards from their doors.

Assault, and they win the tower; and JOAB *speaks above.*

Thus have we won the tower, which we will keep,
Maugre the sons of Ammon and of Syria.

Enter CUSAY *beneath.*

Cu. Where is Lord Joab, leader of the host?
Joab. Here is Lord Joab, leader of the host.
Cusay, come up, for we have won the hold. [*He comes.*
Cu. In happy hour,[3] then, is Cusay come.

---

[1] Old ed. "werry."
[2] "*I.e.*, weasands. (This word is spelt by some of our old writers '*wesils.*')."—*Dyce.*
[3] Equivalent to a dissyllable. (Old ed. "hower.")

Joab. What news, then, brings Lord Cusay from the king?

Cu. His majesty commands thee out of hand
To send him home Urias from the wars,
For matter of some service he should do.

Ur. 'Tis for no choler hath surprised the king,
I hope, Lord Cusay, 'gainst his servant's truth?

Cu. No; rather to prefer Urias' truth.

Joab. Here, take him with thee, then, and go in peace;
And tell my lord the king that I have fought
Against the city Rabbah with success,
And scalèd where[1] the royal palace is,
The conduit-heads and all their sweetest springs:
Then let him come in person to these walls,
With all the soldiers he can bring besides,
And take the city as his own exploit,
Lest I surprise it, and the people give
The glory of the conquest to my name.

Cu. We will, Lord Joab; and great Israel's God
Bless in thy hands the battles of our king!

Joab. Farwell, Urias; haste away the king.

Ur. As sure as Joab breathes a victor here,
Urias will haste him and his own return.
[*Exeunt* [CUSAY *and* URIAS].

Abis. Let us descend, and ope the palace' gate,
Taking our soldiers in to keep the hold.

Joab. Let us, Abisai:—and, ye sons of Judah,
Be valiant, and maintain your victory. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Qy. "scalèd, where"?

[SCENE III.]

AMNON,[1] JONADAB, *and* JETHRAY, AMNON'S Page.

Jonad. What means my lord, the king's belovèd son,
That wears upon his right triumphant arm
The power of Israel for a royal favour,
That holds upon the tables of his hands
Banquets of honour and all thought's content,
To suffer pale and grisly abstinence
To sit and feed upon his fainting cheeks,
And suck away the blood that cheers his looks?
Am. Ah, Jonadab, it is my sister's looks,
On whose sweet beauty I bestow my blood,
That make me look so amorously lean;
Her beauty having seized upon my heart,
So merely[2] consecrate to her content,
Sets now such guard about his vital blood,
And views the passage with such piercing eyes,
That none can scape to cheer my pining cheeks,
But all is thought too little for her love.
Jonad. Then from her heart thy looks shall be relieved,
And thou shalt joy her as thy soul desires.
Am. How can it be, my sweet friend Jonadab,
Since Thamar is a virgin and my sister?
Jonad. Thus it shall be: lie down upon thy bed,
Feigning thee fever-sick and ill-at-ease;

[1] Old ed. gives throughout "Ammon."
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "merrily." ("Merely" = wholly, absolutely).

And when the king shall come to visit thee,
Desire thy sister Thamar may be sent
To dress some dainties for thy malady:
Then when thou hast her solely with thyself,
Enforce some favour to thy manly love.
See where she comes: entreat her in with thee.

Enter THAMAR.

Tha. What aileth Amnon, with such sickly looks
To daunt the favour[1] of his lovely face?
Am. Sweet Thamar, sick, and wish some wholesome cates
Dressed with the cunning of thy dainty hands.
Tha. That hath the king commanded at my hands:
Then come and rest thee, while I make thee ready
Some dainties easeful to thy crazèd soul.
Am. I go, sweet sister, easèd with thy sight. [*Exeunt.*

Restet JONADAB.

Jonad. Why should a prince, whose power may command,
Obey the rebel passions of his love,
When they contend but 'gainst his conscience,
And may be governed or suppressed by will?
Now, Amnon, loose those loving knots of blood,
That sucked the courage from thy kingly heart,
And give it passage to thy withered cheeks.

[1] Beauty.

Now, Thamar, rifled[1] are the holy fruits
That grew on plants of thy virginity;
And rotten is thy name in Israel:
Poor Thamar, little did thy lovely hands
Foretell an action of such violence
As to contend with Amnon's lusty arms
Sinewed with vigour of his kindless[2] love:
Fair Thamar, now dishonour hunts thy foot,
And follows thee through every covert shade,
Discovering thy shame and nakedness,
Even from the valleys of Jehosaphat
Up to the lofty mounts of Lebanon;
Where cedars, stirred with anger of the winds,
Sounding in storms the tale of thy disgrace,
Tremble with fury, and with murmur shake
Earth with their feet and with their heads the heavens,
Beating the clouds into their swiftest rack,[3]
To bear this wonder round about the world. [*Exit.*

[*Re-enter*] AMNON *thrusting out* THAMAR. [JETHRAY.]

Am. Hence from my bed, whose sight offends my soul
As doth the parbreak of disgorgèd bears!

Tha. Unkind, unprincely, and unmanly Amnon,

---

[1] My own correction.—Old ed. "ripened."

[2] Unnatural,

[3] "*I.e.*, moving masses of vapour. 'The winds in the upper region which move the clouds above (which we call the *rack*),' &c.—Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum, or A Naturall Historie*, § 115, p. 32, ed. 1658."—*Dyce.*

To force, and then refuse thy sister's love,
Adding unto the fright of thy offence
The baneful torment of my published shame!
O, do not this dishonour to thy love,
Nor clog thy soul with such increasing sin!
This second evil far exceeds the first.

Am. Jethray, come thrust this woman from my sight,
And bolt the door upon her if she strive. [*Exit.*[1]

Jeth. Go, madam, go; away; you must be gone;
My lord hath done with you: I pray, depart.
[*He shuts her out.—Exit.*[1]

Tha. Whither, alas, ah, whither shall I fly,
With folded arms and all amazèd soul?
Cast as was Eva from that glorious soil,
(Where all delights sat bating, winged with thoughts,
Ready to nestle in her naked breasts,)
To bare and barren vales with floods made waste,
To desert woods, and hills with lightning scorched,
With death, with shame, with hell, with horror rife![2]
There will I wander from my father's face;
There Absalon, my brother Absalon,
Sweet Absalon, shall hear his sister mourn;
There will I lure[3] with my windy sighs
Night-ravens and owls to rend my bloody side,
Which with a rusty weapon I will wound,
And make them passage to my panting heart.

---

[1] "*Exit*"—not marked in old ed.
[2] My own emendation.—Old ed. "sit."
[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "liue." ("Lure" is of course a dissyllable.)

Why talk'st thou, wretch, and leav'st the deed undone?
Rend hair and garments, as thy heart is rent
With inward fury of a thousand griefs,
And scatter them by these unhallowed doors,
To figure Amnon's resting[1] cruelty,
And tragic spoil of Thamar's chastity.

Enter ABSALON.

Abs. What causeth Thamar to exclaim so much?
Tha. The cause that Thamar shameth to disclose.
Abs. Say; I thy brother will revenge that cause.
Tha. Amnon, our father's son, hath forcèd me,
And thrusts me from him as the scorn of Israel.
Abs. Hath Amnon forcèd thee? by David's hand,
And by the covenant God hath made with him,
Amnon shall bear his violence to hell;
Traitor to heaven, traitor to David's throne,
Traitor to Absalon and Israel.
This fact[2] hath Jacob's ruler seen from heaven,
And through a cloud of smoke and tower of fire,
As he rides vaunting him upon the greens,
Shall tear his chariot-wheels with violent winds,
And throw his body in the bloody sea;
At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt;
And his fair spouse,[3] with bright and fiery wings,

[1] There seems to be some corruption here; but "resting" may be used in the sense of "lasting." (Qy. "wresting"?)

[2] Crime.

[3] This metaphor was vastly admired by Hawkins, who in the preface to *The Origin of the English Drama* (i. xi.), declared it to be "worthy of Æschylus." "Worthy of the poet Bays," he should have said.

Sit ever burning on his hateful bones:
Myself, as swift as thunder or his spouse,
Will hunt occasion with a secret hate,
To work false Amnon an ungracious end.—
Go in, my sister; rest thee in my house;
And God in time shall take this shame from thee.

Tha. Nor God nor time will do that good for me.

[*Exit* THAMAR: *restat* ABSALON.

Enter DAVID *with his train.*

Dav. My Absalon, what mak'st thou here alone,
And bear'st such discontentment in thy brows?

Abs. Great cause hath Absalon to be displeased,
And in his heart to shroud the wounds of wrath.

Dav. 'Gainst whom should Absalon be thus displeased?

Abs. 'Gainst wicked Amnon, thy ungracious son,
My brother and fair Thamar's by the king,
My step-brother by mother and by kind:
He hath dishonoured David's holiness,
And fixed a blot of lightness on his throne,
Forcing my sister Thamar when he feigned
A sickness, sprung from root of heinous lust.

Dav. Hath Amnon brought this evil on my house
And suffered sin to smite his father's bones?
Smite, David, deadlier than the voice of heaven,
And let hate's fire be kindled in thy heart
Frame in the arches of thy angry brows,
Making thy forehead, like a comet, shine,
To force false Amnon tremble at thy looks.

Sin, with his sevenfold crown and purple robe,
Begins his triumphs in my guilty throne;
There sits he watching with his hundred eyes
Our idle minutes and our wanton thoughts;
And with his baits, made of our frail desires,
Gives us the hook that hales our souls to hell:
But with the spirit of my kingdom's God
I'll thrust the flattering tyran[1] from his throne,
And scourge his bondslaves from my hallowed court
With rods of iron and thorns of sharpened steel.
Then, Absalon, revenge not thou this sin;
Leave it to me, and I will chasten him.

Abs. I am content: then grant, my lord the king,
Himself with all his other lords would come
Up to my sheep-feast on the plain of Hazor.

Dav. Nay, my fair son, myself with all my lords
Will bring thee too much charge; yet some shall go.

Abs. But let my lord the king himself take pains;
The time of year is pleasant for your grace,
And gladsome summer in her shady robes,
Crownèd with roses and with painted[2] flowers,
With all her nymphs, shall entertain my lord,
That, from the thicket of my verdant groves,
Will sprinkle honey-dews about his breast,
And cast sweet balm upon his kingly head:
Then grant thy servant's boon, and go, my lord.

Dav. Let it content my sweet son Absalon,
That I may stay, and take my other lords.

---

[1] Old form of "tyrant."

[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "planted."

Abs. But shall thy best-belovèd Amnon go?
Dav. What needeth it, that Amnon go with thee?
Abs. Yet do thy son and servant so much grace.
Dav. Amnon shall go, and all my other lords,
Because I will give grace to Absalon.

Enter CUSAY *and* URIAS, *with others.*

Cu. Pleaseth my lord the king, his servant Joab
Hath sent Urias from the Syrian wars.
Dav. Welcome, Urias, from the Syrian wars,
Welcome to David as his dearest lord.
Ur. Thanks be to Israel's God and David's grace,
Urias finds such greeting with the king.
Dav. No other greeting shall Urias find
As long as David[1] sways th' elected seat
And consecrated throne of Israel.
Tell me, Urias, of my servant Joab;
Fights he with truth the battles of our God,
And for the honour of the Lord's anointed?
Ur. Thy servant Joab fights the chosen wars
With truth, with honour, and with high success,
And, 'gainst the wicked king of Ammon's sons,
Hath, by the finger of our sovereign's God,
Besieged the city Rabbah, and achieved
The court of waters, where the conduits run,
And all the Ammonites' delightsome springs:
Therefore he wisheth David's mightiness

[1] Old ed. "Dauids."

Should number out the host of Israel,
And come in person to the city Rabbah,
That so her conquest may be made the king's,
And Joab fight as his inferior.
Dav. This hath not God and Joab's prowess done
Without Urias' valour,[1] I am sure,
Who, since his true conversion from a Hethite
To an adopted son of Israel,
Hath fought like one whose arms were lift by heaven,
And whose bright sword was edged with Israel's wrath.
Go, therefore, home, Urias, take thy rest;
Visit thy wife and household with the joys
A victor and a favourite of the king's
Should exercise with honour after arms.
Ur. Thy servant's bones are yet not half so crazed,
Nor constitute on such a sickly mould,
That for so little service he should faint,
And seek, as cowards, refuge of his home:
Nor are his thoughts so sensually stirred,
To stay the arms with which the Lord would smite
And fill their circle with his conquered foes,
For wanton bosom of a flattering wife.
Dav. Urias hath a beauteous sober wife,
Yet young, and framed of tempting flesh and blood;
Then, when the king hath summoned thee from arms,
If thou unkindly shouldst refrain her bed,
Sin might be laid upon Urias' soul,
If Bethsabe by frailty hurt her fame:

[1] Old ed. "valours."

Then go, Urias, solace in her love;
Whom God hath knit to thee, tremble to loose.
Ur. The king is much too tender of my ease:
The ark and Israel and Judah dwell
In palaces and rich pavilions;
But Joab and his brother in the fields,
Suffering the wrath of winter and the sun:
And shall Urias (of more shame than they)
Banquet, and loiter in the work of heaven?
As sure as thy soul doth live, my lord,
Mine ears shall never lean to such delight,
When holy labour calls me forth to fight.
Dav. Then be it with Urias' manly heart
As best his fame may shine in Israel.
Ur. Thus shall Urias' heart be best content,
Till thou dismiss me back to Joab's bands:
This ground before the king my master's doors
Shall be my couch, and this unwearied arm
The proper pillow of a soldier's head; [*He lies down.*
For never will I lodge within my house,
Till Joab triumph in my secret vows.[1]
Dav. Then fetch some flagons of our purest wine,
That we may welcome home our hardy friend
With full carouses to his fortunes past
And to the honours of his future arms;
Then will I send him back to Rabbah siege,
And follow with the strength of Israel.

[1] The words "my secret vows" are to me unintelligible. Were it not that a rhyme seems to be required for "house," I would read "in thy sacred cause."

Enter one with the flagons of wine.

Arise, Urias; come and pledge the king.
Ur. If David think me worthy such a grace,
I will be bold and pledge my lord the king.
[*He riseth.*
Dav. Absalon and Cusay both shall drink
To good Urias and his happiness.
Abs. We will, my lord, to please Urias' soul.
Dav. I will begin, Urias, to thyself,
And all the treasure of the Ammonites,
Which here I promise to impart to thee,
And bind that promise with a full carouse. [*He drinks.*
Ur. What seemeth pleasant in my sovereign's eyes,
That shall Urias do till he be dead.
Dav. Fill him the cup. [URIAS *drinks.*]—Follow, ye lords that love
Your sovereign's health, and do as he hath done.
Abs. Ill may he thrive, or live in Israel,
That lovès not David, or denies his charge.—
Urias,[1] here is to Abisai's health,
Lord Joab's brother and thy loving friend. [*He drinks.*
Ur. I pledge Lord Absalon and Abisai's health.
[*He drinks.*
Cu. Here now, Urias, to the health of Joab,
And to the pleasant journey we shall have
When we return to mighty Rabbah siege. [*He drinks.*
Ur. Cusay, I pledge thee all with all my heart.—

[1] "Urias . . . friend"—printed as one line in old eds.

Give me some drink, ye servants of the king;
Give me my drink. [*He drinks.*
Dav. Well done, my good Urias! drink thy fill,
That in thy fulness David may rejoice.
Ur. I will, my lord.
Abs. Now, Lord Urias, one carouse to me.
Ur. No, sir, I'll drink to the king;
Your father is a better man than you.
Dav. Do so, Urias; I will pledge thee straight.
Ur. I will indeed, my lord and sovereign;
I['ll] once in my days be so bold.
Dav. Fill him his glass.
Ur. Fill me my glass. [*He gives him*[1] *the glass.*
Dav. Quickly, I say.
Ur. Quickly, I say.—Here, my lord, by your favour
now I drink to you. [*He drinks.*
Dav. I pledge thee, good Urias, presently.
[*He drinks.*
Abs. Here, then, Urias, once again for me,
And to the health of David's children. [*He drinks.*
Ur. David's children!
Abs. Ay, David's children: wilt thou pledge me, man?
Ur. Pledge me, man!
Abs. Pledge me, I say, or else thou lov'st us not.
Ur. What, do you talk? do you talk? I'll no more;
I'll lie down here.
Dav. Rather, Urias, go thou home and sleep.

[1] *I.e.*, the cupbearer.

Ur. O, ho, sir! would you make me break my sentence? [*He lies down.*] Home, sir! no, indeed, sir: I'll sleep upon mine arm, like a soldier; sleep like a man as long as I live in Israel.

Dav. [*aside.*] If naught will serve to save his wife's renown,
I'll send him with a letter unto Joab
To put him in the forefront of the wars,
That so my purposes may take effect.—
Help him in, sirs. [*Exeunt*[1] DAVID *and* ABSALON.

Cu. Come, rise, Urias; get thee in and sleep.

Ur. I will not go home, sir; that's flat.

Cu. Then come and rest thee upon David's bed.

Ur. On, afore, my lords, on, afore. [*Exeunt.*

[SECOND] CHORUS.

Chorus. O proud revolt of a presumptuous man,
Laying his bridle in the neck of sin,
Ready to bear him past his grave to hell!
Like as the fatal raven,[2] that in his voice

---

[1] Old ed. "Exit."

[2] "Imitated from Du Bartas:

'Ainsi que les corbeaux d'vne penne venteuse
Passans les bois pleurans de l'Arabie heureuse,
Mesprisent les iardins et parcs delicieux,
Qui de fleurs esmaillez vont parfumant les cieux,
Et s'arrestent, gloutons, sur la salle carcasse
D'vn criminel rompu n'aguere à coups de masse,' &c.
L'Arche,—Premiere Partie du Second Jour de la Seconde Semaine, p. 270, ed. 1632, 12°.

Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths,
Flies by the fair Arabian spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens and delightsome parks,
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclaims,
And yet doth stoop with hungry violence
Upon a piece of hateful carrion;
So wretched man, displeased with those delights
Would yield a quickening savour to his soul,
Pursues with eager and unstanchèd thirst
The greedy longings of his loathsome flesh.
If holy David so shook hands with sin,
What shall our baser spirits glory in?
This[1] kingly [ruler] giving lust her rein
Pursues the sequel with a greater ill.
Urias in the forefront of the wars
Is murdered by the hateful heathens' sword,
And David joys his too dear Bethsabe.

In Chapman and Shirley's *Chabot, Admiral of France*, act iv. sc. 1, we find,—

> 'Like crows and carrion birds,
> They fly o'er flowery meads, clear springs, fair gardens,
> And stoop at carcasses.'"—*Dyce.*

The passage of Du Bartas was greatly relished by our poets. Here is another imitation of it, from the anonymous *Distracted Emperor*:

> "But as the ravens, which in Arabia live,
> Having flown all the field of spices o'er,
> Seize on a stinking carcass," &c.

—Some lines from the present prologue are quoted in *England's Parnassus*, 1600.

[1] "Qy. 'This kingly giving *unto* lust,' &c."—*P. A. Daniel.*

Suppose this past, and that the child is born,
Whose death the prophet solemnly doth mourn. [*Exit.*

[SCENE IV.]

Enter BETHSABE *with her* Handmaid.

Beth. Mourn, Bethsabe, bewail thy foolishness,
Thy sin, thy shame, the sorrow of thy soul:
Sin, shame, and sorrow swarm about thy soul;
And, in the gates and entrance of my heart,
Sadness, with wreathèd arms, hangs her complaint.
No comfort from the ten-stringed instrument,
The tinkling[1] cymbal, or the ivory lute;
Nor doth the sound of David's kingly harp
Make glad the broken heart of Bersabe:
Jerusalem is filled with thy complaint,
And in the streets of Sion sits thy grief.
The babe is sick, sick to the death, I fear,
The fruit that sprung from thee to David's house;
Nor may the pot of honey and of oil
Glad David or his handmaid's countenance.
Urias—woe is me to think hereon!
For who is it among the sons of men
That saith not to my soul, "The king hath sinned;
David hath done amiss, and Bersabe
Laid snares of death unto Urias' life?"

[1] Old ed. "twinckling."

My sweet Urias, fall'n into the pit
Art thou, and gone even to the gates of hell
For Bersabe, that wouldst not shroud her shame.
O, what is it to serve the lust of kings!
How lion-like th[e]y rage when we resist!
But, Bersabe, in humbleness attend
The grace that God will to his handmaid send.

[*Exeunt.*[1]

[SCENE V.]

DAVID *in his gown, walking sadly.* [*Servants attending.*]
To him NATHAN.

Dav. The babe is sick, and sad is David's heart,
To see the guiltless bear the guilty's pain.
David, hang up thy harp; hang down thy head;
And dash thy ivory lute against the stones.
The dew, that on the hill of Hermon falls,
Rains not on Sion's tops and lofty towers;
The plains of Gath,[2] and Askaron rejoice,
And David's thoughts are spent in pensiveness:
The babe is sick, sweet babe, that Bethsabe
With woman's pain brought forth to Israel.

Enter NATHAN.

But what saith Nathan to his lord the king?

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[1] Old ed. "*Exit Beth.*"
[2] "This and the next line are transposed in the 4to."—*Dyce.*

NATHAN *to* DAVID.

Na. Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king.
There were two men both dwellers in one town:
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb
Which he had bought and nourished by the hand;
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And eat and drank as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to him[1]
As was his daughter or his dearest child.
There came a stranger to this wealthy man;
And he refused and spared to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, partly,[2] poor man's store,
And dressed it for this stranger in his house.
What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?
Dav. Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
Is judged and shall become the child of death;
Fourfold to the poor man shall he restore,
That without mercy took his lamb away.
Na. Thou art the man; and thou hast judged thyself.
David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me:

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "liue."
[2] The text is hopelessly corrupt.

"I thee anointed king in Israel,
And saved thee from the tyranny of Saul;
Thy master's house I gave thee to possess;
His wives into thy bosom did I give,
And Judah and Jerusalem withal;
And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
Have given thee more:
Wherefore, then, hast thou gone so far astray,
And hast done evil, and sinnèd in my sight?
Urias thou hast killèd with the sword;
Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcised
Thou hast him slain: wherefore, from this day forth,
The sword shall never go from thee and thine;
For thou hast ta'en this Hethite's wife to thee:
Wherefore, behold, I will," saith Jacob's God,
"In thine own house stir evil up to thee;
Yea, I before thy face will take thy wives,
And give them to thy neighbour to possess."
This shall be done to David in the day,
That Israel openly may see thy shame.

Dav. Nathan, I have, against the Lord I have,
Sinnèd; O, sinnèd grievously! and, lo,
From heaven's throne doth David throw himself,
And groan and grovel to the gates of hell!

[*He falls down.*

Na. David, stand up: thus saith the Lord by me:
"David the king shall live." For He hath seen
The true repentant sorrow of thy heart;
But, for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
Stirred up the enemies of Israel

To triumph, and blaspheme the God of Hosts,
And say, he set a wicked man to reign
Over his lovèd people and his tribes,—
The child shall surely die, that erst was born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.[1]

[*Exit* NATHAN.

Dav. How just is Jacob's God in all his works!
But must it die that David loveth so?
O, that the mighty one of Israel
Nill[2] change his doom, and says the babe must die!
Mourn, Israel, and weep in Sion-gates;
Wither, ye cedar-trees of Lebanon;
Ye sprouting almonds, with your flowering tops,
Droop, drown, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams:
The babe must die that was to David born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.

[DAVID *sits sadly.*

Enter CUSAY *to* DAVID *and his train.*

Servus. What tidings bringeth Cusay to the king?
Cu. To thee, the servant of King David's court,
This bringeth Cusay, as the prophet spake;
The Lord hath surely stricken to the death
The child new-born by that Urias' wife,
That by the sons of Ammon erst was slain.
Servus. Cusay, be still; the king is vexèd sore:
How shall he speed that brings this tidings first,

[1] Shame. [2] Will not.

When, while the child was yet alive, we spake,
And David's heart would not be comforted?
Dav. Yea, David's heart will not be comforted!
What murmur ye, the servants of the king?
What tidings telleth Cusay to the king?
Say, Cusay, lives the child, or is he dead?
Cu. The [1] child is dead, that of Urias' wife
David begat.
Dav. Urias' wife, saist thou?
The child is dead, then ceaseth David's shame:
Fetch me to eat, and give me wine to drink;
Water to wash, and oil to clear my looks;
Bring down your shalms, your cymbals, and your pipes;
Let David's heart and lute, his hand and voice,
Give laud to him that loveth Israel,
And sing his praise that shendeth [2] David's fame,
That put away his sin from out his sight,
And sent his shame into the streets of Gath.
Bring ye to me the mother of the babe,
That I may wipe the tears from off her face,
And give her comfort with this hand of mine,
And deck fair Bersabe with ornaments,
That she may bear to me another son,
That may be lovèd of the Lord of Hosts;
For where he is, of force must David go,
But never may he come where David is.

[1] "The child . . . begat"—one line in old ed.

[2] Defendeth.—For this use of the word *shend* see Halliwell's *Nares* and Halliwell's *Arch. Dict.*

They bring in water, wine, and oil. Music and a banquet; [*and enter* BETHSABE].

Fair Bersabe, sit thou, and sigh no more:—
And sing and play, you servants of the king:
Now sleepeth David's sorrow with the dead,
And Bersabe liveth to Israel.

They use all solemnities together and sing, &c.

Now arms and warlike engines for assault
Prepare at once, ye men of Israel,
Ye men of Judah and Jerusalem,
That Rabbah may be taken by the king,
Lest it be callèd after Joab's name,
Nor David's glory shine in Sion streets.
To Rabbah marcheth David with his men,
To châstise Ammon and the wicked ones.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[SCENE VI.]

Enter ABSALON *with two or three.*

Abs. Set up your mules, and give them well to eat,
And let us meet our brothers at the feast.
Accursèd is the master[1] of this feast,
Dishonour of the house of Israel,
His sister's slander, and his mother's shame:

[1] Absalon (in scene iii.) was to have given the feast; but it now appears that he is to be his brother Amnon's guest.

Shame be his share that could such ill contrive,
To ravish Thamar, and, without a pause,
To drive her shamefully from out his house:
But may his wickedness find just reward!
Therefore doth Absalon conspire with you,
That Amnon die what time he sits to eat;
For in the holy temple have I sworn
Wreak of his villainy in Thamar's rape.
And here he comes: bespeak him gently, all,
Whose death is deeply gravèd in my heart.

Enter AMNON *with* ADONIA *and* JONADAB, *to* ABSALON *and his Company.*

Am. Our shearers are not far from hence, I wot;
And Amnon to you all his brethren
Giveth such welcome as our fathers erst
Were wont in Judah and Jerusalem;—
But, specially, Lord Absalon, to thee,
The honour of thy house and progeny:[1]
Sit down and dine with me, King David's son,
Thou fair young man, whose hairs shine in mine eye
Like golden wires of David's ivory lute.

Abs. Amnon, where be thy shearers and thy men,
That we may pour in plenty of thy wines,[2]
And eat thy goats'-milk, and rejoice with thee?

Am. Here cometh Amnon's shearers and his men:—
[Come,] Absalon, sit and rejoice with me.

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[1] Race. [2] Old ed. "vines."

Here enter a company of Shepherds, *and dance and sing.*

Drink, Absalon, in praise of Israel;
Welcome to Amnon's fields from David's court.
Abs. [*stabbing* AMNON.][1] Die with thy draught; perish, and die accursed;
Dishonour to the honour of us all;
Die for the villany to Thamar done,
Unworthy thou to be King David's son! [*Exit* ABSALON.
Jonad. O, what hath Absalon for Thamar done,
Murdered his brother, great King David's son!
Ad. Run, Jonadab, away, and make it known,
What cruelty this Absalon hath shown.
Amnon, thy brother Adonia shall
Bury thy body among the dead men's bones;
And we will make complaint to Israel
Of Amnon's death and pride of Absalon.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[SCENE VII.]

Enter DAVID *with* JOAB, ABYSSUS, CUSAY; *with drum and ensign against* RABBAH.

Dav. This is the town of the uncircumcised,
The city of the kingdom, this is it,
Rabbah, where wicked Hanon sitteth king.
Despoil this king, this Hanon of his crown;
Unpeople Rabbah and the streets thereof;

[1] Not marked in old ed.

For in their blood, and slaughter of the slain,
Lieth the honour of King David's line.
Joab, Abyshai, and the rest of you,
Fight ye this day for great Jerusalem.

Enter[1] HANON *and others on the walls.*

Joab. And see where Hanon shows him on the walls;
Why, then, do we forbear to give assault,
That Israel may, as it is promisèd,
Subdue the daughters of the Gentile's tribes?
All this must be performed by David's hand.
Dav. Hark to me, Hanon, and remember well:
As sure as He doth live that kept my host,
What time our young men, by the pool of Gibeon,
Went forth against the strength of Isboseth,
And twelve to twelve did with their weapons play;
So sure art thou and thy men of war
To feel the sword of Israel this day,
Because thou hast defièd Jacob's God,
And suffered Rabbah with the Philistine
To rail upon the tribe of Benjamin.
Ha. Hark, man: as sure as Saul thy master fell,
And gored his sides upon the mountain-tops,
And Jonathan, Abinadab, and Melchisua,
Watered the dales and deeps of Askaron
With bloody streams, that from Gilboa ran
In channels through the wilderness of Ziph,

[1] Not marked in old ed.

What time the sword of the uncircumcised
Was drunken with the blood of Israel;
So sure shall David perish with his men
Under the walls of Rabbah, Hanon's town.
Joab. Hanon, the God of Israel hath said,
David the king shall wear that crown of thine
That weighs a talent of the finest gold,
And triumph in the spoil of Hanon's town,
When Israel shall hale thy people hence,
And turn them to the tile-kiln, man and child,
And put them under harrows made of iron,
And hew their bones with axes, and their limbs
With iron swords divide and tear in twain.
Hanon, this shall be done to thee and thine,
Because thou hast defièd Israel.—
To arms, to arms, that Rabbah feel revenge,
And Hanon's town become King David's spoil!

Alarum, excursions, assault; exeunt omnes. Then the trumpets, and DAVID *with* HANON'S *crown.*

Dav. Now clattering arms and wrathful storms of war
Have thundered over Rabbah's razèd towers;
The wreakful ire of great Jehovah's arm,
That for his people made the gates to rend,
And clothed the cherubins in fiery coats
To fight against the wicked Hanon's town.
Pay thanks, ye men of Judah, to the King,
The God of Sion and Jerusalem,
That hath exalted Israel to this,
And crownèd David with this diadem.

Joab. Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes;
As when the sun[1] attired in glistering robe,
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And bridegroom-like hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams, such doth King David show,
Crowned with the honour of his enemies' town,
Shining in riches like the firmament,
The starry vault that overhangs the earth:
So looketh David King of Israel.

Abis. Joab, why doth not David mount his throne
Whom heaven hath beautified with Hanon's crown?
Sound trumpets, shalms, and instruments of praise,
To Jacob's God for David's victory.

[*Trumpets, &c.*]

Enter JONADAB.

Jonad.[2] Why doth the King of Israel rejoice?
Why sitteth David crowned with Rabbah's rule?
Behold, there hath great heaviness befall'n
In Amnon's fields by Absalon's misdeed;
And Amnon's shearers and their feast of mirth

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[1] "Hawkins, who (Preface to *The Origin of the English Drama*, vol. i. p. 11) justly praises this simile, had forgotten the following lines of Spencer:

'At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.'

The Faerie Queene, B. 1. c. 5. st. 2."—*Dyce.*

[2] "Jonadab is out of place here: he should not enter till about the end of David's speech, say at line eighty-two. The first speech given to him here should be delivered by a messenger."—*P. A. Daniel.*

Absalon hath o'erturnèd with his sword;
Nor liveth any of King David's sons
To bring this bitter tidings to the king.
Dav. Ay me, how soon are David's triumphs dashed,
How suddenly declineth David's pride!
As doth the daylight settle in the west,
So dim is David's glory and his gite[1]
Die, David; for to thee is left no seed
That may revive thy name in Israel.
Jonad. In Israel is left of David's seed.
Comfort your lord, you servants of the king.—
Behold, thy sons return in mourning weeds,
And only Amnon Absalon hath slain.

Enter ADONIA *with other* Sons.

Dav. Welcome, my sons; dearer to me you are
Than is this golden crown or Hanon's spoil.
O, tell me, then, tell me, my sons, I say,
How cometh it to pass that Absalon
Hath slain his brother Amnon with the sword?
Ad. Thy sons, O king, went up to Amnon's fields,
To feast with him and eat his bread and oil;
And Absalon upon his mule doth come,
And to his men he saith, "When Amnon's heart
Is merry and secure, then strike him dead,
Because he forcèd Thamar shamefully,

[1] "In the present passage, as well as in the following of our author's *Tale of Troy*, seems to mean—splendour, brightness:
'Done is thy pride, dim is thy glorious gite.'"—*Dyce.*

And hated her, and threw her forth his doors."
And this did he; and they with him conspire,
And kill thy son in wreak of Thamar's wrong.
Dav. How long shall Judah and Jerusalem
Complain, and water Sion with their tears!
How long shall Israel lament in vain,
And not a man among the mighty ones
Will hear the sorrows of King David's heart!
Amnon, thy life was pleasing to thy lord,
As to mine ears the music of my lute,
Or songs that David tuneth to his harp;
And Absalon hath ta'en from me away
The gladness of my sad distressèd soul.
[*Exeunt* JOAB *and others.*[1]

Manet DAVID.[2] *Enter* Widow of Thecoa.

W. of T. [*kneeling.*] God save King David, King of Israel,
And bless the gates of Sion for his sake!
Dav. Woman, why mournest thou? rise from the earth;
Tell me what sorrow hath befall'n thy soul.
W. of T. [*rising.*] Thy servant's soul, O king, is troubled sore,
And grievous is the anguish of her heart;
And from Thecoa doth thy handmaid come.

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[1] Old ed. "*Exeunt omnes.*"

[2] "One or more scenes are wanting here; the loss deprives the scene with the 'Widow' of all motive: David has not banished Absalon nor taken any course to revenge the death of Amnon. The fragment relegated to the margin (see p. 73) may have formed part of one of these missing scenes."—*P. A. Daniel.*

Dav. Tell me, and say, thou woman of Thecoa,
What aileth thee or what is come to pass.
W. of T. Thy servant is a widow in Thecoa.
Two sons thy handmaid had; and they, my lord,
Fought in the field, where no man went betwixt,
And so the one did smite and slay the other.
And, lo, behold, the kindred doth arise,
And cry on him that smote[1] his brother,
That he therefóre may be the child of death;
"For we will follow and destroy the heir."
So will they quench that sparkle that is left,
And leave nor name nor issue on the earth
To me or to thy handmaid's husband dead.
Dav. Woman, return; go home unto thy house:
I will take order that thy son be safe.
If any man say otherwise than well,
Bring him to me, and I shall chástise him;
For, as the Lord doth live, shall not a hair
Shed from thy son or fall upon the earth.
Woman, to God alone belongs revenge:
Shall, then, the kindred slay him for his sin?
W. of T. Well hath King David to his handmaid spoke:
But wherefore, then, hast thou determinèd
So hard a part against the righteous tribes,
To follow and pursue the banishèd,
Whenas to God alone belongs revenge?
Assuredly thou saist against thyself:

[1] Quy. "And cry *upon* him that *did smite*," &c.

Therefore call home again the banishèd;
Call home the banishèd, that he may live,
And raise to thee some fruit in Israel.
Dav. Thou woman of Thecoa, answer me,
Answer me one thing I shall ask of thee:
Is not the hand of Joab in this work?
Tell me, is not his finger in this fact?
W. of T. It is, my lord; his hand is in this work:
Assure thee, Joab, captain of thy host,
Hath put these words into thy handmaid's mouth;
And thou art as an angel from on high,
To understand the meaning of my heart:
Lo, where he cometh to his lord the king.

Enter JOAB.

Dav. Say, Joab, didst thou send this woman in
To put this parable for Absalon?
Joab. Joab, my lord, did bid this woman speak,
And she hath said; and thou hast understood.
Dav. I have, and am content to do the thing.
Go fetch my son, that he may live with me.
Joab. [*kneels.*] Now God be blessèd for King David's life!
Thy servant Joab hath found grace with thee,
In that thou sparest Absalon thy child. [*Rises.*]
A beautiful and fair young man is he,
In all his body is no blemish seen;
His hair is like the wire of David's harp,
That twines about his bright and ivory neck;

In Israel is not such a goodly man;
And here I bring him to entreat for grace.

Enter ABSALON *with* JOAB.

Dav. Hast thou slain [Amnon] in the fields of Hazor——
Ah, Absalon, my son! ah, my son, Absalon!
But wherefore do I vex thy spirit so?
Live, and return from Gesur to thy house;
Return from Gesur to Jerusalem:
What boots it to be bitter to thy soul?
Amnon is dead, and Absalon survives.
Abs. Father, I have offended Israel,
I have offended David and his house;
For Thamar's wrong hath Absalon misdone:
But David's heart is free from sharp revenge,
And Joab hath got grace for Absalon.
Dav. Depart with me, you men of Israel,
You that have followed Rabbah with the sword,
And ransack Amnon's richest treasuries.—
Live, Absalon, my son, live once in peace:
Peace [be] with thee, and with Jerusalem!
[*Exeunt*[1] DAVID *and his train, and* JOAB.

Manet ABSALON.

Abs. David is gone, and Absalon remains,
Flowering in pleasant spring-time of his youth:

[1] Old ed. "*Exeunt omnes.*"

Why liveth Absalon and is not honoured
Of tribes and elders and the mightiest ones,
That round about his temples he may wear
Garlands and wreaths set on with reverence;
That every one that hath a cause to plead
Might come to Absalon and call for right?
Then in the gates of Sion would I sit,
And publish laws in great Jerusalem;
And not a man should live in all the land
But Absalon would do him reason's due:
Therefore I shall address me, as I may,
To love the men and tribes of Israel. [*Exit.*

[SCENE VIII.]

Enter DAVID, ITHAY, SADOC, AHIMAAS, JONATHAN, *with others;* DAVID *barefoot, with some loose covering over his head; and all mourning.*

Dav. Proud lust, the bloodiest traitor to our souls,
Whose greedy throat nor earth, air, sea, or heaven,
Can glut or satisfy with any store,
Thou art the cause these torments suck my blood,
Piercing with venom of thy poisoned eyes
The strength and marrow of my tainted bones.
To punish Pharaoh and his cursèd host,
The waters shrink[1] at great Adonai's voice,
And sandy bottom of the sea appeared,
Offering his service at his servant's feet;

[1] Dyce corrects this to "shrunk."

And, to inflict a plague on David's sin,
He makes his bowels traitors to his breast,
Winding about his heart with mortal gripes.
Ah, Absalon, the wrath of heaven inflames
Thy scorchèd bosom with ambitious[1] heat,
And Satan sets thee on a lofty[2] tower,
Showing thy thoughts the pride of Israel,
Of choice to cast thee on her ruthless stones!—
Weep with me, then, ye sons of Israel;
Lie down with David, and with David mourn
Before the Holy One that sees our hearts;
[*He lies down, and all the rest after him.*
Season this heavy soil with showers of tears,
And fill the face of every flower with dew;
Weep, Israel, for David's soul dissolves,
Lading the fountains of his drownèd eyes,
And pours her substance on the senseless earth.
Sa. Weep, Israel; O, weep for David's soul,
Strewing the ground with hair and garments torn,
For tragic witness of your hearty woes!
Ahi. O, would our eyes were conduits to our hearts,
And that our hearts were seas of liquid blood,
To pour in streams upon this holy mount,
For witness we would die for David's woes
Jonath. Then should this Mount of Olives seem a plain
Drowned with a sea, that with our sighs should roar,
And, in the murmur of his mounting waves,

[1] Qy. "ambition's"?
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "lustie."

Report our bleeding sorrows to the heavens,
For witness we would die for David's woes.
Ith. Earth cannot weep enough for David's woes:
Then weep, you heavens, and, all you clouds, dissolve,
That piteous stars may see our miseries,
And drop their golden tears upon the ground,
For witness how they weep for David's woes.
Sa. Now let my sovereign raise his prostrate bones,
And mourn not as a faithless man would do;
But be assured that Jacob's righteous God,
That promised never to forsake your throne,
Will still be just and pure in his vows.
Dav. Sadoc, high-priest, preserver of the ark,
Whose sacred virtue keeps the chosen crown,
I know my God is spotless in his vows,
And that these hairs shall greet my grave in peace:
But that my son should wrong his tendered soul,
And fight against his father's happiness,
Turns all my hopes into despair of him,
And that despair feeds all my veins with grief.
Ith. Think of it, David, as a fatal plague
Which grief preserveth, but preventeth not;
And turn thy drooping eyes upon the troops
That, of affection to thy worthiness,
Do swarm about the person of the king:
Cherish their valours and their zealous loves
With pleasant looks and sweet encouragements.
Dav. Methinks the voice of Ithay fills mine ears.
Ith. Let not the voice of Ithay loathe thine ears,
Whose heart would balm thy bosom with his tears

Dav. But wherefore go'st thou to the wars with us?
Thou art a stranger here in Israel,
And son to Achis, mighty King of Gath;
Therefore return, and with thy father stay:
Thou cam'st but yesterday; and should I now
Let thee partake these troubles here with us?
Keep both thyself and all thy soldiers safe:
Let me abide the hazards of these arms,
And God requite the friendship thou hast showed.
Ith. As sure as Israel's God gives David life,
What place or peril shall contain the king,
The same will Ithay share in life and death.
Dav. Then, gentle Ithay, be thou still with us,
A joy to David, and a grace to Israel.—
Go, Sadoc, now, and bear the ark of God
Into the great Jerusalem again:
If I find favour in his gracious eyes,
Then will he lay his hand upon my heart
Yet once again before I visit death;
Giving it strength, and virtue to mine eyes,
To taste the comforts and behold the form
Of his fair ark and holy tabernacle:
But, if he say, "My wonted love is worn,
And I have no delight in David now,"
Here lie I armèd with an humble heart
T' embrace the pains that anger shall impose,
And kiss the sword my lord shall kill me with.
Then, Sadoc, take Ahimaas thy son,
With Jonathan son to Abiathar;

And in these fields will I repose myself,
Till they return from you some certain news.
Sa. Thy servants will with joy obey the king,
And hope to cheer his heart with happy news.
[*Exeunt*[1] SADOC, AHIMAAS, *and* JONATHAN.
Ith. Now that it be no grief unto the king,
Let me for good inform his majesty,
That, with unkind and graceless Absalon,
Achitophel your auncient counsellor
Directs the state of this rebellion.
Dav. Then doth it aim with danger at my crown.—
[*Kneels*[2]] O thou, that hold'st his raging bloody[3] bound
Within the circle of the silver moon,
That girds earth's centre with his watery scarf,
Limit the counsel of Achitophel,
No bounds extending to my soul's distress,
But turn his wisdom into foolishness!

Enter CUSAY *with his coat turned and head covered.*

Cu. Happiness and honour to my lord the king!
Dav. What happiness or honour may betide
His state that toils in my extremities?
Cu. O, let my gracious sovereign cease these griefs,
Unless he wish his servant Cusay's death,
Whose life depends upon my lord's relief!
Then let my presence with my sighs perfume
The pleasant closet of my sovereign's soul.

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[1] Old ed. "Exit." [2] Not marked in old ed.
[3] Very corrupt.—Qy. "sea's ranging body bound"? That *raging* is a misprint for *ranging* I am convinced; but the rest is dark.

Dav. No, Cusay, no; thy presence unto me
Will be a burden, since I tender thee,
And cannot brook[1] thy sighs for David's sake:
But if thou turn to fair Jerusalem,
And say to Absalon, as thou hast been
A trusty friend unto his father's seat,
So thou wilt be to him, and call him king,
Achitophel's counsel may be brought to naught.
Then having Sadoc and Abiathar,
All three may learn the secrets of my son,
Sending the message by Ahimaas,
And friendly Jonathan, who both are there.
[*Cu.*] Then rise, referring the success to heaven.
Dav. [*rising*] Cusay, I rise; though with unwieldy bones
I carry arms against my Absalon. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IX.]

ABSALON, AMASA, ACHITOPHEL, *with the* Concubines *of* DAVID, *and others, in great state;* ABSALON *crowned.*

Abs. Now you that were my father's concubines,
Liquor to his inchaste and lustful fire,
Have seen his honour shaken in his house,
Which I possess in sight of all the world;
I bring ye forth for foils to my renown,
And to eclipse the glory of your king,
Whose life is with his honour fast enclosed
Within the entrails of a jetty cloud,

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "breake."

Whose dissolution shall pour down in showers
The substance of his life and swelling pride:
Then shall the stars light earth with rich aspects,
And heaven shall burn in love with Absalon,
Whose beauty will suffice to chase[1] all mists,
And clothe the sun's sphere with a triple fire,
Sooner than his clear eyes should suffer stain,
Or be offended with a lowering day.

First Conc. Thy father's honour, graceless Absalon,
And ours thus beaten with thy violent arms,
Will cry for vengeance to the host of heaven,
Whose power is ever armed against the proud,
And will dart plagues at thy aspiring head
For doing this disgrace to David's throne.

Second Conc. To David's throne, to David's holy throne,
Whose sceptre angels guard with swords of fire,
And sit as eagles on his conquering fist,
Ready to prey upon his enemies:
Then think not thou, the captain of his foes,
Wert thou much swifter than Azahell[2] was,
That could outpace the nimble-footed roe,
To scape the fury of their thumping beaks
Or dreadful scope[3] of their commanding wings.

Ach. Let not my lord the King of Israel
Be angry with a silly woman's threats;

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[1] Old ed. "chast."

[2] "'And there were three sons of Zeruiah there, Joab, and Abishai, a nd Asahel: and Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe.' *Sec. Samuel*, ii. 18."—*Dyce.*

[3] "Qy. 'Swoop'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

But, with the pleasure he hath erst enjoyed,
Turn them into their cabinets again,
Till David's conquest be their overthrow.
Abs. Into your bowers, ye daughters of disdain,
Gotten by fury of unbridled lust,
And wash your couches with your mourning tears,
For grief that David's kingdom is decayed.
First Conc. No, Absalon, his kingdom is enchained
Fast to the finger of great Jacob's God,
Which will not loose it for a rebel's love. [*Exeunt.*
Ama. If I might give advice unto the king,
These concubines should buy their taunts with blood.
Abs. Amasa, no; but let thy martial sword
Empty the veins[1] of David's armèd men,
And let these foolish women scape our hands
To recompense the shame they have sustained.
First, Absalon was by the trumpet's sound
Proclaimed through Hebron King of Israel;
And now is set in fair Jerusalem
With cómplete state and glory of a crown:
Fifty fair footmen by my chariot run,
And to the air whose rupture rings my fame,
Where'er I ride, they offer reverence.
Why should not Absalon, that in his face
Carries the final purpose of his God,
That is, to work him grace in Israel,
Endeavour to achieve with all his strength
The state that most may satisfy his joy,

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "paines."

Keeping his statutes and his covenants pure?
His thunder is entangled in my hair,
And with my beauty is his lightning quenched:
I am the man he made to glory in,
When by the errors of my father's sin
He lost the path that led into the land
Wherewith our chosen ancestors were blessed.

Enter CUSAY.

Cu. Long may the beauteous King of Israel live,
To whom the people do by thousands swarm!
Abs. What meaneth Cusay so to greet his foe?
Is this the love thou show'st[1] to David's soul,
To whose assistance thou hast vowed thy life?
Why leav'st thou him in this extremity?
Cu. Because the Lord and Israel chooseth thee;
And as before I served thy father's turn
With counsel acceptable in his sight,
So likewise will I now obey his son.
Abs. Then welcome, Cusay, to King Absalon.—
And now, my lords and loving counsellors,
I think it time to exercise our arms
Against forsaken David and his host.
Give counsel first, my good Achitophel,
What times and orders we may best observe
For prosperous manage of these high exploits.
Ach. Let me choose out twelve thousand valiant men:
And, while the night hides with her sable mists

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "shewdst."

The close endeavours cunning soldiers use,
I will assault thy discontented sire;
And, while with weakness of their weary arms,
Surcharged with toil, to shun thy sudden power,
The people fly in huge disordered troops
To save their lives, and leave the king alone,
Then will I smite him with his latest wound,
And bring the people to thy feet in peace.
Abs. Well hath Achitophel given his advice.
Yet let us hear what Cusay counsels us,
Whose great experience is well worth the ear.
Cu. Though wise Achitophel be much more meet
To purchase hearing with my lord the king,
For all his former counsels, than myself,
Yet, not offending Absalon or him,
This time it is not good nor worth pursuit;
For, well thou knowest, thy father's men are strong,
Chafing as she-bears robbèd of their whelps:
Besides, the king himself a valiant man,
Trained up in feats and stratagems of war;
And will not, for prevention of the worst,
Lodge with the common soldiers in the field;
But now, I know, his wonted policies
Have taught him lurk within some secret cave,
Guarded with all his stoutest soldiers;
Which, if the forefront of his battle faint,
Will yet give out that Absalon doth fly,
And so thy soldiers be discouragèd:
David himself withal, whose angry heart
Is as a lion's letted of his walk,

Will fight himself, and all his men to one,
Before a few shall vanquish him by fear.
My counsel therefore is, with trumpet's sound
To gather men from Dan to Bersabe,
That they may march in number like sea-sands,
That nestle close in [one] another's neck:
So shall we come upon him in our strength,
Like to the dew that falls in showers from heaven,
And leave him not a man to march withal.
Besides, if any city succour him,
The numbers of our men shall fetch us ropes,
And we will pull it down the river's stream,
That not a stone be left to keep us out.

Abs. What says my lord to Cusay's counsel now?

Ama. I fancy Cusay's counsel better far
Than that is given us from Achitophel;
And so, I think, doth every soldier here.

All. Cusay's counsel is better than Achitophel's.

Abs. Then march we after Cusay's counsel all:
Sound trumpets through the bounds of Israel,
And muster all the men will serve the king,
That Absalon may glut his longing soul
With sole fruition of his father's crown.

[*Exeunt all except* ACHITOPHEL *and* CUSAY.]

Ach. [*aside.*][1] Ill shall they fare that follow thy attempts,
That scorns the counsel of Achitophel. [*Exit.*[1]

[1] Not marked in old ed.

Restat CUSAY.

Cu. Thus hath the power of Jacob's jealous God
Fulfilled his servant David's drifts by me,
And brought Achitophel's advice to scorn.

Enter SADOC, ABIATHAR, AHIMAAS, *and* JONATHAN.

Sa. God save Lord Cusay, and direct his zeal
To purchase David's conquest 'gainst his son!
Abi. What secrets hast thou gleaned from Absalon?
Cu. These, sacred priests that bear the ark of God:—
Achitophel advised him in the night
To let him choose twelve thousand fighting men,
And he would come on David at unwares,
While he was weary with his violent toil:
But I advised to get a greater host,
And gather men from Dan to Bersabe,
To come upon him strongly in the fields.
Then send Ahimaas and Jonathan
To signify these secrets to the king,
And will[1] him not to stay this night abroad;
But get him over Jordan presently,
Lest he and all his people kiss the sword.
Sa. Then go, Ahimaas and Jonathan,
And straight convey this message to the king.
Ahi. Father, we will, if Absalon's chief spies
Prevent not this device, and stay us here. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Desire.

[SCENE X.]

SEMEI *solus.*

Sem. The man of Israel that hath ruled as king,
Or rather as the tyrant of the land,
Bolstering his hateful head upon the throne
That God unworthily hath blessed him with,
Shall now, I hope, lay it as low as hell,
And be deposed from his detested chair.
O, that my bosom could by nature bear
A sea of poison, to be poured upon
His cursèd head that sacred balm hath graced
And consecrated King of Israel!
Or would my breath were made the smoke of hell,
Infected with the sighs of damnèd souls,
Or with the reeking of that serpent's gorge
That feeds on adders, toads, and venomous roots,
That, as I opened my revenging lips
To curse the shepherd for his tyranny,
My words might cast rank poison to his pores,
And make his swoln and rankling sinews crack,
Like to the combat blows that break the clouds
When Jove's stout champions fight [in air [1]] with fire.
See where he cometh that my soul abhors!
I have prepared my pocket full of stones
To cast at him, mingled with earth and dust,
Which, bursting with disdain, I greet him with.

[1] Bracketed words added by P. A. Daniel.

DAVID, JOAB, ABISAI, ITHAY, *with others.*

Come forth, thou murderer and wicked man:
The lord hath brought upon thy curséd head
The guiltless blood of Saul and all his sons,
Whose royal throne thy baseness hath usurped;
And, to revenge it deeply on thy soul,
The Lord hath given the kingdom to thy son,
And he shall wreak the traitorous wrongs of Saul:
Even as thy sin hath still importuned heaven,
So shall thy murders and adultery
Be punished in the sight of Israel,
As thou deservest, with blood, with death, and hell.
Hence,[1] murderer, hence! [*He throws at him.*
Abis. Why doth [t]his dead dog curse my lord the king?
Let me alone to take away his head.
Dav. Why meddleth thus the son of Zeruia
To interrupt the action of our God?
Semei useth me with this reproach
Because the Lord hath sent him to reprove
The sins of David, printed in his brows
With blood, that blusheth for his conscience' guilt;
Who dares, then, ask him why he curseth me?
Sem. If, then, thy conscience tell thee thou hast sinned,
And that thy life is odious to the world,
Command thy followers to shun thy face;

[1] Old ed. "*Hence murtherer, hence, he threw at him,*"—printed in italics as a stage-direction.

And by thyself here make away thy soul,
That I may stand and glory in thy shame.
Dav. I am not desperate, Semei, like thyself,
But trust unto the covenant of my God,
Founded on mercy, with repentance built,
And finished with the glory of my soul.
Sem. A murderer, and hope for mercy in thy end!
Hate and destruction sit upon thy brows
To watch the issue of thy damnèd ghost,
Which with thy latest gasp they'll take and tear,
Hurling in every pain of hell a piece.
Hence, murderer, thou shame to Israel,
Foul lecher, drunkard, plague to heaven and earth!
[*He throws at him.*
Joab. What, is it piety in David's thoughts,
So to abhor from laws of policy
In this extremity of his distress,
To give his subjects cause of carelessness?
Send hence the dog with sorrow to his grave.
Dav. Why should the sons of Zeruia[1] seek to check
His spirit, which the Lord hath thus inspired?
Behold, my son which issued from my flesh,
With equal fury seeks to take my life:
How much more then the son of Jemini,
Chiefly since he doth naught but God's command?
It may be, he will look on me this day

[1] Dyce suggests that the words "seek to" are an interpolation; but I suspect that "Zeruia" (both here and in l. 39) is to be pronounced as a trisyllable.

With gracious eyes, and for his cursing bless
The heart of David in his bitterness.
Sem. What, dost thou fret my soul with sufferance?
Oh, that the souls of Isboseth and Abner,
Which thou sent'st swimming to their graves in blood,
With wounds fresh bleeding, gasping for revenge,
Were here to execute my burning hate!
But I will hunt thy foot with curses still:
Hence, monster, murderer, mirror of contempt!
[*He throws dust again.*

Enter AHIMAAS *and* JONATHAN.

Ahi. Long life to David, to his enemies death!
Dav. Welcome, Ahimaas and Jonathan:
What news sends Cusay to thy lord the king?
Ahi. Cusay would wish my [sovereign] lord the king
To pass the river Jordan presently,
Lest he and all his people perish here;
For wise Achitophel hath counselled Absalon
To take advantage of your weary arms,
And come this night upon you in the fields.
But yet the Lord hath made his counsel scorn,
And Cusay's policy with praise preferred;
Which was to number every Israelite,
And so assault you in their pride of strength.
Jonath. Abiathar besides entreats the king
To send his men of war against his son,
And hazard not his person in the field.
Dav. Thanks to Abiathar, and to you both,

And to my Cusay, whom the Lord requite;
But ten times treble thanks to his soft hand
Whose pleasant touch hath made my heart to dance,
And play him praises in my zealous breast,
That turned the counsel of Achitophel
After the prayers of his servant's lips.
Now will we pass the river all this night,
And in the morning sound the voice of war,
The voice of bloody and unkindly war.
Joab. Then tell us how thou wilt divide thy men,
And who shall have the special charge herein.
Dav. Joab, thyself shall for thy charge conduct
The first third part of all my valiant men;
The second shall Abisai's valour lead;
The third fair Ithay, which I most should grace
For comfort he hath done to David's woes;
And I myself will follow in the midst.
Ith. That let not David; for, though we should fly,
Ten thousand of us were not half so much
Esteemed with David's enemies as himself:
Thy people, loving thee, deny thee this.
Dav. What seems them best, then, that will David do.
But now, my lords and captains, hear his voice
That never yet pierced piteous heaven in vain;
Then let it not slip lightly through your ears;—
For my sake spare the young man Absalon.
Joab, thyself didst once use friendly words
To reconcile my heart incensed to him;
If, then, thy love be to thy kinsman sound,

And thou wilt prove a perfit[1] Israelite,
Friend him with deeds, and touch no hair of him,—
Not that fair hair with which the wanton winds
Delight to play, and loves to make it curl,
Wherein the nightingales would build their nests,
And make sweet bowers in every golden tress
To sing their lover every night asleep:
O, spoil not, Joab, Jove's fair ornaments,
Which he hath sent to solace David's soul!
The best, ye see, my lords, are swift to sin;
To sin our feet are washed with milk of roes,
And dried again with coals of lightening.
O Lord, thou see'st the proudest sin's poor slave,
And[2] with his bridle pull'st him to the grave!
For my sake, then, spare lovely Absalon.

Ith. We will, my lord, for thy sake favour him.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE XI.]

ACHITOPHEL *solus with a halter.*

Ach. Now hath Achitophel ordered his house,
And taken leave of every pleasure there:
Hereon depends Achitophel's delights,

---

[1] Old form of "perfect."

[2] This line is hardly intelligible. I should prefer to read "That with his bridle pulls him," &c. A similar emendation was proposed by Collier. (The meaning seems to be "Thou seest the proudest man become the poor slave of sin, that pulls him by sin's bridle to the grave.")

And in this circle must his life be closed.
The wise Achitophel, whose counsel proved
Ever as sound for fortunate success
As if men asked the oracle of God,
Is now used like the fool of Israel:
Then set thy angry soul upon her wings,
And let her fly into the shade of death;
And for my death let heaven for ever weep,
Making huge floods upon the land I leave,
To ravish[1] them and all their fairest fruits.
Let all the sighs I breathed for this disgrace,
Hang on my[2] hedges like eternal mists,
As mourning garments for their master's death.
Ope, earth, and take thy miserable son
Into the bowels of thy cursèd womb:
Once in a surfeit thou didst spew him forth;
Now for fell hunger suck him in again,
And be his body poison to thy veins.
And now, thou hellish instrument of heaven,
Once execute th' arrest of Jove's just doom,
And stop his breath[3] that curseth Israel. [*Exit.*

---

[1] This word may be right, but I should prefer to read "ravage."—By "them" are to be understood Achitophel's countrymen.

[2] Quy. "thy" (the word being addressed to the "land I leave," l. 12).

[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "breast."

[SCENE XII.]

ABSALON, AMASA, *with all his train.*

Abs. Now for the crown and throne of Israel,
To be confirmed with virtue of my sword,
And writ with David's blood upon the blade.
Now, Jove, let forth the golden firmament,
And look on him, with all thy fiery eyes,
Which thou hast made to give their glories light:
To show thou lov'st the virtue of thy hand,
Let fall a wreath of stars upon my head,
Whose influence may govern Israel
With state exceeding all her other kings.
Fight, lords and captains, that your sovereign's face
May shine in honour brighter than the sun;
And with the virtue of my beauteous rays
Make this fair land as fruitful as the fields
That with sweet milk and honey overflowed.
God, in the whizzing of a pleasant wind,
Shall march upon the tops of mulberry-trees,[1]
To cool all breasts that burn with any griefs,
As whilom he was good to Moyses'[2] men.
By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,
To guide your footsteps to the fields of joy;
And in the night a pillar, bright as fire,

[1] "'And it shall be, when thou shalt hear a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry-trees, that then thou shalt go out to battle: for God is gone first before thee,' &c.—*First Chron.* xiv. 15."—*Dyce.*

[2] An old form of *Moses.*

Shall go before you, like a second sun,
Wherein the essence of his godhead is;
That day and night you may be brought to peace,
And never swarve[1] from that delightsome path
That leads your souls to perfect happiness.
This shall he do for joy when I am king.
Then fight, brave captains, that these joys may fly
Into your bosoms with sweet victory.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE XIII.]

The battle; and ABSALON *hangs by the hair.*

Abs. What angry angel, sitting in these shades,
Hath laid his cruel hands upon my hair,
And holds my body thus 'twixt heaven and earth?
Hath Absalon no soldier near his hand
That may untwine me this unpleasant curl,
Or wound this tree that ravisheth his lord?
O God, behold the glory of thy hand,
And choicest fruit of nature's workmanship,
Hang, like a rotten branch, upon this tree,
Fit for the axe and ready for the fire!
Since thou withhold'st all ordinary help
To loose my body from this bond of death,
O, let my beauty fill these senseless plants
With sense and power to loose me from this plague,
And work some wonder to prevent his death
Whose life thou mad'st a special miracle!

[1] An old form of *swerve*.

JOAB *with another* Soldier.

Sold. My Lord, I saw the young Prince Absalon
Hang by the hair upon a shady oak,
And could by no means get himself unloosed.
Joab. Why slew'st thou not the wicked Absalon,
That rebel to his father and to heaven,
That so I might have given thee for thy pains
Ten silver shekels[1] and a golden waist?[2]
Sold. Not for a thousand shekels would I slay
The son of David, whom his father charged,
Nor thou, Abisai, nor the son of Gath,[3]
Should touch with stroke of deadly violence.
The charge was given in hearing of us all;
And, had I done it, then, I know, thyself,
Before thou wouldst abide the king's rebuke,
Wouldst have accused me as a man of death.
Joab. I must not now stand trifling here with thee.
Abs. Help, Joab, help, O, help thy Absalon!
Let not thy angry thoughts be laid in blood,
In blood of him that sometimes nourished thee,
And softened thy sweet heart with friendly love:
O, give me once again my father's sight,
My dearest father and my princely sovereign!
That, shedding tears of blood before his face,
The ground may witness, and the heavens record,
My last submission sound and full of ruth.

[1] Old ed. "sickles."
[2] "*i.e.*, girdle.—The 4to. 'wast.'"—*Dyce.*
[3] "*i.e.*, the native of Gath, viz, Ithay (Ittai)."—*Dyce.*

Joab. Rebel to nature, hate to heaven and earth!
Shall I give help to him that thirsts the soul
Of his dear father and my sovereign lord?
Now see, the Lord hath tangled in a tree
The health and glory of thy stubborn heart,
And made thy pride curbed with a senseless plant:
Now, Absalon, how doth the Lord regard
The beauty whereupon thy hope was built,
And which thou thought'st his grace did glory in?
Find'st thou not now, with fear of instant death,
That God affects not any painted shape
Or goodly personage, when the virtuous soul
Is stuffed with naught but pride and stubbornness?
But, preach I to thee, while I should revenge
Thy cursèd sin that staineth Israel,
And makes her fields blush with her children's blood?
Take that as part of thy deservèd plague,
Which worthily no torment can inflict. [*Stabs him.*[1]

Abs. O Joab, Joab, cruel, ruthless Joab!
Herewith thou wound'st thy kingly sovereign's heart,
Whose heavenly temper hates his children's blood,
And will be sick, I know, for Absalon.
O, my dear father, that thy melting eyes
Might pierce this thicket to behold thy son,
Thy dearest son, gored with a mortal dart!
Yet, Joab, pity me: pity my father, Joab;
Pity his soul's distress that mourns my life,
And will be dead, I know, to hear my death.

[1] Not marked in old ed.

Joab. If he were so remorseful[1] of thy state,
Why sent he me against thee with the sword?
All Joab means to pleasure thee withal
Is, to despatch thee quickly of thy pain:
Hold, Absalon, Joab's pity is in this;
In this, proud Absalon, is Joab's love.
[*Stabs him again, and goes out with* Soldier.[2]
Abs. Such love, such pity Israel's God send thee,
And for his love to David pity me!
Ah, my dear father, see thy bowels bleed;
See death assault thy dearest Absalon;
See, pity, pardon, pray for Absalon!

Enter five or six Soldiers.

First Sold. See where the rebel in his glory hangs.—
Where is the virtue of thy beauty, Absalon?
Will any of us here now fear thy looks,
Or be in love with that thy golden hair
Wherein was wrapt rebellion 'gainst thy sire,
And cords prepared to stop thy father's breath?
Our captain Joab hath begun to us;
And here's an end to thee and all thy sins.
[*They*[3] *stab him; he dies.*
Come, let us take the beauteous rebel down,
And in some ditch, amids this darksome wood,

[1] Compassionate.
[2] The stage-direction in old ed. is simply "He goes out."
[3] Not in old ed.

Bury his bulk[1] beneath a heap of stones,
Whose stony heart did hunt his father's death.

[*Re-*]*enter in triumph with drum and ensign,* JOAB, ABISAI, *and* Soldiers, *to* ABSALON.

Joab. Well done, tall[2] soldiers! take the traitor down,
And in this miry ditch inter his bones,
Covering his hateful breast with heaps of stones.
This shady thicket of dark Ephraim[3]
Shall ever lower on his cursèd grave;
Night-ravens and owls shall ring his fatal knell,
And sit exclaiming on his damnèd soul;
There shall they heap their preys of carrion,
Till all his grave be clad with stinking bones,
That it may loathe the sense of every man:
So shall his end breed horror to his name,
And to his traitorous fact eternal shame [*Exit.*

[Third] Chorus.

Chorus. O dreadful precedent of His just doom,
Whose holy heart is never touched with ruth
Of fickle beauty or of glorious shape,
But with the virtue of an upright soul,
Humble and zealous in his inward thoughts,
Though in his person loathsome and deformed!
Now, since this story lends us other store,
To make a third discourse of David's life,

[1] Body. [2] Brave. [3] Old ed. "Ephrami."

Adding thereto his most renowmèd death,
And all their deaths that at his death he judged,
Here end we this, and what here wants to please,
We will supply with treble willingness.[1]

[SCENE XIV.]

Trumpets sound. *Enter* JOAB, AHIMAAS, CUSAY; AMASA, *with all the rest.*

Joab. Soldiers of Israel, and ye sons of Judah,
That have contended in these irksome broils,
And ript old Israel's bowels with your swords;
The godless general of your stubborn arms
Is brought by Israel's helper to the grave,
A grave of shame, and scorn of all the tribes:
Now, then, to save your honours from the dust,
And keep your bloods in temper by your bones,
Let Joab's ensign shroud your manly heads,
Direct your eyes, your weapons, and your hearts,
To guard the life of David from his foes.
Error hath masked your much-too-forward minds,

---

[1] After the chorus in old ed. occurs the following passage, which belonged to some lost or cancelled scene:—

"*Absalon with three or foure of his seruants or gentlemen.*

Abs. What boots it Absalon, vnhappie Absalon,
Sighing I say what boots it Absalon,
To haue disclos'd a farre more worthy wombe

Then"

And you have sinned against the chosen state,
Against his life, for whom your lives are blessed,
And followed an usurper to the field;
In whose just death your deaths are threatenèd;
But Joab pities your disordered souls,
And therefore offers pardon, peace, and love,
To all that will be friendly reconciled
To Israel's weal, to David, and to heaven.
Amasa, thou art leader of the host
That under Absalon have raised their arms;
Then be a captain wise and politic,
Careful and loving for thy soldiers' lives,
And lead them to this honourable league.

Ama. I will; [I will;] at least, I'll do my best:
And for the gracious offer thou hast made
I give thee thanks, as much as for my head.—
Then, you deceived poor souls of Israel,
Since now ye see the errors you incurred,
With thanks and due submission be appeased;
And as ye see your captain's precedent,
Here cast we, then, our swords at Joab's feet,
Submitting with all zeal and reverence
Our goods and bodies to his gracious hands.

[*The*[1] *rebels kneel.*

Joab. Stand up, and take ye all your swords again:

[*All stand up.*

David and Joab shall be blessed herein.

---

[1] Old ed. gives the stage-direction "All stand up," which belongs to the next line.

Ahi. Now let me go inform my lord the king
How God hath freed him from his enemies.
Joab. Another time, Ahimaas, not now.—
But, Cusay, go thyself, and tell the king
The happy message of our good success.
Cu. I will, my lord, and thank thee for thy grace.
[*Exit* CUSAY.
Ahi. What if thy servant should go too, my lord?
Joab. What news hast thou to bring since he is gone?
Ahi. Yet do Ahimaas so much content,
That he may run about so sweet a charge. [*Exit.*
Joab. Run, if thou wilt; and peace be with thy steps.
Now follow, that you may salute the king
With humble hearts and reconcilèd souls.
Ama. We follow, Joab, to our gracious king;
And him our swords shall honour to our deaths.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE XV.]

DAVID, BETHSABE, SALOMON, NATHAN, ADONIA, CHILEAB, *with their train.*

Beth. What means my lord, the lamp of Israel,
From whose bright eyes all eyes receive their light,
To dim the glory of his sweet aspéct,[1]
And paint his countenance with his heart's distress?
Why should his thoughts retain a sad conceit,

[1] Old ed. "aspects."

When every pleasure kneels before his throne,
And sues for sweet acceptance with his grace?
Take but your lute, and make the mountains dance,
Retrieve the sun's sphere, and restrain the clouds,
Give ears to trees, make savage lions tame,
Impose still silence to the loudest winds,
And fill the fairest day with foulest storms:
Then why should passions of much meaner power
Bear head against the heart of Israel?

Dav. Fair Bersabe, thou mightst increase the strength
Of these thy arguments, drawn from my skill,
By urging thy sweet sight to my conceits,
Whose virtue ever served for sacred balm
To cheer my pinings past all earthly joys:
But, Bethsabe, the daughter of the Highest,
Whose beauty builds the towers of Israel,
She that in chains of pearl and unicorn
Leads at her train the ancient golden world,
The world that Adam held in paradise,
Whose breath refineth all infectious airs,
And makes the meadows smile at her repair,—
She, she,[1] my dearest Bethsabe,
Fair Peace, the goddess of our graces here,
Is fled the streets of fair Jerusalem,
The fields of Israel, and the heart of David,
Leading my comforts in her golden chains,
Linked to the life and soul of Absalon.

Beth. Then is the pleasure of my sovereign's heart

[1] Dyce proposed, for the sake of the metre, "She, she, alas!"

So wrapt within the bosom of that son,
That Salomon, whom Israel's God affects,
And gave the name unto him for his love,
Should be no salve to comfort David's soul?
Dav. Salomon, my love, is David's lord;[1]
Our God hath named him lord of Israel:
In him (for that, and since he is thy son,)
Must David needs be pleasèd at the heart;
And he shall surely sit upon my throne.
But Absalon, the beauty of my bones,
Fair Absalon, the counterfeit[2] of love,
Sweet Absalon, the image of content,
Must claim a portion in his father's care,
And be in life and death King David's son.
Nath. Yet, as my lord hath said, let Salomon reign,
Whom God in naming hath anointed king.
Now is he apt to learn th' eternal laws,
Whose knowledge being rooted in his youth
Will beautify his age with glorious fruits;
While Absalon, incensed with graceless pride,
Usurps and stains the kingdom with his sin:
Let Salomon be made thy staff of age,
Fair Israel's rest, and honour of thy race.
Dav. Tell me, my Salomon, wilt thou embrace
Thy father's precepts gravèd in thy heart,
And satisfy my zeal to thy renown
With practice of such sacred principles
As shall concern the state of Israel?

[1] Quy. "is David's lovèd son"?
[2] Portrait.

Sal. My royal father, if the heavenly zeal,
Which for my welfare feeds upon your soul,
Were not sustained with virtue of mine own;
If the sweet accents of your cheerful voice
Should not each hour[1] beat upon mine ears
As sweetly as the breath of heaven to him
That gaspeth scorchèd with the summer's sun;
I should be guilty of unpardoned sin,
Fearing the plague of heaven and shame of earth:
But since I vow myself to learn the skill
And holy secrets of his mighty hand
Whose cunning tunes the music of my soul,
It would content me, father, first to learn
How the Eternal framed the firmament;
Which bodies lend[2] their influence by fire,
And which are filled with hoary winter's ice;
What sign is rainy, and what star is fair;
Why by the rules of true proportion
The year is still divided into months,
The months to days, the days to certain hours;
What fruitful race shall fill the future world;
Or for what time shall this round building stand;
What magistrates, what kings shall keep in awe
Men's minds with bridles of th' eternal law.

Dav. Wade not too far, my boy, in waves too[3] deep:
The feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts

---

[1] Old ed, "howcr." (The word is here, as frequently, a dissyllable.)
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "lead" (which might perhaps be defended).
[3] Dyce corrects this to "so."

Behold things present, and record things past;
But things to come exceed our human reach,
And are not painted yet in angels' eyes:
For those, submit thy sense, and say—"Thou power,
That now art framing of the future world,
Know'st all to come, not by the course of heaven,
By frail conjectures of inferior signs,
By monstrous floods, by flights and flocks of birds,
By bowels of a sacrificèd beast,
Or by the figures of some hidden art;
But by a true and natural presage,
Laying the ground and perfect architect[1]
Of all our actions now before thine eyes,
From Adam to the end of Adam's seed:
O heaven, protect my weakness with thy strength!
So look on me that I may view thy face,
And see these secrets written in thy brows.
O sun, come dart thy rays upon my moon!
That now mine eyes, eclipsèd to the earth,
May brightly be refined and shine to heaven;
Transform me from this flesh, that I may live,
Before my death, regenerate with thee.
O thou great God, ravish my earthly sprite!
That for the time a more than human skill
May feed the organons of all my sense;
That, when I think, thy thoughts may be my guide,

[1] "Qy. 'archi'ture.' *Cf.* Brome's *Novella*, end of Act i. Sc. ii.:—

'I have found ground to build on; but there lacks
Much rewing, squaring, joynting, to make sure,
Against all stormes, our lofty *Archi'ture.*'"—*P. A. Daniel.*

Dyce suggests "archetype."

And, when I speak, I may be made by choice
The perfect echo of thy heavenly voice."
Thus say, my son, and thou shalt learn them all.
Sal. A secret fury ravisheth my soul,
Lifting my mind above her human bounds;
And, as the eagle, rousèd from her stand
With violent hunger, towering in the air,
Seizeth her feathered prey, and thinks to feed,
But seeing then a cloud beneath her feet,
Lets fall the fowl, and is emboldenèd
With eyes intentive to bedare[1] the sun,
And styeth[2] close unto his stately sphere;
So Salomon, mounted on the burning wings
Of zeal divine, lets fall his mortal food,
And cheers his senses with celestial air,
Treads in the golden starry labyrinth,
And holds his eyes fixed on Jehovah's brows.
Good father, teach me further what to do.
Nath. See, David, how his haughty spirit mounts,
Even now of height to wield a diadem:
Then make him promise that he may succeed,
And rest old Israel's bones from broils of war.
Dav. Nathan, thou prophet, sprung from Jesse's root,
I promise thee and lovely Bethsabe,
My Salomon shall govern after me.
Beth. He that hath touched thee with this righteous thought
Preserve the harbour of thy thoughts in peace!

[1] Defy. [2] "Sty" = soar.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, thy servants of the watch have seen
One running hitherward from forth the wars.
Dav. If he be come alone, he bringeth news.
Mess. Another hath thy servant seen, my lord,
Whose running much resembles Sadoc's son.
Dav. He is a good man, and good tidings brings.

Enter AHIMAAS.

Ahi. Peace and content be with my lord the king,
Whom Israel's God hath bless'd with victory.
Dav. Tell me, Ahimaas, lives my Absalon?
Ahi. I saw a troop of soldiers gatherèd,
But know not what the tumult might import.
Dav. Stand by, until some other may inform
The heart of David with a happy truth.

Enter CUSAY.

Cu. Happiness and honour live with David's soul
Whom God hath blessed with conquest of his foes.
Dav. But Cusay, lives the young man Absalon?
Cu. The stubborn enemies to David's peace,
And all that cast their darts against his crown,
Fare ever like the young man Absalon!
For as he rid the woods of Ephraim,
Which fought for thee as much as all thy men,

His hair was tangled in a shady oak;
And hanging there, by Joab and his men
Sustained the stroke of well-deservèd death.

Dav. Hath Absalon sustained the stroke of death?
Die, David, for the death of Absalon,
And make these cursèd news the bloody darts
That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast.
Hence, David, walk the solitary woods,
And in some cedar's shade the thunder slew,
And fire from heaven hath made his branches black,
Sit mourning the decease of Absalon:
Against the body of that blasted plant
In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,
Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs;
And through the hollow sapless sounding trunk
Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.
There let the winds sit sighing till they burst;
Let tempest, muffled with a cloud of pitch,
Threaten the forests with her hellish face,
And, mounted fiercely on her iron wings,
Rend up the wretched engine by the roots
That held my dearest Absalon to death.
Then let them toss my broken lute to heaven,
Even to his hands that beats me with the strings,
To show how sadly his poor shepherd sings.

[*He goes to his pavilion and sits close a while.*

Beth. Die, Bethsabe, to see thy David mourn,
To hear his tunes of anguish and of hell.
O, help, my David, help thy Bethsabe,

[*She kneels down.*

Whose heart is piercèd with thy breathy swords,[1]
And bursts with burden of ten thousand griefs!
Now sits thy sorrows sucking of my blood:
O, that it might be poison to their powers,
And that their lips might draw my bosom dry,
So David's love might ease him, though she die!
Nath. These violent passions come not from above;
David and Bethsabe offend the Highest,
To mourn in this immeasurable sort.
Dav. O Absalon, Absalon! O my son, my son!
Would God that I had died for Absalon!
But he is dead; ah, dead! Absalon is dead:
And David lives to die for Absalon.
[*He looks forth, and at the end sits close again.*

Enter JOAB, ABISAI, ITHAY, *with their train.*

Joab. Why lies the queen so prostrate on the ground?
Why is this company so tragic-hued?
Why is the king now absent from his men,
And marcheth not in triumph through the gates?
[*He unfolds the pavilion.*
David, awake; if sleep have shut thine eyes,
Sleep of affection, that thou canst not see
The honour offered to the victor's head:
Joab brings conquest piercèd on his spear,
And joy from all the tribes of Israel.
Dav. Thou man of blood, thou sepulchre of death,

[1] "Breathy swords" is a horrible expression; but Mitford's correction "breathed words" is insipid. "Thy breath's keen swords" would be tolerable,—but it would not be what Peele wrote.

Whose marble breast intomb[s] my bowels quick,
Did I not charge thee, nay, entreat thy hand,
Even for my sake, to spare my Absalon?
And hast thou now, in spite of David's health,
And scorn to do my heart some happiness,
Given him the sword and spilt his purple soul?
Joab. What, irks it David, that the victor breathes,
That Juda and the fields of Israel
Should cleanse their faces from their children's blood?
What, art thou weary of thy royal rule?
Is Israel's throne a serpent in thine eyes,
And he that set thee there so far from thanks,
That thou must curse his servant for his sake?
Hast thou not said that, as the morning light,
The cloudless morning, so should be thine house,
And not as flowers by the brightest rain
Which grow up quickly and as quickly fades?
Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thorns,
That cannot be preservèd[1] with the hand,

---

[1] "Qy. 'repressèd'?—The passage of Scripture to which our author here alludes is as follows:

'And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.

'Although my house be not so with God; yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he make it not to grow.

'But the sons of Belial shall be all of them as thorns thrust away, because they cannot be taken with hands [The Vulgate '*quæ non tolluntur manibus*']:

'But the man that shall touch them must be fenced with iron and the staff of a spear,' &c.

Sec. Samuel, xxiii. 4, sqq."—*Dyce.*

And that the man shall touch them must be armed
With coats of iron and garments made of steel,
Or with the shaft of a defencèd spear?
And art thou angry he is now cut off
That led the guiltless swarming to their deaths,
And was more wicked than an host of men?
Advance thee from thy melancholy den,
And deck thy body with thy blissful robes,
Or, by the Lord that sways the heaven I swear,
I'll lead thine armies to another king
Shall cheer them for their princely chivalry,
And not sit daunted, frowning in the dark,
When his fair looks, with oil and wine refreshed,
Should dart into their bosoms gladsome beams,
And fill their stomachs with triumphant feasts;
That when elsewhere stern war shall sound his trump,
And call another battle to the field,
Fame still may bring thy valiant soldiers home,
And for their service happily confess
She wanted worthy trumps to sound their prowess:
Take thou this course and live; refuse and die.

Abis. Come, brother, let him sit there till he sink;
Some other shall advance the name of Joab.

[*Offers to go out.*

Beth. O, stay, my lords, stay! David mourns no more,
But riseth to give honour to your acts.

Dav. [*Stay.—He riseth up.*] Then happy art thou, David's fairest son,
That, freèd from the yoke of earthly toils,
And séquester'd from sense of human sins,

Thy soul shall joy the sacred cabinet
Of those divine ideas that present
Thy changèd spirit with a heaven of bliss.
Then thou art gone; ah, thou art gone, my son!
To heaven, I hope, my Absalon is gone:
Thy soul there placed in honour of the saints,
Or angels clad with immortality,
Shall reap a sevenfold grace for all thy griefs;
Thy eyes, now no more eyes but shining stars,
Shall deck the flaming heavens with novel lamps;
There shalt thou taste the drink of seraphins,
And cheer thy feelings with archangels' food;
Thy day of rest, thy holy sabbath-day,
Shall be eternal; and, the curtain drawn,
Thou shalt behold thy sovereign face to face,
With wonder, knit in triple unity,
Unity infinite and innumerable.——
Courage, brave captains! Joab's tale hath stirred,
And made the suit of Israel preferred.

Joab. Bravely resolved, and spoken like a king:
Now may old Israel and his daughters sing.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

SIR CLYOMON AND SIR CLAMYDES.

The Historie of the two valiant Knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, sonne to the King of Denmarke: And Clamydes the white Knight, sonne to the King of Suauia. As it hath bene sundry times Acted by her Maiestie Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede. 1599. 4to.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
KING OF DENMARK.
CLYOMON, *his son.*
KING OF SUAVIA.
CLAMYDES, *his son.*
THRASELLUS, *King of Norway.*
MUSTANTIUS, *brother to the King of the Isle of Strange Marshes.*
BRYAN SANS-FOY.
SUBTLE SHIFT.
CORIN, *a shepherd.*
Boatswain.
Lords, Knights, Soldiers, Servants.

QUEEN OF DENMARK.
JULIANA, *her daughter.*
QUEEN, *widow of Patranius, King of the Isle of Strange Marshes.*
NERONIS, *her daughter.*
Two Ladies.

PROVIDENCE.
RUMOUR.

---

[1] There is no list of characters in old ed.

THE PROLOGUE.

As lately lifting up the leaves of worthy writers' works,
Wherein the noble acts and deeds of many hidden lurks,
Our author he hath found the glass of glory shining bright,
Wherein their lives are to be seen which honour did delight,
To be a lantern unto those which daily do desire
Apollo's garland by desert in time for to aspire;
Wherein the froward chances oft of fortune you shall see,
Wherein the cheerful countenance of good successes be,
Wherein true lovers findeth joy with hugy heaps of care,
Wherein, as well as famous facts, ignomious[1] placèd are,
Wherein the just reward of both is manifestly shown,
That virtue from the root of vice might openly be known;
And doubting naught, right courteous all, in your accustom'd wont
And gentle ears, our author he is prest[2] to bide the brunt

---

[1] *i.e.* "ignominious."—*Dyce.* (*Ignomy* for *ignominy* is frequently found. We have it in sc. iii. l. 31.)

[2] Ready.

Of babblers' tongues, to whom he thinks as frustrate all his toil
As pearls cast[1] to filthy swine which in the mire do moil.
Well,[2] what he hath done for your delight, he gave not me in charge :
The actors come, who shall express the same to you at large.

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "taste."
[2] Dyce prints this word as a line by itself. I follow the old ed.

SIR CLYOMON AND SIR CLAMYDES.

[SCENE I.]

Enter CLAMYDES.

Clam. As to the weary wandering wights whom waltering[1] waves environ,
No greater joy of joys may be than when from out the ocean
They may behold the altitude of billows to abate,
For to observe the longitude of seas in former rate,
And having then the latitude of sea-room for to pass,
Their joy is greater, through the grief, than erst before it was;
So likewise I Clamydes,[2] Prince of Suavia, noble soil,

---

[1] Weltering.—Cf. *The Misfortunes of Arthur* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, iv. 313):—

" My slender bark shall creep anenst the shore
And shun the winds that sweep the *waltering waves.*"

So in *Seneca's Ten Tragedies*, 1581, fo. 62 (verso), "That *walter* thus in waves of woe"; *ibid.* fo. 64 (verso), "The sailing ship with brazen stem cut not the *waltring* wave."

[2] Sometimes the name is to be pronounced (as here) "Clămydēs," at other times "Clāmydēs."

Bringing my bark to Denmark here, to bide the bitter broil
And beating blows of billows high, while raging storms did last,
My griefs were greater than might be, but, tempests overpast,
Such gentle calms ensuèd hath as makes my joys[1] more,
Through terror of the former fear, than erst it was before;
So that I sit in safety,[2] as sea-man under shrouds
When he perceives the storms be past through vanishing[3] of clouds;
For why[4]
The doubtful care that drave me off, in danger to prevail,
Is dash'd through bearing lesser brain[5] and keeping under sail,
So that I have through travail long at last possess'd the place
Whereas[6] my bark in harbour safe doth pleasures great embrace,

---

[1] Old ed. "ioyes"—which Dr. Brinsley Nicholson takes to be "joyess." ("Joys" is to be pronounced as a dissyllable.—There is no difficulty with the "it" in the next line; for, as Dyce remarks, "our early writers sometimes apply '*it*' to a preceding plural substantive.")

[2] Equivalent to a trisyllable.

[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "vanquishing."

[4] "For why" (a frequently recurring expression) = because.—In old ed. "For why" is printed as part of the following line. It is difficult to deal with such extra-metrical words.

[5] "Bearing lesser brain" is curious and not very intelligible. The common expression "bear a brain" meant—be attentive, be wary. Perhaps in the present passage we might read "bearing *better* brain," (unless the corruption lies in the word "brain").

[6] Where.

And hath such license limited as heart can seem to ask,
To go and come, of custom free or any other task:
I mean by Juliana she, that blaze of beauty's breeding,
And for her noble gifts of grace all other dames exceeding;
She hath from bondage set me free, and freèd yet still bound
To her above all other dames that live upon the ground,
For, had not she been merciful, my ship had rush'd on rocks,
And so decay'd amids the storms through force of clubbish knocks;
But when she saw the danger great where subject I did stand
In bringing of my silly bark full-fraught from out my land,
She, like a meek and honest dame,—what should I else say more?—
Did me permit with full consent to land upon her shore,
Upon true promise that I would here faithful still remain,
And that perform which she had vow'd for those that should obtain
Her princely person to possess; which thing to know I stay,
And then adventurously for her to pass upon my way:
Lo where she comes!

Enter JULIANA *with a white shield.*

Ah peerless dame, my Juliana dear!

Juli. My Clamydes! of troth, sir prince, to make you stay thus here

I proffer too much injury, that's doubtless on my part;
But let it no occasion give to breed within your heart
Mistrust that I should forge or feign with you my love in aught.
Clam. No, lady, touching you in me doth lodge no such a thought,
But thanks for your great courtesy, that would so friendly here
In mids of misery receive a foreign stranger mere.[1]
But, lady, say what is your will, that it I may perstand.[2]
Juli. Sir prince,[3]
Upon a vow who spouseth me must needsly[4] take in hand
The flying serpent for to slay, which in the Forest is
That of Strange Marvels beareth name; which serpent doth not miss,
By daily use, from every coast[5] that is adjacent there,
To fetch a virgin-maid, or wife, or else some lady fair,
To feed his hungry paunch withal, if case he can them take;
His nature, lo, it only is of women spoil to make:
Which thing, no doubt, did daunt me much, and made me vow indeed,
Who should espouse me for his wife should bring to me his head;

---

[1] "A foreign stranger *mere*"—one who is wholly a stranger. So again sc. iii. l. 48.

[2] This word (in the sense of "understand") occurs two or three times in the present play; but I do not remember to have met it elsewhere.

[3] "Sir prince . . . take in hand"—one line in old eds.

[4] Necessarily.

[5] Quarter, region.—"*Marche.* A region, *coast*, or quarter."—*Cotgrave.*

Whereto my father willingly did give his like consent:
Lo, Sir Clamydes, now you know what is my whole intent;
And if you will, as I have said, for me this travail take,
That I am yours with heart and mind your full account do make.
Clam. Ah lady,[1]
If case these travails should surmount the travails whereby came
Unto the worthies of the world such noble bruit and fame,
Yea, though the dangers should surpass stout Hercules his toil,
Who, fearing naught the doggèd fiend, stern Cerberus did foil;
Take here my hand, if life and limb the living gods do lend,
To purchase thee the dearest drop of blood my heart shall spend:
And therefore, lady, link with me thy loyal heart for aye,
For I am thine till Fates untwine of vital life the stay,
Protesting here, if gods assist, the serpent for to kill.
Juli. Then shalt thou of all women win the heart and great good-will,
And me possess for spousèd wife, who in election am
To have the crown of Denmark here as heir unto the same;

[1] "Ah lady . . . came"—one line in old ed.

For why[1] no children hath my sire besides me but one other,
And he, indeed, is heir before for that he is my brother,
And Clyomon so hight his name; but where he doth remain
Unto my parents is unknown, for once he did obtain
Their good-wills for to go abroad, a while to spend his days
In purchasing through active deeds both honour, laud, and praise,
Whereby he might deserve to have the order of a knight:
But, this omitting, unto thee, Clamydes, here I plight
My faith and troth, if what is said by me thou dost perform.

Clam. If not,[2]
Be sure, O lady, with my life I never will return.

Juli. Then as thou seem'st in thine attire a virgin[3] knight to be,
Take thou this shield likewise of white, and bear thy name by me—
The White Knight of the Silver Shield, to elevate thy praise. [*Gives shield.*

Clam. O lady, as your pleasure is, I shall at all assays
Endeavour[4] my good-will to win, if Mars do send me might,

---

[1] "For why"—because.
[2] "If not . . . return"—one line in old ed.
[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Virgins."
[4] "*i.e.* Exert."—*Dyce.*

Such honour as your grace with joy shall welcome home your knight.

Juli. Then farewell, my dear Clamydes: the gods direct thy way,

And grant that with the serpent's head behold thy face I may!

Clam. You shall not need to doubt thereof, O faithful dame so true!

And, humbly kissing here thy hand, I bid thy grace adieu. [*Exit* JULIANA.

Ah happy time and blissful day, wherein by fate I find

Such friendly favours as are food to feed both heart and mind!

To Suavia soil I swiftly will prepare my footsteps right,

There of my father to receive the order of a knight,

And afterwards address myself, in hope of honour's crown,

Both tiger fell and monster fierce by dint for to drive down.

The flying serpent soon shall feel how boldly I dare vaunt me;

And if that Hydra's head she had, yet dread should never daunt me;

If murdering Minotaur a man might count this ugly beast,

Yet for to win a lady such I do account it least

Of travails toil to take in hand; and therefore, farewell care,

For hope of honour sends me forth 'mongst warlike wights to share. [*Exit.*

[SCENE II.]

Enter[1] Sir Clyomon, *Knight of the Golden Shield, son to the King of Denmark, booted.*—Subtle Shift, *the Vice, within, also booted.*

Clyo. [*to* Subtle Shift *within.*] Come on, good fellow, follow me, that I may understand
Of whence thou art, thus travelling here in a foreign land;
Come, why dost thou not leave loitering there and follow after me?

S. Shift [*within*]. Ah, I am in, and't shall please you!

Clyo. In! why, where art thou in?

S. Shift. Faith, in a dirty ditch with a wanion,[2] so beray'd[3] as it's pity to see.

Clyo. Well, I see thou art a merry companion, I shall like better of thy company:
But, I pray thee, come away.

S. Shift. [*within.*] If I get out one of my legs, as fast as I may.
Ha lo! ah my buttock! the very foundation thereof doth break;

---

[1] Old ed. "*Enter* . . . Denmarke with subtill Shift the Vice, booted."—The Vice was the buffoon of the Old Moralities.—Sir Clyomon and Shift are "booted" (in their riding-boots) as they are going on a journey.

[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "with a woman." ("With a wanion" = with a murrain.)

[3] Befouled.

Ha lo! once again I am as fast as though I had frozen here a week.

[*Here let him slip unto the stage backwards, as though he had pulled his leg out of the mire, one boot off, and then rise up to run in again.*

Clyo. Why, how now! whither runn'st thou? art thou foolish in thy mind?

S. Shift. But to fetch one of my legs, and't shall please, that I have left in the mire behind.

Clyo. One of thy legs! why, look, man, both thy legs thou hast!

It is but one of thy boots thou hast lost, thy labour thou dost waste.

S. Shift. But one of my boots! Jesu, I had such a wrench with the fall,

That, I assure, I did think one of my legs had gone withal.

Clyo. Well, let that pass, and tell me what thou art, and what is thy name,

And from whence thou cam'st, and whither thy journey thou dost frame,

That I have met thee by the way, thus travelling in this sort.

S. Shift. What you have requested, and't shall please, I am able to report.

What I am by my nature each wight shall perceive

That frequenteth my company by the learning I have:

I am the son of Apollo, and from his high seat I came;

But whither I go, it skills[1] not, for Knowledge is my name,
And whoso hath knowledge, what needs he to care
Which way the wind blow, his way to prepare?

Clyo. And art thou Knowledge? of troth, I am glad that I have met with thee.

S. Shift. I am Knowledge, and have as good skill in a woman as any man whatsoever he be,
For this I am certain off, let me but lie with her all night,
And I'll tell you in the morning whether she is maid, wife, or sprite;
And as for other matters, speaking of languishes[2] or any other thing,
I am able to serve, and't shall please, and't were great Alexander the King.

Clyo. Of troth, then, for thy excellency I will thee gladly entertain,
If in case that with me thou wilt promise to remain.

S. Shift. Nay, and't shall please ye, I am like to a woman,—say nay, and take it;[3]
When a gentleman proffers entertainment, I were a fool to forsake it.

Clyo. Well, Knowledge, then sith thou art content my servant to be,
And endu'd with noble qualities thy personage I see,

---

[1] "It skills not"—it matters not. [2] Languages.

[3] "*Faire de guedon guedon.* To mince or simper it; to be nice, quaint, scrupulous of receiving what inwardly is longed for; to *say nay and take it, as men say maids do.*"—*Cotgrave.* (Cf. *Richard III.*, iii. 7:—"*Play the maid's part,—still answer nay, and take it.*")

Thou having perfect knowledge how thyself to behave,
I will send thee of mine errand; but haste thither, I crave,
For here I will stay thy coming again.

S. Shift. Declare your pleasure, sir, and whither I shall go, and then the case is plain.

Clyo. Nay, of no great importance, but being here in Suavia
And near unto the court, I would have thee to take thy way
Thither with all speed, because I would hear
If any shows or triumphs be towards,[1] else would I not come there;
For only upon featsof arms is all my delight.

S. Shift. [*aside.*] If I had known so much before, serve that serve will, I would have serv'd no martial knight.—
Well, sir, to accomplish your will, to the court I will hie,
And what news is there stirring bring word by and by.

Clyo. Do so, good Knowledge, and here in place thy coming I will stay,
For nothing doth delight me more than to hear of martial play. [*Exit* S. SHIFT.
Can food unto the hungry corps[2] be cause of greater joy
Than for the haughty heart to hear, which doth itself employ

---

[1] In preparation.

[2] Often used for the living body.—So in Byrd's *Psalms, Sonnets and Songs*:—

"Care for thy *corps*, but chiefly for soul's sake,
Cut off excess, sustaining food is best."

Through martial exercises much to win the bruit of fame,
Where mates do meet which thereunto their fancies seem to frame?
Can music more the pensive heart or daunted mind delight,
Can comfort more the careful corps and over-pallèd sprite
Rejoice, than sound of trumpet doth each warlike wight allure,
And drum and fife unto the fight do noble hearts procure,
To see in sunder shiverèd the lance that leads the way,
And worthy knights unbeaverèd in field amidst the fray?
To hear the rattling cannons roar, and hilts on helmets ring,
To see the soldiers swarm on heaps where valiant hearts do bring
The cowardly crew into the case of careful captives' band,
Where ancients[1] brave displayèd be and won by force of hand?
What wight would not as well delight as this[2] to hear and see,
Betake himself in like affairs a fellow mate to be
With Clyomon, to Denmark King the only son and heir,
Who of the Golden Shield as now the knightly name doth bear

[1] Ensigns.

[2] *i.e.* this wight (the speaker)?

In every land, since that I foil'd the worthy knight of fame,
Sir Samuel, before the king and prince of martial game,
Alexander call'd the Great; which when he did behold,
He gave to me in recompense this shield of glittering gold,
Requesting for to know my name, the which shall not be shown
To any knight unless by force he make it to be known;
For so I vow'd to Denmark King, my father's grace, when I
First got his leave that I abroad my force and strength might try,
And so I have myself behaved in city, town, and field,
That never yet did fall reproach to the Knight of the Golden Shield.

Re-enter SUBTLE SWIFT *running.*

S. Shift. God's ames,[1] where are you, where are you? and you be a man, come away.

Clyo. Why, what is the matter, Knowledge? to tell thy errand stay.

S. Shift. Stay! what talk you of staying? why, then, all the sight will be past:
Clamydes the king's son shall be dubb'd knight in all haste.

[1] "God's ames"—a corrupt oath.

Clyo. Ah Knowledge, then come indeed, and good pastime thou shalt see!
I will take the honour from him that dubbèd I may be:
Upon a courageous stomach, come, let us haste thither.
S. Shift. Lead you the way and I'll follow; we'll be both made knights togither. [*Exit* CLYOMON.
Ah sirrah, is my master so lusty or dares he be so bold?
It is no marvel, then, if he bear a shield of gold:
But, by your patience, if he continue in this business, farewell master than,[1]
For, I promise you, I intend not very long to be his man,
Although under the title of Knowledge my name I do feign,
Subtle Shift I am callèd, that is most plain;
And as it is my name, so it is my nature also
To play the shifting knave wheresoever I go.
Well, after him I will—but, soft now! if my master chance to be lost,
And any man examine me, in telling his name I am as wise as a post:
What a villain was I that, ere he went, could not ask it!
Well, it's no great matter, I am but half bound, I may serve whom I will yet. [*Exit.*

1 Then.

[SCENE III.]

Enter the KING OF SUAVIA *with the* Herald *before him*, CLAMYDES, *three* Lords.

King of S. Come, Clamydes, thou our son, thy father's talk attend.
Since thou art prest[1] thy youthful days in prowess for to spend,
And dost of us the order ask of knighthood for to have,
We know thy deeds deserve the same, and that which thou dost crave
Thou shalt possess: but first, my son, know thou thy father's charge,
And what to knighthood doth belong, thine honour to enlarge;
Unto what end a knight is made that likewise thou mayst know,
And bear the same in mind also, that honour thine may flow
Amongst the worthies of the world to thy immortal fame.
Know thou, therefore, Clamydes dear, to have a knightly name
Is, first, above all other things, his God for to adore
In truth, according to the laws prescribed to him before;

[1] Ready, eager.

Secondly, that he be true unto his lord and king;
Thirdly, that he keep his faith and troth in every thing;
And then before all other things that else we can commend,
That he be always ready prest his country to defend;
The widow, poor, and fatherless, or innocent bearing blame,
To see their cause redressèd right a faithful knight must frame;
In truth he always must be tried: this is the total charge,
That[1] will receive a knightly name his honour to enlarge.
Clam. O father, this your gracious counsel given to me your only son,
Shall not be in oblivion cast till vital race be run!
What way doth win Dame Honour's crown, those paths my steps shall trace,
And those that to Reproach do lead, which seeketh to deface
True Honour in her regal seat, I shall detest for aye,
And be as utter enemy to them both night and day.
By flying force of flickering fame your grace shall understand
Of my behaviour, noble sire, in every foreign land;
And if you hear by true report I venture in the barge
Of Wilfulness, contráry this your grace's noble charge,
Let Ignomy[2] to my reproach, instead of Lady Fame,
Sound through the earth and azure skies the strainèd blast of shame,

[1] *i.e.* for him that will receive, &c.

[2] See note 1, p. 91.

Whereby within Oblivion's tomb my deeds shall be detain'd,
Where[1] otherwise of Memory the mind I might have gain'd,
So that the den of Darksomeness shall ever be my chest,[2]
Where[1] worthy deeds prefer each wight with honour to be blest.

[*Enter, behind,* CLYOMON *and* SUBTLE SHIFT.]

King of S. Well, Clamydes, then kneel down, according as is right,
That here thou mayst receive of me the order of a knight.

Here let him kneel down, CLYOMON *with* SUBTLE SHIFT *watching in place; and as the* King *doth go about to lay the mace of his head, let* CLYOMON *take the blow, and so pass away presently.*

S. Shift. Now prepare yourself, or I'll be either a knight or a knave.

Clyo. Content thyself, Knowledge, for I'll quickly him deceive.

King of S. The noble order[3] of a knight, Clamydes, unto thee
We give through due desert; wherefore see that thou be
Both valiant, wise, and hardy—

S. Shift. Away now quickly, lest we be take tardy.

[*Exeunt* CLYOMON *and* SUBTLE SHIFT.

---

[1] Whereas. [2] Coffin.
[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "orders."

King of S. Ah stout attempt of baron bold, that hath from this my son
The knighthood ta'en! My lords, pursue ere far he can be run. [*Pursue him and bring in* SHIFT.
Ah Clamydes, how art thou bereft of honour here!
Was like presumption ever seen, that one, a stranger mere,[1]
Should come in presence of a prince and 'tempt, as he hath done,
To take the knighthood thus away from him who is his son?
Clam. Ah father, how am I perplex'd, till I revengèd be
Upon the wretch which here hath ta'en the honour thus from me!
Was ever any one deceived of knighthood so before?
King of S. Well, Clamydes, my lords return; stay till we do know more.

Enter SHIFT, *brought in by the two* Lords *who pursued* CLYOMON.

First Lord. O king, the knight is fled and gone, pursuit prevaileth[2] nought;
But here his slave we taken have to tell why this he wrought.
King of S. Ah cruel grudge that grieves my ghost! shall he escape me so?
Shall he with honour from my son, without disturbance, go?—

[1] "Stranger mere"—utter stranger.
[2] Availeth.—Cf. *Sec. Part of Tamburlaine*, ii. 4:—
"Nothing *prevails*, for she is dead, my lord."

Ah caitiff thou, declare his name, and why he ventured here,
Or death shall be thy guerdon sure, by all the gods I swear!

S. Shift. Ah, and't shall please you, I know neither him, his country, nor name.

Sec. Lord. What, what, sir? are not you his servant? will you deny the same?

King of S. Nay, then you are a dissembling knave, I know very well.

S. Shift. And't shall please your grace, even the very troth I shall tell:

I should have been his servant when we met togither,
Which was not full three hours before we came hither.

King of S. Well, what is his name, and of what country, declare.

S. Shift. That cannot I tell, and't shall please you: you never saw servant in such care
To know his master's name, neither in town nor field,
And what he was, he would [not [1]] tell but the Knight of the Golden Shield.

King of S. Well, Clamydes, mark my charge, what I to thee shall say:

Prepare thyself for to pursue that traitor on his way,
Which hath thine honour reft from thee, and, either by force of hand
Or love, his name and native soil see that thou understand,

[1] The bracketed word was added by Dyce.

That I may know for what intent he bare this grudge
to thee,
Else see thou never dost return again to visit me;
For this imports him for to be of valiant heart and mind,
And therefore do pursue thy foe until thou dost him find,
To know his name and what he is, or, as I said before,
Do never view thy father I in presence any more.
Clam. Well, father, sith it is your charge and precept
given to me,
And more for mine own honour's sake, I frankly do agree
To undertake the enterprise, his name to understand,
Or never else to show my face again in Suavia land.
Wherefore I humbly do desire the order to receive
Of knighthood, which my sole desire hath ever been to
have:
It is the name and mean whereby true honour is achived;
Let me not, then, O father dear, thereof be now deprived,
Sith that mine honour cowardly was stoln by caitiff he,
And not by dinted[1] dastard's deed, O father, lost by me!
King of S. Well, Clamydes, then kneel down: here
in our nobles' sight,
We give to thee that art our son the order of a knight;
But, as thou wilt our favour win, accomplish my desire.
Clam. Else never to your royal court, O father, I'll retire.
King of S. Well, then, adieu, Clamydes dear: the
gods thine aider[2] be!—
But come, my lords, to have his hire, that caitiff bring
with me.

[1] "*Dinted* is suspicious. Qy. *dint of* or *daunted*."—*P. A. Daniel.*
[2] Dyce corrects this to *aiders*.

S. Shift. Alas, and't shall please you, I am Knowledge, and no evil did pretend![1]
Set me at liberty; it was the knight that did offend.
Clam. O father, sith that he is Knowledge, I beseech your grace set him free;
For in these affairs he shall wait and tend on me,
If he will protest to be true to me ever.
S. Shift. Ah noble Clamydes, here's my hand, I'll deceive you never!
Clam. Well, then, father, I beseech your grace grant that I may have him.
King of S. Well, Clamydes, I am content, sith thou, my son, dost crave him:
Receive him therefore at my hands.—My lords, come, let's depart.
All the Lords. We ready are to wait on you, O king, with willing heart.
[*Exeunt* [*all except* CLAMYDES *and* SUBTLE SHIFT].
Clam. Well, Knowledge, do prepare thyself, for here I do protest,
My father's precepts to fulfil, no day nor night to rest
From toilsome travel till I have revenged my cause aright
On him who of the Golden Shield now beareth name of Knight;
Who of mine honour hath me robb'd in such a cowardly sort
As for to be of noble heart it doth him not import.

[1] Intend.

But, Knowledge, to me thy service still thou must with loyal heart profess.

S. Shift. Use me that all other villains may take ensample by me, if I digress.

Clam. Well, then, come follow speedily, that him pursue we may.

S. Shift. Keep you before, and't shall please you, for I mind not to stay. [*Exit* CLAMYDES.

Ah sirrah Shift, thou wast driven to thy shifts now indeed!

I dream'd before that untowardly I should speed;

And yet it is better luck than I lookèd to have:

But, as the proverb saith, good fortune ever happeneth to the veriest knave:

And yet I could not escape with my master, do what I can:

Well, by this bargain he hath lost his new serving-man.

But if Clamydes overtake him now, what buffets will there be!

Unless it be four miles off the fray, there will be no standing for me.

Well, after him I will; but howsoever my master speed,

To shift for myself I am fully decreed. [*Exit.*

[SCENE IV.]

Enter KING ALEXANDER THE GREAT, *as valiantly set forth as may be, and as many* [Lords *and*] Soldiers *as can.*

K. Alex. After many invincible victories and conquests great achived,
I, Alexander, with sound of fame, in safety am arrived
Upon my borders long wish'd-for of Macedonia soil,
And all the world subject have through force of warlike toil.
O Mars, I laud thy sacred name! and, for this safe return,
To Pallas' temple will I wend, and sacrifices burn
To thee, Bellona, and the rest, that warlike wights do guide,
Who for King Alexander did such good success provide.
Who bows not now unto my beck? my force who doth not fear?
Who doth not of my conquests great throughout the world hear?
What king as to his sovereign lord doth now not bow his knee?
What prince doth reign upon the earth which yields not unto me
Due homage for his regal mace? what country is at liberty?
What dukedom, island, or province else, to me now are not tributary?

What fort of force, or castle strong, have I not batter'd down?
What prince is he that now by me his princely seat and crown
Doth not acknowledge for to hold? not one the world throughout
But of King Alexander's power they all do stand in doubt:[1]
They fear, as fowls that hovering fly from out the falcon's way;
As lamb the lion, so my power the stoutest do obey:
In field who hath not felt my force where battering blows abound?
King or keysar, who hath not fix'd his knees to me on ground?
And yet, Alexander, what art thou? thou art a mortal wight,
For all that ever thou hast got or won by force in fight.
First Lord. Acknowledging thy state, O king, to be as thou hast said,
The gods, no doubt, as they have been, will be thy shield and aid
In all attempts thou tak'st in hand, if case no glory vain
Thou seekest, but acknowledging thy victories and gain
Through the providence of sacred gods to happen unto thee,
For vain is trust that in himself man doth repose we see;

[1] Dread.

And, therefore, lest these victories which thou, O king, hast got
Should blind thine eyes with arrogancy, thy noble fame to blot,
Let that victorious Prince his words of Macedon, thy sire,
T' acknowledge still thy state, O king, thy noble heart inspire;
Who, after all his victories triumphantly obtain'd,
Lest that the great felicity of that which he[1] had gain'd
Should cause him to forget himself, a child he did provide,
Which came unto his chamber-door, and every morning cried,
"Philip, thou art a mortal man!" This practice of thy sire,
Amidst all these thy victories, thy servant doth desire,
O Alexander, that thou wilt emprint[2] within thy mind,
And then, no doubt, as father did, thou solace sweet shalt find.
K. Alex. My lords,[3]
Your counsel doubtless I esteem, and with great thanks again
I do requite your courtesy, rejecting—this is plain—
All vain glory from my heart; and since the gods divine
To us above all other[4] kings this fortune doth assign,

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "she."
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "them print."
[3] So old ed.—Dyce "My lord." (Printed as part of the next line in old ed.)
[4] So Dyce.—Old ed. "others."

To have in our subjection the world for most part,
We will at this our home-return,[1] with fervent zeal of heart,
In Pallás' temple, to the gods such sacrifices make
Of thankfulness for our success, as they in part shall take
The same a gratulation sufficient from us sent:
Come, therefore, let us homewards march t' accomplish our intent.

All the Lords. We ready are, most famous king, to follow thee with victory.

K. Alex. Then sound your drums and trumpets both, that we may march triumphantly.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V.]

Enter Sir CLYOMON, *Knight of G. S.*

Clyo. Now, Clyomon, a knight thou art, though some perhaps may say
Thou cowardly cam'st to Clamydes and stole his right away.
No, no,[2]
It was no cowardly part to come in presence of a king,
And in the face of all his court to do so worthy a thing;

---

[1] Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's excellent emendation.—Old ed. "one hour return."

[2] "No, no,"—printed as part of the next line in old ed.

Amidst the mates that martial be and stern knights of his hall,
To take the knighthood from their prince even maugre of them all,
It gives a guerdon of good-will to make my glory glance;
When warlike wights shall hear thereof, my fame they will advance:
And where I was pretended[1] late to Denmark King, my sire,
His royal grace to see, homeward[2] to retire,
Now is my purpose alterèd by bruit of late report;
And where fame resteth to be had, thither Clyomon will resort.
For, as I understand by fame, that worthy prince of might,
The conqueror of conquerors, who Alexander hight,
Returning is to Macedon from many a bloody broil,
And there to keep his royal court now after weary toil;
Which makes the mind of Clyomon with joys[3] to be clad,
For there, I know, of martial mates is company to be had.
Adieu, therefore, both Denmark King and Suavia Prince beside:
To Alexander's court I will; the gods my journey guide!

---

[1] "*i.e.* whereas I intended."—*Dyce.*

[2] "Qy. 'His royal grace's court to see, and homeward'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

[3] See note 1, p. 94.

Enter CLAMYDES *and* SHIFT.

Clam. Come, Knowledge, here he is.—Nay, stay, thou cowardly knight,
That, like a dastard, cam'st to steal away my right.
Clyo. What, what? you rail, sir princox-prince,[1] me coward for to call.
S. Shift. And't shall please you, he is a coward; he would have hired me, amidst your father's hall,
To have done it for him, being himself in such fear[2]
That scarcely he durst before your presence appear.
Clyo. Why, how now, Knowledge! what, forsake thy master so soon?
S. Shift. Nay, master was, but not master is; with you I have done.
Clam. Well, for what intent camest thou my honour to steal away?
Clyo. That I took aught from thee, I utterly denay.
Clam. Didst not thou take the honour which my father to me gave?
Clyo. Of that thou hadest not, I could thee not deprave.[3]
Clam. Didst not thou take away my knighthood from me?
Clyo. No, for I had it before it was given unto thee;

---

[1] "Princox" was a term for a pert, saucy fellow.
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "stay."
[3] Used frequently in this play (by an unwarrantable stretch of poetica license) for "deprive."

And having it before thee, what argument canst thou make
That ever from thee the same I did take?
S. Shift. That's true; he received the blow before at you it came,
And therefore he took it not from you, because you had not the same.
Clam. Well, what hight thy name? let me that understand;
And wherefore thou travelled'st here in my father's land,
So boldly to attempt in his court such a thing?
Clyo. The bolder the attempt is, more fame it doth bring:
But what my name is desirest thou to know?
S. Shift. Nay, he hath stoln sheep, I think, for he is asham'd his name for to show.
Clam. What thy name is I would gladly perstand.[1]
Clyo. Nay, that shall never none know, unless by force of hand
He vanquish me in fight, such a vow have I made;
And therefore to combat with me thyself do persuade,
If thou wilt know my name.
Clam. Well, I accord to the same.
S. Shift. Nay, then, God be with you! if you be at that point, I am gone;
If you be of the fighter's disposition, I'll leave you alone.

[1] Understand.

Clam. Why, stay, Knowledge: although I fight, thou shalt not be molested.

S. Shift. And't shall please you, this fear hath made me beray[1] myself with a proin-stone[2] that was not digested.

Clyo. Well, Clamydes, stay thyself, and mark my sayings here,
And do not think I speak this same for that thy force I fear,
But that more honour may redound unto the victor's part:
Wilt thou here give thy hand to me, withouten fraud of heart,
Upon the faith which to a knight doth rightly appertain? 59
And by the loyalty of a knight I'll swear to thee again
For to observe my promise just; which is, if thou agree
The fifteenth day next following to meet, sir prince, with me
Before King Alexander's grace, in Macedonia soil,
Who all the world[3] subject hath through force of warlike toil,
For he is chief of chivalry and king of martial mates,
And to his royal court, thou know'st, repair[4] all estates:
Give me thy hand upon thy faith of promise not to fail,
And here is mine to thee again, if Fortune's froward gale

---

[1] Befoul.
[2] Prune-stone.
[3] Equivalent to a dissyllable.
[4] Equivalent to a trisyllable.

Resist me not, the day forespoke to meet, sir prince, with thee,
Before that king to try our strengths: say if thou dost agree;
For triple honour will it be to him that gets the victory
Before so worthy a prince as he and nobles all so publicly,
Where otherwise, if in this place we should attempt the same,
Of the honour that were got thereby but small would be the fame.

Clam. Well, sir knight, here is my hand, I'll meet in place forespoke.

Clyo. And, by the loyalty of a knight, I'll not my words revoke.

Clam. Till then adieu; I'll keep my day.

Clyo.[1] And I, if fates do not gainsay. [*Exit.*

S. Shift. What, is he gone, and did take no leave of me?
Jesu, so unmannerly a gentleman did any man see?
But now, my lord, which way will you travel, declare.

Clam. Sith I have fifteen days' respite myself to prepare,
My lady's charge for to fulfill, behold, I do intend.

S. Shift. Your lady! and't shall please you, why, who is your lady? may a man be so bold as ask and not offend?

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Clamy."

Clam. Juliana, daughter to the King of Denmark,
lo, is she,
Whose knight I am, and from her hands this shield was
given to me
In sign and token of good-will; whose noble grace
to gain,
I have protested in her cause for to omit no pain
Nor travail till I have subdued the flying serpent's force,
Which in the Forest of Marvels is, who taketh no
remorse[1]
Of womenkind, but doth devour all such as are astray,
So that no one dares go abroad nor wander forth the
way;
And sith I have yet fifteen days myself for to prepare
To meet the Knight of the Golden Shield, my heart is
void of care:
I will unto the forest wend, sith it is in my way,
And for my Juliana's sake that cruel serpent slay.

S. Shift. What, are you a madman? will you wilfully
be slain?
If you go into that forest, you will never come out
again.

Clam. Why so, Knowledge? dost thou think the
serpent I fear?

S. Shift. No; but do you not know of Bryan Sans-foy,
the champion, dwells there?

Clam. A cowardly knight, Knowledge, is he, and
dares fight with no man.

---

[1] Pity.

S. Shift. Ah, a noble match! couple him and me together than.[1]

Yea, but although he dares not fight, an[2] enchanter he is,

And whosoever comes in that forest to enchant he doth not miss.

Clam. Tush, tush, I fear him not, Knowledge; and therefore come away.

S. Shift. Well, seeing you are so wilful, go you before, I'll not stay. [*Exit* CLAMYDES.

Ah sirrah, now I know all my master's mind, the which I did not before:

He adventureth for a lady—well, I say no more.

But to escape the enchantments of Bryan Sans-foy,—

That's Bryan Without-faith,—I have devised a noble toy;[3]

For he and I am both of one consanguinity;

The veriest cowardly villain that ever was born, that's of a certainty,

I'll fight with no man; no more will Bryan, that's plain,

But by his enchantments he putteth many to great pain,

And in a forest of strange marvels doth he keep,[4]

Altogether by enchantments to bring men asleep

Till he have wrought his will of them. To Bryan straight will I,

And of my master's coming to the forest inform him privily:

---

[1] Then.
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "and."
[3] Conceit.
[4] Dwell.

So shall I win his favour; and, Subtle Shift, in the end
Thou shalt escape his enchantment, for he will be thy friend.
Well, unknown to my master, for mine own safeguard, this will I do;
And now, like a subtle shifting knave, after him I'll go.
[*Exit.*

[SCENE VI.]

Enter BRYAN SANS-FOY.[1]

B. Sans-foy. Of Bryan Sans-foy who hath not heard? not for his valiant acts,
But well I know throughout the world do ring his cowardly facts.
What tho,[2] I pray? all are not born to be God Mars his men;
To toy with dainty dames in courts should be no copes-mates[3] then:
If all were given to chivalry, then Venus might go weep,
For any court in venery that she were like to keep.
But shall I frame, then, mine excuse by serving Venus she,
When I am known throughout the world faint-hearted for to be?
No, no, alas, it will not serve! for many a knight in love,
Most valiant hearts no doubt they have, and knightly prowess prove

[1] Our author probably borrowed the name *Sans-foy* from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, B. I. C. ii."—*Dyce.*

[2] Then. [3] Companions.

To get their ladies' loyal hearts; but I in Venus' yoke
Am forced for want of valliancy my freedom to provoke,
Bearing the name and port of knight, enchantments for to use,
Wherewith full many a worthy wight most cowardly I abuse;
As witnesseth the number now which in my castle lie,
Who, if they were at liberty, in arms I durst not try
The feeblest there though he unarm'd, so is my courage daunted
Whenas I see the glittering arms whereby each knight is vaunted.
But how I vanquish these same knights is wonderful to see;
And knights that ventured for her love, whom I do love, they be,
That's Juliana, daughter to the King of Denmark's grace,
Whose beauty is the cause that I do haunt or keep this place,
For that no wight may her possess, unless by vow decreed
He bring and do present to her the flying serpent's head:
Which many have attempt to do, but none yet could him slay,
Ne afterward hence back again for me could pass away,
For that through my enchantments, lo, which here this forest keep,
So soon as I did look on them, they straight were in a sleep;

Then presently I them unarm'd and to my castle brought,
And there in prison they do lie, not knowing what was wrought.
Lo, thus I range the woods to see who doth the serpent slay,
That by enchantment I may take the head from him away,
And it present unto the dame, as though I were her knight.
Well, here comes one: I'll shroud myself, for sure I will not fight.

Enter SUBTLE SHIFT.

S. Shift. Gog's blood,[1] where might I meet with that cowardly knave, Bryan Sans-foy?
I could tell him such a tale now as would make his heart leap for joy.
Well, yonder I have espied one, whatsoever he be.
B. Sans-foy. [*aside.*] Nay, Gog's blood, I'll be gone; he shall not fight with me:
But by enchantment I'll be even with him by and by.
S. Shift. A[h], and't shall please you, I'll fight with no man; never come so nigh.
B. Sans-foy. Why, what art thou, declare; whither dost thou run?
S Shift. Even the cowardliest villain, and't shall please you, that lives under the sun.

[1] A corruption of "God's blood." Cf. "Gog's bores," "Gog's wounds," &c.

B. Sans-foy. What, of my fraternity? dost thou not know Bryan Sans-foy?

S. Shift. What, Master Bryan! Jesu, how my heart doth leap for joy

That I have met with you! who ever had better luck?

But touch me not.[1]

B. Sans-foy. Wherefore?

S. Shift. A[h], lest you enchant me into the likeness of a buck!

B. Sans-foy. Tush, tush, I warrant thee: but what art thou, declare.

S. Shift. Knowledge, and it shall please you; who hither doth repair

To tell you good news.

B. Sans-foy. Good news! what are they, Knowledge, express.

S. Shift. A knight hath slain the flying serpent.

B. Sans-foy. Tush, it is not so.

S. Shift. It is most true that I do confess.

B. Sans-foy. Ah, what hight his name, Knowledge? let me that understand.

S. Shift. Clamydes, the White Knight, son to the King of Suavia land,

Who for Juliana, daughter to the King of Denmark's grace,

Did take the attempt in hand: now you know the whole case.

---

[1] "'But touch me not.' Given to 'Bryan' in the 4to; where also the next nine speeches are wrongly distributed, what belongs to Bryan being assigned to Shift, and *vice versâ*."—*Dyce.*

B. Sans-foy. Ah happy news of gladsomeness unto my daunted mind!
Now for to win my lady's love good fortune is assign'd;
For though she be Clamydes' right, won worthily indeed,
Yet will I sure possess that dame by giving of the head.
But, Knowledge, whereabout declare doth that Clamydes rest.

S. Shift. Even hard by in the forest here, where he slew the beast,
I left him, and to seek you did hie:
But let us go further into the woods, you shall meet him by and by.

B. Sans-foy. Well, Knowledge, for thy pains take this as some reward; [*Gives money.*]
And if thou wilt abide with me, be sure I'll thee regard
Above all others of my men; besides I'll give to thee
A thing that from enchantments aye preservèd shalt thou be.

S. Shift. Then here is my hand, I'll be your servant ever.

B. Sans-foy. And, seeing thou art a coward as well as I, I'll forsake thee never.
But come, let us go Clamydes to meet.

S. Shift. Keep on your way and I'll follow. [*Exit* Bryan Sans-foy.[1]] I trust if he meet him, he'll take him to his feet.
Gog's blood, was ever seen such a jolt-headed villain as he,
To be so afraid of such a faint-heart knave as I am to see?

[1] Old ed. "*Exeunt.*"

Of the fraternity, quoth you? by'rlady, it's a notable brood!
Well, Shift, these chinks[1] doeth thy heart some good;
And I'll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing
That he hath promised me, and then I'll be with him to bring:[2]
Well, such shifting knaves as I am, the ambodexter[3] must play,
And for commodity serve every man, whatsoever the world say.
Well, after Bryan I will, and close with him a while,
But, as well as Clamydes, in the end I'll him beguile. 80
[*Exit.*

[SCENE VII.]

Enter CLAMYDES *with the head* [*of the flying serpent*] *upon his sword.*

Clam. Ah happy day! my deadly foe submitted hath to death:
Lo, here the hand, lo, here the sword that stopt the vital breath!

---

1 "Monnoye. Money, coin, *chinks.*"—*Cotgrave.*

2 "I'll be with him to bring"—a proverbial expression of which the meaning has not been satisfactorily explained. See Dyce's *Shakesp. Gloss.*, s.v. *bring.*

3 "*Ambidexter* is that jurour or embraceour that taketh of both parties for the giving of his verdict."—Cowell's *Interpreter.* (Hence used in the sense of jack-of-both-sides.)

Lo, here the head that shall possess my Juliana[1] dear!
The Knight of the Golden Shield his force what need I
now to fear?
Since I by force subduèd have this serpent fierce of
might,
Who vanquished hath, as I have heard, full many a
worthy knight,
Which, for to win my lady's love, their lives have
ventured here.
Besides, that cowardly Bryan, which the Faithless Shield[2]
doth bear,
A number keeps, as I have heard, as captives in his
hold,
Whom he hath by enchantment got and not through
courage bold:
Shall such defamèd dastards, dared[3] by knights, thus
bear their name?
Shall such as are without all faith live to impair our
fame?
Shall valiant hearts by cowardly charm be kept in
captives' thrall?
Shall knights live subject to a wretch which hath no
heart at all?
Nay, first, Clamydes, claim to thee fell Atropos her[4]
stroke,
Ere thou dost see such worthy knights to bear the heavy
yoke

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Julianas."
[2] "*i.e.* the shield which has the impress *Sans-foy*."—*Dyce.*
[3] Scared.
[4] So Dyce.—Old ed. "his."

Of cowardly Bryan Without-faith: his charms let daunt not thee;
And for his force thou need'st not fear, the gods thy shield will be.
Well, to meet the Knight of the Golden Shield yet ten days' space I have
And to set free these worthy knights; but rest a while I crave:
Here in this place near to this fort, for that I weary am
With travail since from killing of the serpent late I came,
Lo, here a while I mind to rest, and Bryan then subdue,
And then to Alexander's court, to keep my promise true.
[*Here let him sit down and rest himself.*

Enter BRYAN SANS-FOY *and* SHIFT.

B. Sans-foy. Come, Knowledge, for here he lies, laid weary on the ground.
S. Shift. Nay, I'll not come in his sight, if you would give me a thousand pound,
For he is the terriblest knight of any you have heard spoke;
He'll beat a hundred such as you and I am down at one stroke.
B. Sans-foy. Tush, fear thou naught at all: I have charmed him, and he is fast asleep,
Lying near unto the castle here which I do keep;
And ten days in this sleep I have charmed him to remain
Before nature shall overcome it that he might wake again.

In the mean season, lo, behold, the serpent's head I'll take away,
His shield, and his apparel: this done, then will I convey
His body into prison, with other his companions to lie,
Whose strengths, ah Knowledge, I durst never attempt to try!

S. Shift. Ah, handle him softly, or else you will cause him to awake!

B. Sans-foy. Tush, tush, not if all the noise in the world I were able to make:
Till ten days be expirèd the charm will not leave him;
And then, I am sure, he will marvel who did thus deceive him.

[*Takes away from* CLAMYDES *his apparel, his shield, and the serpent's head.*]

So, now he is strippèd, stay thou here for a season,
And I'll go fetch two of my servants to carry him into prison.

S. Shift. Well, do so, Master Bryan, and for your coming I'll stay. [*Exit* BRYAN.

Gog's blood, what a villain am I my master to betray!
Nay, sure, I'll awake him, if it be possible, ere they carry him to jail.—
Master! what, master! awake, man! what, master!—
Ah, it will not prevail![1]
Am not I worthy to be hanged? was ever seen such a deceitful knave?

[1] Avail.

What villany was in me when unto Bryan understanding I gave
Of my master's being in this forest? but much I muse, indeed,
What he means to do with my master's apparel, his shield, and the head.
Well, seeing it is through my villany my master is at this drift,
Yet, when he is in prison, Shift shall not be void of a shift
To get him away; but if it ever come to his ear
That I was the occasion of it, he'll hang me, that's clear.
Well, here comes Bryan: I'll cloak[1] with him, if I may,
To have the keeping of my master in prison night and day.

Re-enter BRYAN SANS-FOY, *two* Servants.

B. Sans-foy. Come, sirs, take up this body, and carry it in to the appointed place,
And there let it lie, for as yet he shall sleep ten days' space.
[*Carry him out.*
S. Shift. How say you, Master Bryan, shall I of him have the guard?
B. Sans-foy. By my troth, policy thy good-will to reward;
In hope of thy just service, content, I agree

[1] Deal cunningly, dissemble.

For to resign the keeping of this same knight unto thee:
But give me thy hand that thou wilt deceive me never.

S. Shift. Here's my hand: charm, enchant, make a spider-catcher[1] of me, if I be false to you ever.

B. Sans-foy. Well, then, come, follow after me, and the guard of him thou shalt have.

S. Shift. A thousand thanks I give you: this is all the promotion I crave. [*Exit* BRYAN SANS-FOY.

Ah sirrah, little knows Bryan that Clamydes my master is;
But to set him free from prison I intend not to miss:
Yet still in my mind I can do no other but muse
What practice with my master's apparel and shield he will use.
Well, seeing I have played the crafty knave with the one,
I'll play it with the other;
Subtle Shift for advantage will deceive his own brother.
[*Exit.*

[SCENE VIII.]

Here let them make a noise as though they were Mariners; *and after,* CLYOMON, *knight of G. S., come in with one.*

Clyo. [*within.*] Ah, set me to shore sirs. in what country soever we be!

Shipmaster.[2] [*within.*] Well, hale out the cock-boat, seeing so sick we do him see:
Strike sail, cast anchors, till we have rigged our ship again,
For never were we in such storms before, that's plain.

---

[1] Monkey. [2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Shiftmai."

Enter CLYOMON, Boatswain.

Clyo. Ah, boatswain, gramercies for thy setting me to shore!

Boat. Truly, gentleman, we were never in the like tempests before.

Clyo. What country is this wherein now we be!

Boat. Sure, the Isle of Strange Marshes, as our master told to me.

Clyo. How far is it from Macedonia canst thou declare?

Boat. More than twenty days' sailing, and if the weather were fair.

Clyo. Ah cruel hap of Fortune's spite, which 'sign'd this luck to me!—
What palace, boatswain, is this same, canst thou declare, we see?

Boat. There King Patranius keeps his court, so far as I do guess,
And by this train of ladies here I sure can judge no less.

Clyo. Well, boatswain, there is for thy pains; and here upon the shore [*Gives money.*]
I'll lie to rest my weary bones; of thee I crave no more.
[*Exit* [Boatswain. CLYOMON *lies down.*]

Enter NERONIS, *daughter to* PATRANIUS, *King of the Strange Marshes*, *two* Lords, *two* Ladies.

Nero. My lords,[1]
Come, will it please you walk abroad to take the pleasant air,

[1] "My Lords"—printed as part of the next line in old ed.

According to our wonted use, in fields both fresh and fair?
My ladies here, I know right well, will not gainsay the same.
First Lord. Nor we, sure, for to pleasure you, Neronis, noble dame.
Nero. Yes, yes, men they love entreaty much before they will be won.
Sec. Lord. No, princess, that hath women's natures[1] been since first the world begun.
Nero. So you say.
First Lord. We boldly may,
Under correction of your grace.
Nero. Well, will it please you forth to trace?
That, when we have of fragrant fields the dulcet fumes obtain'd,
We may unto the sea-side go, whereas are to be gain'd
More stranger sights among Neptune's waves in seeing ships to sail,
Which pass here by my father's shore with merry western gale.
First Lord. We shall your highness lead the way to fields erst spoke before.
Nero. Do so, and, as we do return, we'll come hard by the shore. [*Exeunt.*
Clyo. What greater grief can grow to gripe the heart of grievèd wight
Than thus to see fell Fortune she to hold his state in spite?

[1] Dyce's correction "nature" is unnecessary.

Ah cruel chance, ah luckless lot, to me poor wretch assign'd!
Were ever seen such contraries by fraudulent goddess blind
To any one, save only I, imparted for to be?
T' amate[1] the mind of any man, did ever Fortune she
Show forth herself so cruel bent as thus to keep me back
From pointed place by weather driven, my sorrows more to sack?[2]
Ah fatal hap! herein, alas, what further shall I say?
Since I am forcèd for to break mine oath and pointed day
Before King Alexander's grace: Clamydes will be there,
And I through Fortune's cruel spite oppress'd with sickness here;
For now within two days it is that we should meet togither:
Woe worth the wind and raging storms, alas, that brought me hither!
Now will Clamydes me accuse a faithless knight to be,
And eke report that cowardliness did daunt the heart of me:

---

[1] "*i.e.* daunt, dismay.—The 4to 'animate.'"—*Dyce.*

[2] "*i.e.* heap—as by pouring out of a *sack:* so we afterwards find in the present play [p. 169],

'Hath *sack'd* on me such hugy heaps of ceaseless sorrows here,'

—a sense in which I do not remember to have seen the word used elsewhere. —*Dyce.*

The worthy praise that I have won through fame shall be defaced,
The name of the Knight of the Golden Shield, alas, shall be erased![1]
Before that noble prince of might whereas Clamydes he
Will show himself in combat-wise for to exclaim on me
For breaking of my pointed day; and, Clyomon, to thy grief,
Now art thou in a country strange, clean void of all relief,
Oppress'd with sickness through the rage of stormy blasts and cold:—
Ah Death, come with thy direful mace! for longer to unfold
My sorrows here it booteth not: yet, Clyomon, do stay;
The ladies, lo, come towards thee that walk'd the other way.

Enter Neronis, *two* Lords, *and two* Ladies.

Nero. Come, fair dames, sith that we have in fragrant fields obtain'd
Of dulcet flowers the pleasant smell, and that these knights disdain'd
Not to bear us company, our walk more large to make,
Here by the sea of surging waves our home-return we'll take.[2]—
My lords, therefore, do keep your way.

First Lord. As it please your grace, we shall obey.

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "defaced."

[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "make."

But, behold, madam, what woful wight here in our way before,
As seemeth very sick to me, doth lie upon the shore.
Nero. My lords, let's know the cause of grief whereof he is oppress'd,
That, if he be a knight, it may by some means be redress'd.—
Fair sir, well met: why lie you here? what is your cause of grief?
Clyo. O lady, sickness by the sea hath me oppress'd, in brief.
Nero. Of truth, my lords, his countenance bewrays him for to be,
In health, of valiant heart and mind and eke of high degree.
Sec. Lord. It doth no less than so import, O princess, as you say.
Nero. Of whence are you, or what's your name, you wander forth this way?
Clyo. Of small valure,[1] O lady fair, alas, my name it is!
And for not telling of the same hath brought me unto this.
Nero. Why, for what cause, sir knight, should you not once[2] express your name?
Clyo. Because, O lady, I have vow'd contráry to the same;
But where I travel, lady fair, in city, town, or field,
I'm callèd and do bear by name the Knight of the Golden Shield.

---

[1] Value. [2] "Once"—added by P. A. Daniel.

Nero. Are you that Knight of the Golden Shield, of whom such fame doth go?

Clyo. I am that selfsame knight, fair dame, as here my shield doth show.

Nero. Ah worthy, then, of help indeed!—My lords, assist, I pray,
And to my lodging in the court see that you him convey.
For certainly within my mind his state is much deplored.—
But do despair in naught, sir knight, for you shall be restored,
If physic may your grief redress; for I, Neronis, lo,
Daughter to Patranius King, for that which fame doth show
Upon your acts, will be your friend, as after you shall prove.

First Lord. In doing so you shall have meed[1] of mighty Jove above.

Clyo. O princess, if I ever be to health restored again,
Your faithful servant, day and night, I vow here to remain.

Nero. Well, my lords, come after me; do bring him, I require.

Both Lords. We shall, O princess, willingly accomplish your desire. [*Exeunt.*

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "need."

[SCENE IX.]

Enter BRYAN SANS-FOY *having* CLAMYDES *his apparel on, his shield, and the serpent's head.*

B. Sans-foy. Ah sirrah,[1]
Now are the ten days full expired wherein Clamydes he
Shall wake out of his charmèd sleep, as shortly you shall see.
But here I have what I desired, his shield, his coat, and head:
To Denmark will I straight prepare,[2] and there present with speed
The same to Juliana's grace, as in Clamydes' name,
Whereby I am assured I shall enjoy that noble dame;
For why[3] Clamydes he is safe for ever being free,
And unto Knowledge is he left here guarded for to be.
But no man knows of my pretence,[4] ne whither I am gone;
For secretly from castle I have stoln this night alone,
In this order as you see, in the attire of a noble knight;
But yet, poor Bryan, still thy heart holds courage in despite.
Well, yet the old proverb to disprove I purpose to begin,
Which always saith that cowardly hearts fair ladies never win:

---

[1] "Ah sirrah"—printed as part of the next line in old ed.

[2] Cf. scene xviii.

"I, Providence, *prepare*
To thee from seat of mighty Jove."

[3] "For why"—because. [4] Intention.

Shall I not Juliana win, and who hath a cowardlier heart?
Yet for to brag and boast it out, I'll will none take my part;
For I can look both grim and fierce as though I were of might,
And yet three frogs[1] out of a bush my heart did so affright
That I fell dead almost therewith: well, cowardly as I am,
Farewell, forest, for now I will, in Knight Clamydes' name,
To Denmark to present this head to Juliana bright,
Who shall a cowardly dastard wed instead of a worthy knight. [*Exit.*

[SCENE X.]

Enter SHIFT *with sword and target.*

S. Shift. Be[2] your leave, I came up so early this morning that I cannot see my way;
I am sure it's scarce yet in the break of the day.
But you muse, I am sure, wherefore these weapons I bring:
Well, listen unto my tale, and you shall know every thing;

---

[1] So in one of Campion's songs:—

"A yellow frog, alas! will fright me so
As I should start and tremble as I go."

[2] By.

Because I play'd the shifting knave to save myself from harm,
And by my procurement my master was brought in this charm.
The ten days are expired, and this morning he shall awake,
And now, like a crafty knave, to the prison my way will I take
With these same weapons, as though I would fight to set him free,
Which will give occasion that he shall mistrust there was no deceit in me;
And having the charge of him here under Bryan Sansfoy,
I'll open the prison-doors, and make as though I did employ
To do it by force, through good-will and only for his sake;
Then shall Clamydes, being at liberty, the weapons of me take,
And set upon Bryan and all his men, now that they are asleep,
And so be revengèd for that he did him keep
By charm: in this order so shall they both deceivèd be,
And yet upon neither part mistrust towards me.
Well, near to the prison I'll draw to see if he be awake:
Hark, hark, this same is he, that his lamentation doth make!

Clam. [*in prison.*] Ah fatal hap! where am I, wretch?
in what distressèd case!
Bereft of tire, of[1] head, and shield, not knowing in what
place
My body is! Ah heavenly gods, was e'er such strange-
ness seen?
What, do I dream? or am I still within the forest green?
Dream! no, no, alas, I dream not I! my senses all do
fail,
The strangeness of this cruel hap doth make my heart
to quail.
Clamydes, ah, by Fortune she what froward luck and fate
Most cruelly assignèd is unto thy noble state!
Where should I be? or in what place hath destiny
assign'd
My sely corpse for want of food and comfort to be
pined?
Ah, farewell hope of purchasing my lady! since is lost
The serpent's head, whereby I should possess that jewel
most.
Ah, farewell hope of honour eke! now shall I break my
day
Before King Alexander's grace, whereon my faith doth
stay.
And shall I be found a faithless knight? fie on fell For-
tune, she
Which hath her wheel of froward chance thus whirlèd
back on me!

---

[1] "'Tire, of,' the 4to 'Tyro.'"—*Dyce.*

Ah, farewell King of Suavia land! ah, farewell Denmark dame!
Farewell, thou Knight of the Golden Shield! to thee shall rest all fame;
To me this direful destiny; to thee, I know, renown;
To me the blast of Ignomy;[1] to thee Dame Honour's crown.
Ah, hateful hap! what shall I say? I see the gods have 'sign'd
Through cruelty my careful corps in prison to be pined;
And naught, alas, amates me so, but that I know not where I am,
Nor how into this doleful place my woful body came!
S. Shift. Alas, good Clamydes, in what an admiration is he,
Not knowing in what place his body should be!
Clam. [*in prison.*] Who nameth poor Clamydes there? reply to him again.
S. Shift. And't shall please you, I am your servant Knowledge, which in a thousand woes for you remain.
Clam. [*in prison.*] Ah Knowledge, where am I, declare, and be brief.
S. Shift. Where are you! faith, even in the castle of that false thief,
Bryan Sans-foy, against whom to fight and set you free
Look out at the window, behold, I have brought tools with me.

[1] See note 1, p. 91.

Clam. [*in prison*]. Ah Knowledge, then cowardly that caitiff did me charm?

S. Shift. Yea, or else he could never have done you any harm:

But be of good cheer; for such a shift I have made,
That the keys of the prison I have got, yourself persuade,
Wherewith this morning I am come to set you free,
And, as they lie in their beds, you may murder Bryan and his men, and set all other at liberty.

Clam. [*in prison.*] Ah Knowledge, this hath me bound to be thy friend for ever!

S. Shift. A true servant, you may see, will deceive his master never. [*Opens the prison-door.*]

So, the doors are open; now come and follow after me.

[CLAMYDES] *enter out.*

Clam. Ah heavens, in what case myself do I see!
But speak, Knowledge, canst thou tell how long have I been here?

S. Shift. These ten days full, and sleeping still; this sentence is most clear.

Clam. Alas, then this same is the day the which appointed was
By the Knight of the Golden Shield to me that combat ours should pass
Before King Alexander's grace; and there I know he is!
Ah cruel Fortune, why shouldst thou thus wrest my chance amiss,
Knowing I do but honour seek, and thou dost me defame,

In that contrary mine expect thou all things seeks to frame?
The faith and loyalty of a knight thou causest me to break:
Ah hateful dame, why shouldst thou thus thy fury on me wreak?
Now will King Alexander judge the thing in me to be
The which, since first I arms could bear, no wight did ever see.
But, Knowledge, give from thee to me those weapons, that I may
Upon that Bryan be revenged, which cowardly did betray
Me of my things, and here from thrall all other knights set free
Whom he by charm did bring in bale as erst he did by me.
Come, into his lodging will I go, and challenge him and his.

S. Shift. Do so, and to follow I will not miss. 81

[*Exit* [CLAMYDES *with the weapons.*]

Ah sirrah, here was a shift according to my nature and condition!
And a thousand shifts more I have to put myself out of suspicion;
But it doth me good to think how that cowardly knave, Bryan Sans-foy,
Shall be taken in the snare; my heart doth even leap for joy.
Hark, hark! my master is amongst them; but let him shift as he can,
For not, to deal with a dog, he shall have help of his man. [*Exit.*[1]

[1] Old ed. "*Exeunt.*"

Re-enter, after a little fight within, CLAMYDES, *three* Knights.

Clam. Come, come, sir knights; for so unfortunate
was never none as I;
That I should joy[1] that is my joy the heavens themselves
deny:
That cowardly wretch that kept you here, and did me
so deceive,
Is fled away, and hath the shield the which my lady gave
To me in token of her love, the serpent's head like case,
For which this mine adventure was, to win her noble
grace.
First Knight. And sure that same th' occasion was
why we adventured hether.
Clam. Well, sith I have you deliver'd, whenas you
please, together,
Each one into his native soil his journey do prepare;
For though that I have broke my day, as erst I did
declare,
Through this most cowardly caitiff's charms, in meeting
of the knight
Which of the Golden Shield bears name, to know else
what he hight
I will to Alexander's court, and if that thence he be,
Yet will I seek to find him out, lest he impute to me
Some cause of cowardliness to be; and therefore, sir
knights, depart;

[1] Enjoy.

As to myself I wish to you with fervent zeal of heart:
Yet, if that any one of you do meet this knight by way,
What was the cause of this my let,[1] let him perstand[2] I pray.

All the Knights. We shall not miss, O noble knight, t' accomplish this your will.

Clam. Well, then, adieu, sir knights, each one; the gods protect you still! [*Exeunt* [Knights.]

What, Knowledge, ho! where art thou, man? come forth, that hence we may.

S. Shift. [*within.*] Where am I! faith, breaking open of chests here within, for I'll have the spoil of all away.

Clam. Tush, tush,[3]
I pray thee come, that hence we may; no riches thou shalt lack.

[*Re-enter*] SHIFT *with a bag, as it were, full of gold on his back.*

S. Shift. I come now with as much money as I am able to carry of my back;
A[h], there was never poor ass so loaden! But how now! that cowardly Bryan have you slain?
And your shield, the serpent's head, and coat, have you again?

Clam. Ah, no, Knowledge![4]

---

[1] Hindrance. [2] Understand.

[3] "Tush, tush,"—printed as part of the following line in old ed.

[4] "Ah no, Knowledge!"—printed as part of the following line in old ed.

The knights that here were captives kept, they are by me at liberty,
But that false Bryan this same night is fled away for certainty,
And hath all things he took from me convey'd where none doth know.

S. Shift. O the bones of me! how will you, then, do for the serpent's head to Juliana to show?

Clam. I have no other hope, alas, but only that her grace
Will credit give unto my words, whenas I show my case,
How they were lost: but first, ere I unto that dame return,
I'll seek the Knight of the Golden Shield whereas he doth sojourn,
T' accomplish what my father will'd; and therefore come away.

S. Shift. Well, keep on before, for I mind not to stay.

[*Exit* CLAMYDES.

Ah sirrah, the craftier knave, the better luck! that's plain:
I have such a deal of substance here, where Bryan's men are slain,
That it passeth:[1] O, that I had while for to stay!
I could load a hundred carts full of kitchen-stuff away.
Well, it's not best to tarry too long behind, lest my master over-go,
And then some knave, knowing of my money, a piece of cozenage show. [*Exit.*

[1] *i.e.* passeth belief.

[SCENE XI.]

Enter NERONIS.

Nero.[1] How can that tree but wither'd be,
That wanteth sap to moist the root?
How can that vine but waste and pine,
Whose plants are trodden under foot?
How can that spray but soon decay,
That is with wild weeds overgrown?
How can that wight in aught delight,
Which shows and hath no good-will shown?
Or else how can that heart, alas,
But die, by whom each joy doth pass?
Neronis, ah, I am the tree which wanteth sap to moist the root!
Neronis, ah, I am the vine whose plants are trodden under foot!
I am the spray which doth decay, and is with wild weeds overgrown;
I am the wight without delight, which shows and hath no good-will shown:
Mine is the heart by whom, alas, each pleasant joy doth pass!
Mine is the heart which vades[2] away as doth the flower or grass:

[1] Perhaps Neronis should be represented reading from a book. Lines 1-10 would in that case be the poem which she reads. After closing the book she proceeds to apply the verses to her own fortunes.—Cf. Lord Vaux's poem in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, "How can the tree but waste and wither away," &c.

[2] Decays, withers.

In wanting sap to moist the root, is joys that made me glad;
And plants being trodden under foot, is pleasures that were had:
I am the spray which doth decay, whom cares have overgrown—
But stay, Neronis; thou saist thou show'st and hast[1] no good-will shown:
Why, so I do; how can I tell? Neronis, force[2] no cruelty;
Thou seest thy knight enduèd is with all good gifts of courtesy:
And doth Neronis love indeed? to whom love doth she yield?
Even to that noble bruit of fame, the Knight of the Golden Shield.
Ah woful dame, thou know'st not thou of what degree he is!
Of noble blood his gestures show, I am assured of this.
Why, belike he is some runagate, that will not show his name:
Ah, why should I this allegate?[3] he is of noble fame.
Why dost thou not express thy love to him, Neronis, then?
Because shamefacedness and womanhood bid us not seek to men.

[1] Old ed. "hath."
[2] If there is no corruption, "force" must have the (not unusual) meaning—*regard, take heed of.* But qy. "forge" (*i.e.* imagine)?
[3] Allege.

Ah careful dame, lo, thus I stand, as 'twere one in a trance,
And lacketh boldness for to speak which should my words advance!
The Knight of the Golden Shield it is to whom a thrall I am,
Whom I to health restorèd have since that to court he came:
And now he is prest[1] to pass again upon his weary way
Unto the court of Alexander; yet hath he broke his day,
As he to me the whole express'd.—Ah sight that doth me grieve!
Lo where he comes to pass away, of me to take his leave!

Enter CLYOMON.

Clyo. Who hath more cause to praise the gods than I, whose state deplored,
Through physic and Neronis' help, to health am now restored?
Whose fervent thrall I am become: yet urgent causes dooth
Constrain me for to keep it close, and not to put in proof
What I might do to win her love; as first my oath and vow
In keeping of my name unknown, which she will not allow.

[1] Ready, intent.

If I should seem to break [1] my mind, being a princess born,
To yield her love to one unknown, I know she'll think it scorn:
Besides, here longer in this court, alas, I may not stay,
Although that with Clamydes he I have not kept my day,
Lest this he should suppose in me for cowardliness of heart:
To seek him out elsewhere I will from out this land depart.
Yet though unto Neronis she I may not show my mind,
A faithful heart, when I am gone, with her I leave behind,
Whose bounteousness I here have felt: but since I may not stay,
I will to [2] take my leave of her before I pass away.
Lo where she walks.—O princess, well met: why are you here so sad?

Nero. Good cause I have, since pleasures pass, the which should make me glad.

Clyo. What you should mean, O princess dear, hereby I do not know.

Nero. Then listen to my talk a while, sir knight, and I will show,
If case you will re-answer me my question to absolve,[3]
The which propound [4] within my mind doth oftentimes revolve.

---

[1] "*i.e.* open, disclose."—*Dyce.*
[2] "Qy. 'go'?"—*P. A. Daniel.* [3] Old ed. "obsolve."
[4] "*i.e.* proposition."—*Dyce.* (Dr. Nicholson takes "propound" as =propounded.—But cf. l. 72.)

Clyo. I will, O princess, answer you as aptly as I may.

Nero. Well, then, sir knight, apply your ears and listen what I say.

A ship, that storms had tossèd long amidst the mounting waves,
Where harbour none was to be had, fell Fortune so depraves,[1]
Through ill success, that ship of hope, that anchor's hold doth fail,
Yet at the last she's driven to land with broken mast and sail,
And, through the force of furious wind and billows' bouncing blows,
She is a simple shipwreck made in every point, God knows.
Now this same ship by chance being found, the finders take such pain,
That fit to sail upon the seas they rig her up again,
And, where she was through storms sore shaked, they make her whole and sound:
Now answer me directly here upon this my propound,
If this same ship thus rent and torn, being brought in former rate,
Should not supply the finder's turn[2] to profit his estate
In what she might.

Clyo. Herein a-right

---

[1] Deprives.

[2] "The 4to. 'true.' Compare sixth line of the next speech."—*Dyce.*

I will, O princess, as I may, directly answer you.
This ship thus found, I put the case it hath an owner now;
Which owner shall sufficiently content the finder's charge,
And have again, to serve his use, his ship, his boat, or barge.
The ship, then, cannot serve the turn of finder,[1] this is plain,
If case the owner do content or pay him for his pain;
But otherwise if none lay claim nor seem that ship to stay,
Then is it requisite it should the finder's pains repay
For such endeavour, as it is to serve for his behoof.

Nero. What owner truly that it hath, I have no certain proof.

Clyo. Then can I not define thereof, but thus I wish it were,
That you would me accept to be that ship, O lady fair,
And you the finder! then it should be needless for to move
If I the ship of duty ought to serve at your behoove.

Nero. Thou art the ship, O worthy knight, so shiver'd found by me.

Clyo. And owner have I none, dear dame, I yield me whole to thee:
For as this ship, I must confess, that was a shipwreck made,
Thou hast restored me unto health whom sickness caused to vade;

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "finders."

For which I yield, O princess dear, at pleasure thine to be,
If your grace, O noble dame, will so accept of me!
Nero. If[1] case I will, what have you shown?
Clyo. Because I am to you unknown.
Nero. Your fame importeth what you be.
Clyo. You may your pleasure say of me.
Nero. What I have said due proof[s] do show.
Clyo. Well, lady dear, to thee I owe
More service than of duty I am able to profess,
For that thou didst preserve my life amidst my deep distress:
But at this time I may not stay, O lady, here with thee:
Thou know'st the cause; but this I vow, within three-score days to be,
If destiny restrain me not, at court with thee again,
Protesting whilst that life doth last thine faithful to remain.
Nero. And is there, then, no remedy, but needs you will depart?
Clyo. No, princess, for a certainty; but here I leave my heart
In gage with thee till my return, which, as I said, shall be.
Nero. Well, sith no persuasion may prevail, this jewel take of me,
And keep it always for my sake. [*Gives jewel.*]

[1] This line and the next are obscure. "What have you shown?" means (I suppose) "How have you given proof of your love?" Clyomon parries the question—"[I have been unable to give proof] because my vow forbids me to disclose my name and rank. You are a king's daughter and I am a nameless wandering knight." (But the text is perhaps corrupt.)

Clyo. Of[1] it a dear account I'll make:
Yet let us part, dear dame, with joy,
And to do the same I will myself employ.
Nero. Well, now adieu till thy return: the gods thy journey guide!
Clyo. And happily in absence mine for thee, dear dame, provide! [*Exit* Neronis.
Ah Clyomon, let dolours die, drive daunts from out thy mind!
Since in the sight of Fortune now such favour thou dost find
As for to have the love of her, whom thou didst sooner judge
Would have denied thy loyalty and 'gainst thy good-will grudge.
But that I may here keep my day, you sacred gods, provide
Most happy fate unto my state, and thus my journey guide,
The which I 'tempt to take in hand Clamydes for to meet,
That the whole cause of my first let[2] to him I may repeat:
So shall I seem for to excuse myself in way of right,
And not be counted of my foe a false perjurèd knight.
[*Exit.*

---

[1] "Of it . . joy"—one line in old ed.
[2] Hindrance.

[SCENE XII.]

Enter THRASELLUS, *King of Norway, and two* Lords.

Thra. Where deep desire hath taken root, my lords, alas, you see
How that persuasion booteth not, if contrary it be
Unto the first expected hope where fancy[1] hath take place;
And vain it is for to withdraw by counsel in that case
The mind who with affection is to one only thing affected,
The which may not till dint of death from thence[2] be sure rejected.
You know, my lords, through fame what force of love hath taken place
Within my breast as touching now Neronis' noble grace,
Daughter to Patranius King, who doth the sceptre sway
And in the Isle of Marshes eke bear rule now at this day:
Through love[3] of daughter his my sorrows daily grow,
And daily dolours do me daunt, for that, alas, I show
Such friendship whereas favour none is to be found again;
And yet from out my careful mind naught may her love restrain.
I sent to crave her of the king; he answer'd me with nay:
But shall I not provide by force to fetch her thence away?
Yes, yes, my lords; and therefore let your aids be prest[4] with mine,
For I will sure Neronis have, or else my days I'll pine;[5]

---

[1] Love. [2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "them."
[3] "Qy. 'Thorough the love'?"—*P. A. Daniel.* [4] Ready.
[5] "Qy. 'fine' (*i.e.*, end)?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

For King Patranius and his power I hold of small account:
To win his daughter to my spouse amids his men I'll mount.
First Lord. Most worthy prince, this rash attempt I hold not for the best,
For sure Patranius' power is great and not to be suppress't;
For why[1] the isle environ'd is with sea on every side,
And landing-place, lo, is there none whereas you may have tide
To set your men from ship to shore, but by one only way,
And in that place a garrison great he keepeth at this day;
So that if you should bring your power, your travail were in vain:
That is not certainly the way Neronis for to gain.
But this your grace may do indeed, and so I count it best;
To be in all points with a ship most like a merchant prest,
And sail with such as you think best, all dress'd in merchants' guise,
And for to get her to your ship some secret mean devise,
By showing of strange merchandise, or other such like thing:
Lo, this is best advice I can, Thrasellus, lord and king.
Second Lord. And certainly, as you have said, my lord, it is the way:—
Wherefore, O king, do prosecute the same without delay.

[1] "For why"—because.

Thra. Of truth, my lords, this your advice doth for
our purpose frame:
Come, therefore, let us hence depart to put in ure[1] the
same
With present speed, for merchant-wise myself will thither
sail.
First Lord. This is the way, if any be, of purpose to
prevail [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE XIII.]

Enter CLYOMON *with a* Knight, *signifying one of those that* CLAMYDES *had delivered.*

Clyo. Sir knight, of truth this fortune was most luckily
assign'd,
That we should meet in travel thus, for thereby to my
mind
You have a castle of comfort[2] brought in that you have
me told
Clamydes our appointed day no more than I did hold.
Knight. No, certis, sir, he kept not day, the cause I
have express'd,
Through that enchanter Bryan's charms he came full
sore distress'd;
Yet fortune favour'd so his state that through his help
all we,
Which captives were through cowardly craft, from bon-
dage were set free;

---

[1] "Put in ure"—put in practice.

[2] "Castle of comfort"—a proverbial expression. One of Thomas Becon's works bears this title.

And at our parting willèd[1] us, if any with you met,
We should inform you with the truth what was his only let.

Clyo. Well, know you where he abideth now, sir knight, I crave of courtesy.

Knight. No, questionless, I know not I, to say it of a certainty.

Clyo. Well, then, adieu, sir knight, with thanks; I let you on your way.

Knight. Unto the gods I you commit; naught else I have to say. [*Exit.*

Clyo. A[h] sirrah, now the hugy heaps of cares that lodgèd in my mind
Are scalèd[2] from their nestling-place, and pleasures passage find,
For that, as well as Clyomon, Clamydes broke his day;
Upon which news my passage now in seeking him I'll stay,
And to Neronis back again my joyful journey make,
Lest that she should in absence mine some cause of sorrow take:
And now all dumps of deadly dole that daunted knightly breast,
Adieu, since salve of solace sweet hath sorrows all supprest.
For that Clamydes cannot brag nor me accuse in ought,
Unto the gods of destinies, that thus our fates have brought

---

[1] *i.e.* Clamydes willed, desired.
[2] "*i.e.* separated, dispersed."—*Dyce.*

In equal balance to be weigh'd, due praises shall I send,
That thus to weigh each cause a-right their eyes to earth did bend.
Well, to keep my day with lady now I mind not to be slack,
Wherefore unto Patranius' court I'll dress my journey back:
But stay, methinks I Rumour hear throughout this land to ring;
I will attend his talk to know what tidings he doth bring.

Enter RUMOUR [1] *running.*

Rum. Ye rolling clouds, give Rumour room, both air and earth below,
By sea and land, that every ear may understand and know
What woful hap is chancèd now, within the Isle of late,
Which of Strange Marshes beareth name, unto the noblest state.
Neronis, daughter to the king, by the King of Norway he
Within a ship of merchandise convey'd away is she.
The king with sorrow for her sake hath [un]to death resign'd;
And having left his queen with child to guide the realm behind,

[1] "Compare *The Induction* to Shakespeare's *Henry IV., Part Second.*"—*Dyce.*

Mustantius, brother to the king, from her the crown would take;
But till she be deliverèd the lords did order make
That they before King Alexander thither coming should appeal,
And he, by whom they hold the crown, therein should rightly deal
For either part: lo, this to tell I Rumour have in charge,
And through all lands I do pretend[1] to publish it at large. [*Exit.*

Clyo. Ah, woful Rumour ranging thus! what tidings do I hear?
Hath that false King of Norway stoln my love and lady dear?
Ah heart, ah hand, ah head, and mind, and every sense beside,
To serve your master's turn in need do every one provide!
For till that I revengèd be upon that wretched king,
And have again my lady dear and her from Norway bring,
I vow this body takes no rest. Ah Fortune, fickle dame,
That canst make glad and so soon sad a knight of worthy fame!
But what should I delay the time, now that my dear is gone?

[1] Intend.

Availeth aught to ease my grief, to make this pensive moan?
No, no;[1]
Wherefore come, courage, to my heart, and, happy hands, prepare?
For of that wretched king I will wreak all my sorrow and care,
And, maugre all the might he may be able for to make,
By force of arms my lady I from him and his will take.
[*Exit.*

[SCENE XIV.]

Enter CLAMYDES *and* SHIFT *with his bag of money still.*

Clam. Come, Knowledge, thou art much to blame thus for to load thyself,
To make thee on thy way diseased with carrying of that pelf.
But now take courage unto thee, for to that Isle I will
Which of Strange Marshes callèd is; for fame declareth still
The Knight of the Golden Shield is there and in the court abideth:
Thither will I him to meet, whatsoever me betideth,
And know his name, as, thou canst tell, my father chargèd me,
Or else no more his princely court nor person for to see.

[1] "No, no;"—printed as part of the following line in old ed.

Come, therefore, that unto that isle we may our journey take,
And afterwards, having met with him, our viage[1] for to make
To Denmark, to my lady there, to show her all my case,
And then to Suavia, if her I have, unto my father's grace.

S. Shift. Nay, but, and't shall please you, are you sure the Knight of the Golden Shield in the Isle of Strange Marshes is?

Clam. I was informèd credibly; I warrant thee, we shall not miss.

S. Shift. Then keep on your way; I'll follow as fast as I can. [*Exit* Clamydes.

Faith, he even means to make a martris[2] of poor Shift his man:
And I am so tied to this bag of gold I got at Bryan Sans-foy's,
That, I tell you, where this is, there all my joy is.
But I am so weary, sometimes with riding, sometimes with running, and other times going a-foot,
That, when I come[3] to my lodging at night, to bring me a woman it is no boot;
And such care I take for this pelf, lest I should it lose,
That where I come, that it is gold for my life I dare not disclose.

---

[1] Voyage.
[2] "*i.e.* (I suppose) martyr."—*Dyce.*
[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "came."

Well, after my master I must: here's nothing still but
running and riding;
But I'll give him the slip, sure, if I once come where I
may have quiet biding. [*Exit.*

[SCENE XV.]

Enter NERONIS *in the forest, in man's apparel.*

Nero. As hare the hound, as lamb the wolf, as fowl
the falcon's dint,
So do I fly from tyrant he, whose heart more hard than
flint
Hath sack'd[1] on me such hugy heaps of ceaseless
sorrows here,
That sure it is intolerable the torments that I bear.
Neronis, ah, who knoweth thee a princess to be born,
Since fatal gods so frowardly thy fortune do adorn?
Neronis, ah, who knoweth her in painful page's show?
But no good lady will me blame which of my case doth
know,
But rather, when they hear the truth wherefore I am
disguised,
They'll say it is an honest shift the which I have devised;
Since I have given my faith and troth to such a bruit of
fame
As is the Knight of the Golden Shield, and tyrants seek
to frame

[1] See note 2, p. 139.

Their engines to detract[1] our vows, as the King of Norway hath,
Who of all princes living now I find devoid of faith:
For, like a wolf in lambskin clad, he cometh with his aid,
All merchant-like, to father's court, and 'ginneth to persuade
That he had precious jewels brought,[2] which in his ship did lie,
Whereof he will'd me take my choice, if case I would them buy;
Then I, mistrusting no deceit, with handmaids one or two,
With this deceitful merchant then unto the ship did go.
No sooner were we under hatch but up they hois'd their sail,
And, having then to serve their turn a merry western gale,
We were lash'd out from the haven, lo, a dozen leagues and more,
When still I thought the bark had been at anchor by the shore.
But being brought by Norway here, not long in court I was,
But that to get from thence away I brought this feat to pass;
For making semblance unto him as though I did him love,
He gave me liberty or aught that served for my behove;

[1] Dissever.
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "bought."

And having liberty, I wrought by such a secret slight,
That in this tire like to a page I scaped away by night.
But, ah, I fear that by pursuit he will me overtake!
Well, here ent'reth one to whom some suit for service I will make.

Enter CORIN, *a shepherd* [*and his dog*].

Cor. Go's bones,[1] turn in that sheep there, and you be good fellows!—Jesu, how cham[2] beray'd![3]
Chave a cur here, and a were[4] my vellow, cha must him conswade;
And yet and cha should kiss, look you, of the arse, cha must run myself and chill,
And cha should entreat him with my cap in my hand, ha wad stand still.
But 'tis a world[5] to zee what merry lives we shepherds lead;
Why, we're gentlemen and we get once a thornbush over our head;
We may sleep with our vaces against the zon, and were hogs,[6]
Bathe ourselves, stretch out our legs, and 'twere a kennel of dogs;

[1] "Go's bones"—God's bones.
[2] "Cham"—rustic form of "I am." Presently we have "cha" (= "I"), "chave" (= "I have"), "chill" (= "I will"), and "chould" (= "I would").
[3] Befouled.
[4] "And a were"—*i.e.* as if he (the dog) were.
[5] *i.e.* wonder to see.
[6] "And were hogs"—*i.e.* as if we were hogs.

And then at night, when maids come to milking, the games begin:
But I may zay to you, my neighbour Hodge's[1] maid had a clap,—well, let them laugh that win!
Chave but one daughter, but chould not vor vorty pence she were zo sped;
Cha may zay to you, she looks every night to go to bed:
But 'tis no matter, the whores be so whiskish when they're under a bush,
That they're never satisfied till their bellies be flush.
Well, cha must abroad about my flocks, lest the fengeance wolves catch a lamb,
Vor, by my cursen[2] zoul, they'll steal and cha stand by;[3] they're not averd of the dam.

Nero. [*aside.*] Well, to scape the pursuit of the king, of this same shepherd here,
Suspicion wholly to avoid, for service I'll inquire.—
Well met, good father: for your use a servant do you lack?

Cor. What, you will not flout an old man, you courtnold[4] Jack?

Nero. No, truly, father, I flout you not; what I ask, I would have.

---

[1] "The 4to here 'Hogs,' but afterwards '*Hodges.*'"—*Dyce.*

[2] Christened.

[3] "Qy. 'stand not by'?"—*Dyce.*

[4] A clownish term for a courtier.—Cf. Day and Chettle's *Blind Beggar*, Act IV., "But hark ye, father, you must know I am to go amongst the *court-nowles*."

Cor. Go's bones, thee[1] leest: serve a shepherd and be zo brave?[2]
You courtnoll crackropes,[3] wod be hang'd! you do nothing now and then
But come up and down the country, thus to flout poor men.
Go to, goodman boy; chave no zervice vor no zuch flouting Jacks as you be.
Nero. Father, I think as I speak; upon my faith and troth, believe me;
I will willingly serve you, if in case you will take me.
Cor. Dost not mock?
Nero. No, truly, father.
Cor. Then come with me; by Go's bones, chill never vorsake thee.
Whow, bones of my zoul, thou'lt be the bravest shepherd's boy in our town;
Thous go to church in this coat bevore Madge a Sunday in her grey gown:
Good Lord, how our church-wardens will look upon thee! bones of God, zeest,
There will be more looking at thee than our Sir John the parish-priest;
Why, every body will ask whose boy thou'rt; and cha can tell thee this by the way,

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "they." ("Leest" = liest.)
[2] Finely attired.
[3] "Pendard. A rakehell, *crackrope*, gallow-clapper; one for whom the gallows longeth."—*Cotgrave.*

Thou shalt have all the varest wenches of our town in
the vields vor to play;
There's neighbour Nichol's daughter, a jolly smug whore
with vat cheeks,
And neighbour Hodge's maid—meddle not with her, she
hath eaten set[1] leeks,—
But there's Frumpton's wench in the frieze sack,[2] it will
do thee good to see
What canvosing is at the milking-time between her and
me;
And those wenches will love thee bonomably[3] in every
place,
But do not vall in with them in any kind of case.

Nero. Tush, you shall not need to fear me: I can be merry with measure as well as they.

Cor. Well, then, come follow after me, and home chill lead thee the way. [*Exit.*]

Nero. Alas, poor simple shepherd! by this princes may see
That, like man, like talk, in every degree. [*Exit.*[4]

---

[1] "Porreau testu. The headed or knobbed leeke, *set leeke*, uncut leeke."—*Cotgrave.*

[2] "*i.e.* a sort of loose upper-dress.—The 4to 'scake.'"—*Dyce.*

[3] A corruption of "abominably."

[4] Old ed. "*Exeunt.*"

[SCENE XVI.]

Enter THRASELLUS, *King of Norway, and two* Lords.

Thra. My lords, pursue her speedily, she cannot far be gone;
And, lo, himself to seek her out, your king he will be one.
Ah fraudulent dame, how hath she glozed from me to get away!
With sugred words how hath she fed my senses night and day!
Professing love with outward shows, and inwardly her heart
To practise such a deep deceit, whereby she might depart
From out my court so suddenly, when I did wholly judge
She loved me most entirely and not against me grudge,
She made such signs by outward shows! I blame not wit and policy,
But here I may exclaim and say, "Fie, fie, on women's subtilty!"
Well, well, my lords, no time delay, pursue her with all speed,
And I this forest will seek out myself, as is decreed,
With aid of such as are behind and will come unto me.
Both Lords. We shall not slack what here in charge to us is given by thee. [*Exeunt.*

Thra. Ah subtle Neronis, how hast thou me vex'd!
Through thy crafty dealings how am I perplex'd!
Did ever any win a dame and lose her in such sort?
The maladies are marvellous the which I do support
Through her deceit; but forth I will my company to meet:
If ever she be caught again, I will her so entreat[1]
That others all shall warning take by such a subtle dame,
How that a prince for to delude such engines they do frame.

Enter CLYOMON, *Knight of the Golden Shield.*

Clyo. Nay, traitor, stay, and take with thee that mortal blow or stroke
The which shall cause thy wretched corps this life for to revoke:[2]
It joyeth me at the heart that I have met thee in this place.

Thra. What, varlet, dar'st thou be so bold with words in such a case
For to upbraid thy lord and king? what art thou, soon declare.

Clyo. My lord and king I thee defy;[3] and in despite I dare
Thee for to say, thou art no prince, for thou a traitor art;
And what reward is due therefore, to thee I shall impart.

---

[1] Treat. [2] "*i.e.* renounce."—*Dyce.*

[3] "'My lord and king I thee defy'—*i.e.* I reject you for my lord and king."—*Dyce.*

Thra. Thou braggest all too boldly still: what hight thy name, express.

Clyo. What hight my name thou shalt not know, ne will I it confess;
But for that thou my lady stolest from father's court away,
I'll sure revenge that traitorous fact upon thy flesh this day,
Since I have met so luckily with thee here all alone,
Although, as I do understand, from thee she now is gone;
Yet therefore do defend thyself, for here I thee assail.

Thra. Alas, poor boy, thinkest thou against me to prevail?

Here let them fight; the King *fall down dead.*

Thra. Ah heavens, Thrasellus he is slain!—Ye gods, his ghost receive! [*Dies.*]

Clyo. Now hast thou justice for thy fact, as thy desert doth crave.
But, ah, alas, poor Clyomon, though thou thy foe hast slain,
Such grievous wounds thou hast received as do increase thy pain:
Unless I have some speedy help, my life must needly[1] waste,
And then, as well as traitor false, my corps of death shall taste.

[1] Necessarily.

Ah my Neronis, where art thou? ah, where art thou become?
For thy sweet sake thy knight shall here receive his vital doom:
Lo, here, all gorèd in [his] blood, thy faithful knight doth lie!
For thee, ah faithful dame, thy knight for lack of help shall die!
For thee, ah, here thy Clyomon his mortal stroke hath ta'en!
For thee, ah, these same hands of his the Norway King have slain!
Ah, bleeding wounds from longer talk my foltring[1] tongue do stay,
And, if I have not speedy help, my life doth waste away!

Enter Father CORIN, *the shepherd, and his dog.*

Cor. A plague on thee for a cur! a ha driven my[2] sheep above from the flock:
Ah thief, art not ashamed? I'll beat thee like a stock;[3]
And cha been a-zeeking here above vour miles and more:
But chill tell you what, chave the bravest lad of Jack the courtnoll that ever was zeen bevore.
Ah, the whorecop[4] is plaguily well loved in our town!
And you had zeen go to church bevore Madge my wife in her holiday gown,

[1] Faltering. *Cf.* Seneca's *Ten Tragedies*, 1581, fo. 62, "Her *foltring* legs do stagger now."
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "me" (which might perhaps be retained).
[3] Stock-fish (dried cod)—which was beaten before it was boiled.
[4] Bastard.

You would have bless'd yourzelves t'ave seen it: she went even cheek by jowl
With our head-controm's[1] wife, brother to my neighbour Nichol;
You know ha dwells by Master Justice over the water on the other side of the hill,
Cham zure you know it, between my neighbour Filcher's varm-house and the wind-mill.
But and you did zee how Joan Jenkin and Gillian Geffrey love my boy Jack,—
Why, it is marvellation to see; Joan did so baste Gillian's back,
That, by Go's bones, I laugh'd till cha be-piss'd myzelf when cha zaw it:
All the maids in town valls out for my boy, but and the young men know it,
They'll be zo jealisom over them, that cham in doubt
Ich shall not keep Jack my boy till seven years go about.
Well, cham ne'er the near[2] vor my sheep, chave sought it this vour mile;
But chill home and send Jack foorth to zeek it another while.
But, bones of God, man, stay! Jesu, whather wilt? wha, what mean'st lie here?

Clyo. Ah, good father, help me!

---

[1] "'Controm's'—*i.e.* perhaps comptor's, countor's—(auditor of some sort)."—*Dyce.* (Qy. a corruption of "constable's"?)

[2] "Ne'er the near"—never the nearer.

Cor. Nay, who there,[1] by your leave! chill not come near.—
What, another? bones of me, he is either kill'd or dead!—
Nay, varewell: vorty pence,[2] ye're a knave!—Go's death, 'a doth bleed!

Clyo. I bleed, indeed, father; so grievous my wounds be,
That if I have not speedy help, long life is not in me.

Cor. Why, what art thou? or how chanced thou camest in this case?

Clyo. Ah father, that dead corps which thou seest there in place,
He was a knight and mine enemy whom here I have slain,
And I a gentleman whom he hath wounded with marvellous pain.
Now thou knowest the truth, good father, show some courtesy
To stop my bleeding wounds, that I may find some remedy
My life to preserve, if possible I may.

Cor. Well, here you, gentleman, chould have you know this by the way,
Cham but vather Corin the shepherd, cham no surinjer[3] I;
But chill do what cha can vor you, cha were loth to see you die.

---

1 "'*Who* there'—*i.e.* ho there, stay there."—*Dyce.*

2 *i.e.* I will lay forty pence.—See Dyce's *Shakesp. Gloss.*

3 "*i.e.* surgeon."—*Dyce.* (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson suggests that *Suringer* = "syringer, one who administers clysters, &c.")

Lo, how zay you by this? [*Raises him*[1]] have cha done you any ease?

Clyo. Father, thy willingness of a certainty doth me much please.

But, good father, lend me thy helping hand once again,
To bury this same knight whom here I have slain:
Although he was to me a most deadly enemy,
Yet to leave his body unburied were great cruelty.

Cor. Bones of God, man, our priest dwells too far away.

Clyo. Well, then, for want of a priest, the priest's part I will play:
Therefore, father, help me to lay his body aright,
For I will bestow a hearse of him because he was a knight,
If thou wilt go to a cottage hereby and fetch such things as I lack.

Cor. That chill, gentleman, and by and by return back. [*Exit.*

Clyo. But, Clyomon, pluck up thy heart with courage once again;
And I will set o'er his dead corse, in sign of victory [plain],[2]
My golden shield, and sword but with the point hanging down,
As one conquer'd and lost his renown,
Writing likewise thereupon, that all passengers may see,
That the false King of Norway here lieth slain by me.

---

[1] There is no stage-direction in old ed.

[2] The bracketed word was added by Dyce.

Re-enter CORIN *with a hearse.*[1]

Cor. Lo, gentleman, cha brought zuch things as are
requisite foꝛ the zame.
Clyo. Then, good father, help me the hearse for to
frame.
[*Cor.*] That[2] chall, gentleman, in the best order that
cha may.
O, that our parish-priest were here! that you might here
him say;
Vor,[3] by Go's bones, and there be any noise in the
church, in the midst of his prayers he'll swear:
Ah, he loves hunting a-life![4] would to God you were
acquainted with him a while:
And as vor a woman,—well, chill zay nothing, but cha
know whom he did beguile.
Clyo. Well, father Corin, let that pass, we have nothing
to do withal[5]:
And now that this is done, come, reward thy pain I shall;
There is part of a recompense thy good-will to requite.
[*Gives money.*]

---

[1] *Hearse* was formerly used in the sense of *monument*. Cf. *Tryal of Chivalry*, iv. 1:—

"And hang thy shield up to adorn his *hearse*,"

—where the hearse was an alabaster monument. Corin re-enters bearing stakes and branches for constructing a rude trophy.

[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Chat."

[3] This unwieldy line has nothing to rhyme with it. Seemingly two lines have been knocked into one.

[4] *i.e.* as his life.

[5] "We have nothing to do withal"—*i.e.* we cannot help it; the parish priest's doings are no concern of ours.

Cor. By my troth, cha thank you, cham bound to pray vor you day and night:

And now chill even home, and send Jack my boy this sheep to seek out.

Clyo. Tell me, father, ere thou goest, didst thou not see a lady wandering here about?

Cor. A lady! no, good vaith, gentleman, cha zaw none, cha tell you plain.

Clyo. Well, then, farewell, father; gramercies for thy pain. [*Exit* CORIN.]

Ah Neronis, where thou art or where thou dost abide,
Thy Clyomon to seek thee out shall rest no time nor tide!
Thy foe here lieth slain on ground, and living is thy friend,
Whose travel till he see thy face shall never have an end.
My ensign here I leave behind; these verses writ shall yield
A true report of traitor slain by the Knight of the Golden Shield;
And, as unknown to any wight, to travel I betake,
Until I may her find whose sight my heart may joyful make. [*Exit.*

[SCENE XVII.]

Enter SHIFT *very brave.*[1]

S. Shift. Jesu, what a gazing do you make at me to see me in a gown!
Do you not know, after travel men being in court or in town,
And specially such as are of any reputation, they must use this guise,
Which signifieth a fool to be sage, grave, and of counsel wise?
But where are we, think you now, that Shift is so brave?
Not running to seek the Knight of the Golden Shield; another office I have;
For coming here to the court of Strange Marshes so named,
Where King Alexander in his own person lies, that prince mightily famed,
Between Mustantius brother to the late king deceased,
And the queen, through King Alexander, a strife was appeased,
But how or which way I think you do not know:
Well, then, give ear to my tale, and the truth I will show.
The old king being dead through sorrow for Neronis,
Whom we do hear lover[2] to the Knight of the Golden Shield is,

---

[1] Finely attired.
[2] Old poets applied the term "lover" to women as well as to men.

The queen, being with child, the sceptre askèd to sway,
But Mustantius the king's brother he did it denay,
Whereof great contention grew amongst the nobles on either side;
But being by them agreed the judgment to abide
Of King Alexander the Great, who then was coming hither,
At his arrival to the court they all were call'd togither:
The matter being heard, this sentence was given,[1]
That either party should have a champion to combat them between,
That which champion were overcome, the other should sway,
And to be foughten after that time the sixteen day.
Now, my master Clamydes coming hither, for Mustantius will he be;
But upon the queen's side to venter none can we see,
And yet she maketh proclamation through every land
To give great gifts to any that will take the combat in hand.
Well, within ten days is the time, and King Alexander he
Stayeth till the day appointed the trial to see;
And if none come[2] at the day for the queen to fight,
Then, without travail to my master, Mustantius hath his right.

---

[1] "To be pronounced 'gi'en' for the rhyme."—*Dyce.*
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "came."

But to see all things in a readiness against th' appointed day,
Like a shifting knave, for advantage to court I'll take my way. [*Exit.*

[SCENE XVIII.]

Enter NERONIS *like a shepherd's boy.*

Nero. The painful paths, the weary ways, the travails and ill fare,
That[1] simple feat to princess seem in practice very rare,
As I, poor dame, whose pensive heart no pleasure can delight
Since that my state so cruelly fell Fortune holds in spite.
Ah poor Neronis, in thy hand is this[2] a seemly show,
Who shouldst in court thy lute supply where pleasures erst did flow?
Is this an instrument for thee, to guide a shepherd's flock,
That art a princess by thy birth and born of noble stock?
May mind from mourning more refrain, to think on former state?
May heart from sighing eke abstain, to see this simple rate? 10

[1] The text is corrupt. ("Qy. 'That simple *feel*,' *i.e.*, 'that simple folks feel'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

[2] She points to her sheep-crook.

May eyes from down-distilling tears, when thus alone[1] I am,
Resistance make, but must they not through ceaseless sorrows frame
A river of bedewèd drops for to distain[2] my face?
Ah heavens, when you're revenged enough, then look upon my case!
For till I hear some news, alas, upon my loving knight,
I dare not leave this loathsome life for fear of greater spite:
And now, as did my master will, a[3] sheep that is astray
I must go seek her out again by wild and weary way.—
Ah woful sight! what is, alas, with these mine eyes beheld?
That to my loving knight belong'd I view the golden shield.
Ah heavens, this hearse doth signify my knight [alas] is slain!
Ah death, no longer do delay, but rid the lives of twain!
Heart, hand, and every sense, prepare, unto the hearse draw nigh,
And thereupon submit yourselves; disdain not for to die
With him that was your mistress' joy, her life and death like case;
And well I know in seeking me he did his end embrace;

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "a loue."
[2] Old ed. "distill." (Dyce reads "A river of *distilled* drops for to *bedew* my face.")
[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "as."

That cruel wretch, that Norway King, this cursèd deed
hath done:
But now to cut that lingering thread that Lachis[1] long
hath spun,
The sword of this my loving knight, behold, I here do
take,
Of this my woful corps, alas, a final end to make!
Yet, ere I strike that deadly stroke that shall my life
deprave,[2]
Ye Muses, aid me to the gods for mercy first to crave!
[*Sing here.*
Well, now, you heavens, receive my ghost! my corps I
leave behind,
To be enclosed with his in earth by those that shall it
find.

Descend PROVIDENCE.

Prov. Stay, stay thy stroke, thou woful dame: what
wilt thou thus despair?
Behold, to let[3] this wilful fact, I, Providence prepare[4]
To thee from seat of mighty Jove. Look hereupon
again;
Read that, if case thou canst it read, and see if he be
slain
Whom thou dost love.
Nero. [*after reading the verses on the hearse*[5]]. Ah
heavens above,

[1] Contraction for "Lachesis." [2] Deprive. [3] Hinder.
[4] See note 2, p. 143. [5] No stage-direction in old ed.

All laud and praise and honour due to you I here do render,
That would vouchsafe your handmaid here in woful state to tender!
But[1] by these same verses do I find my faithful knight doth live,
Whose hand unto my deadly foe the mortal stroke did give,
Whose cursèd carcass, lo, it is which here on ground doth lie:
Ah, honour due for this I yield to mighty Jove on high!
Prov. Well, let desperation die in thee: I may not here remain,
But be assurèd that thou shalt erelong thy knight attain. [*Ascend.*
Nero. And for their providence divine the gods above I'll praise,
And show their works so wonderful unto their laud always.
Well, sith that the gods by providence have 'signèd unto me
Such comfort sweet in my distress, my knight again to see,
Farewell all feeding shepherd's flocks, unseemly for my state;
To seek my love I will set forth in hope of friendly fate:
But first to shepherd's house I will, my page's tire to take,
And afterwards depart from thence my journey for to make. [*Exit.*

[1] It would be well to omit "But."

[SCENE XIX.]

Enter Sir CLYOMON.

Clyo. Long have I sought, but all in vain, for neither far nor near
Of my Neronis, woful dame, by no means can I hear.
Did ever fortune violate two lovers in such sort?
The griefs, ah, are intolerable the which I do support
For want of her! but hope somewhat revives my pensive heart,
And doth to me some sudden cause of comfort now impart
Through news I hear, as I abroad in weary travel went;
How that the queen her mother hath her proclamations sent
Through every land, to get a knight to combat on her side,
Against Mustantius duke and lord to have a matter tried;
And now the day is very nigh, as I do understand:
In hope to meet my lady there I will into that land,
And for her mother undertake the combat for to try,
Yea, though the other Hector were, I would him not deny,
Whatsoever he be: but, ere I go, a golden shield I'll have;
Although unknown, I will come in as doth my knighthood crave;

But cover'd will I keep my shield, because I'll not be known,
If case my lady be in place, till I have prowess shown.
Well, to have my shield in readiness, I will no time delay,
And then to combat for the queen I straight will take my way. [*Exit.*

[SCENE XX.]

Enter NERONIS *like the page.*

Nero. Ah weary paces that I walk with steps unsteady still!
Of all the gripes of grisly griefs Neronis hath her fill:
And yet amids these miseries which were my first mishaps,
By bruit I hear such news, alas, as more and more enwraps
My wretched corps with thousand woes more than I may support;
So that I am to be compared unto the scalèd fort,
Which doth, so long as men and might and sustenance prevail,
Give to the enemies repulse that cometh to assail,
But when assistance[1] 'gins to fail, and strength of foes increase,
They forcèd are through battering blows the same for to release:

[1] "Qy. 'subsistence'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

So likewise I, so long as hope my comfort did remain,
The grisly griefs that me assail'd I did repulse again,
But now that hope begins to fail, and griefs anew do rise,
I must of force yield up the fort, I can no way devise
To keep the same; the fort I mean it is the weary corse
Which sorrows daily do assail and siege without remorse.[1]
And now, to make my griefs the more, report, alas, hath told
How that my father's agèd bones are shrinèd up in mould,
Since Norway King did me betray, and that my mother she
Through Duke Mustantius uncle mine in great distress to be
For swaying of the sceptre there: what should I herein say?
Now that I cannot find my knight, I would at combat-day
Be gladly there, if case I could with some good master meet,
That as his page in these affairs would seem me to entreat:[2]—
And in good time here cometh one; he seems a knight to be;
I'll proffer service, if in case he will accept of me.

[1] Pity. [2] Treat.

Enter CLYOMON *with his shield covered, strangely disguised.*

Clyo. Well, now, as one unknown, I will go combat for the queen:
Who can bewray me since my shield is not for to be seen?
But stay, who do I here espy? of truth a proper boy:
If case he do a master lack, he shall sustain no noy,[1]
For why[2] in these affairs he may stand me in passing steed.
Nero. [*aside.*] Well, I see to pass upon my way this gentleman's decreed:
To him I will submit myself in service for to be,
If case he can his fancy frame to like so well on me.—
Well met, sir knight, upon your way.
Clyo. My boy, gramercies; but to me say
Into what country is thy journey dight?
Nero. Towards the Strange Marshe[s], of truth, sir knight.
Clyo. And thither am I going; high Jove be my guide!
Nero. Would gods I were worthy to be your page by your side!
Clyo. My page, my boy! why, what is thy name? that let me hear.
Nero. Sir knight, by name I am callèd Cœur-d'acier.
Clyo. Cœur-d'acier! what, Heart of Steel? now, certis, my boy,
I am a gentleman, and do entertain thee with joy;

[1] Hurt. [2] "For why"—because.

And to the Strange Marshes am I going, the queen to defend:
Come, therefore, for, without more saying, with me thou shalt wend.
Nero. As diligent to do my duty as any in this land. [*Exit* Clyomon.
Ah Fortune, how favourably my friend doth she stand!
For thus, no man knowing mine estate nor degree,
May I pass safely a page as you see. [*Exit.*

[SCENE XXI.]

Enter Bryan Sans-foy *with the head.*

B. Sans-foy. Even as the owl that hides her head in hollow tree till night,
And dares not, while Sir Phœbus shines, attempt abroad in flight,
So likewise I, as buzzard bold, while cheerful day is seen,
Am forced with owl to hide myself amongst the ivy green,
And dare[1] not with the sely snail from cabin show my head,
Till Vesper I behold aloft in skies begin to spread,
And then, as owl that flies abroad when other fowls do rest,
I creep out of my drowsy den when Somnus[2] hath suppress

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "dares." [2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "summons."

The head of every valiant heart; lo, thus I shroud the day,
And travel, as the owl, by night upon my wishèd way;
The which hath made more tedious my journey by half part:
But blame not Bryan; blame, alas, his cowardly caitiff's heart,
Which dares not show itself by day for fear of worthy wights,
For none can travel openly t' escape the venturous knights,
Unless he have a noble mind and eke a valiant heart,
The which I will not brag upon, I assure you, for my part;
For if the courage were in me the which in other is,
I doubtless had enjoy'd the wight whom I do love ere this.
Well, I have not long to travel now, to Denmark I draw nigh,
Bearing Knight Clamydes' name, yet Brian Sans-foy am I;
But though I do usurp his name his shield or ensign here,
Yet can I not usurp his heart, still Bryan's heart I bear:
Well, I force[1] not that; he's safe enough; and Bryan, as I am,
I will unto the court whereas I shall enjoy that dame.
[*Exit.*

[1] Regard.

[SCENE XXII.]

Enter SHIFT *like a whiffler.*[1]

S. Shift. Room there for a reckoning! see, I beseech you, if they'll stand out of the way!
Jesu, Jesu, why, do you not know that this is the day
That the combat must pass for Mustantius and the queen?
But to fight upon her side as yet no champion is seen;
And Duke Mustantius he smiles in his sleeve because he doth see
That neither for love nor rewards any one her champion will be:
And 'twere not but that my master the other champion is,
To fight for the queen myself I surely would not miss.
Alas, good lady! she and her child are like to lose all the land
Because none will come in in her defence for to stand;
For where[2] she was in election, if any champion had come,
To rule till she was deliver'd and have the prince's room,
Now shall Duke Mustantius be sure the sceptre to sway,
If that none do come in to fight in her cause this day;
And King Alexander all this while hath he stay'd the trial to see:
Well, here they come.—Room there for the king! here's such thrusting of women as it grieveth me.

[1] An officer who went before in a procession.
[2] Whereas.

Enter KING ALEXANDER, *the* QUEEN [*of the Isle of Strange Marshes,*] MUSTANTIUS, *two* Lords, *and* CLAMYDES *like a champion.*

Must. O Alexander, lo, behold, before thy royal grace
My champion here at 'pointed day I do present in place.

K. Alex. Well, sir duke, in your defence is he content to be?

Clam. Yea, worthy prince, not fearing who encounter shall with me;
Although he were with Hercules of equal power and might,
Yet in the cause of this same duke I challenge him the fight.

K. Alex. I like your courage well, sir knight; what shall we call your name?

Clam. Clamydes, son to the Suavian King, O prince, so hight the same.

K. Alex. Now certainly I am right glad, Clamydes, for to see
Such valiant courage to remain within the mind of thee.—
Well, lady,[1]
According to the order ta'en herein, what do you say?
Have you your champion in like case now ready at the day?

Queen of the S. M. No, sure, O king, no champion I have for to aid my cause,
Unless 'twill please your noble grace on further day to pause;

[1] "Well, lady,"—printed as part of the following line in old ed.

For I have sent throughout this isle and every foreign land,
But none as yet hath profferèd to take the same in hand.
K. Alex. No? I am more sorry certainly your chance to see so ill,
But day deferrèd cannot be unless Mustantius will,
For that his champion ready here in place he doth present;
And whoso missèd at this day should lose, by full consent
Of either part, the title, right, and sway of regal mace:
To this was your consentment given as well as his in place,
And therefore without his assent we cannot defer[1] the day.
S. Shift. And't shall please your grace, herein try Mustantius what he will say.
K. Alex. How say you, Mustantius? are you content the day to defer?
Must. Your grace will not will[2] me, I trust, for then from law you err;
And having not her champion here according to decree,
There resteth naught for her to lose, the crown belongs to me.
S. Shift. Nay, and't shall please your grace, rather than she shall it lose,
I myself will be her champion for half a dozen blows.

---

[1] "The 4to 'referre:' but see *ante* and *post*."—*Dyce.*
[2] Command.

K. Alex.[1] Wilt thou? then by full congé[2] to the challenger there stands.

S. Shift. Nay, soft! Of sufferance cometh ease; though I cannot rule my tongue I'll rule my hands.

Must. Well, noble Alexander, sith that she wants her champion as you see,

By greement of your royal grace the crown belongs to me.

K. Alex. Nay, Mustantius, she shall have law: wherefore to sound begin,

To see if that in three hours' space no champion will come in.— [*Sound here once.*

Of truth, madam, I sorry am none will thy cause maintain.—

Well according to the law of arms, yet, trumpet, sound again.— [*Sound second time.*

Enter[3] *behind,* CLYOMON *as to combat, and* NERONIS *disguised as a page.*

What, and is there none will take in hand to combat for the queen?

S. Shift. Faith, I think it must be I must do the deed, for none yet is seen.

---

[1] So P. A. Daniel.—Old ed. "*Mustan.*"

[2] "*i.e.* leave, permission.—The 4to 'congo.'"—*Dyce.*

[3] I follow Dyce in inserting this stage-direction. Old ed. marks Clyomon's entrance ("Enter Clyomon, as to combat") after l. 91; but Clyomon says "I enter'd with the blast."

Queen of the S. M. O king, let pity plead for me here
in your gracious sight,
And for so slender cause as this deprive me not of right!
Consider once I had to spouse a prince of worthy fame,
Though now blind Fortune spurn at me, her spite I
needs must blame;
And though I am bereft, O king, both of my child and
mate,
Your grace some greement may procure: consider of my
state,
And suffer not a widow-queen with wrong oppressèd so,
But pity the young infant's case wherewith, O king, I go,
And, though I suffer wrong, let that find favour in your
sight.

K. Alex. Why, lady, I respect you both, and sure
would, if I might,
Entreat Mustantius thereunto some such good order
frame,
Your strife should cease, and yet each one well pleasèd
with the same.

Queen of the S. M. I know your grace may him per-
suade, as reason wills no less.

K. Alex. Well, Sir Mustantius, then your mind to me
in brief express;
Will you unto such order stand here limited by me,
Without deferring longer time? say on, if you agree.

Must. In hope your grace my state will weigh, I give
my glad consent.

K. Alex. And for to end all discord, say, madam, are
you content?

Queen of the S. M. Yea, noble king.

K. Alex. Well, then, before my nobles all, give ear unto the thing,[1]

For swaying of the sword and mace all discord to beat down:

The child, when it is born, we [do] elect to wear the crown;

And till that time, Mustantius, you of lands and living here

Like equal part in every point with this the queen shall share,

But to the child, when it is born, if gods grant it to live,

The kingdom whole in every part as title we do give.

But yet, Mustantius, we will yield this recompense to you,

You shall receive five thousand crowns for yearly pension due,

To maintain your estate while you here live and do remain;

And after let the whole belong unto the crown again.

Now say your minds if you agree.

S. Shift.[2] [*aside.*] I would the like choice were put to me!

Queen of the S. M.[3] I, for my part, O noble king, therewith am well content.

Must. Well, better half than naught at all: I likewise give consent.

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "King."

[2] Old ed. "Page."—Dyce gives the line to Neronis, but it is inappropriate in her mouth.

[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. gives this and the next line to "*Must.*"

Clyo. [*coming forward*]. Renownèd king and most of fame, before thy royal grace,
The queen to aid, I do present my person here in place.

Must. You come too late, in faith, sir knight; the hour and time is past.

Clyo. Your hour I am not to respect; I enter'd with the blast.

Clam. What, princox,[1] is it you are come to combat for the queen?
Good fortune now! I hope ere long your courage shall be seen.

Clyo. And sure I count my hap as good to meet with you, sir knight:
Come, according to your promise made, prepare yourself to fight.

Clam. I knew you well enough, sir, although your shield were hid from me.

Clyo. Now you shall feel me as well as know me, if hand and heart agree.

K. Alex. Stay, stay, sir knights, I charge you not in combat to proceed,
For why[2] the quarrel ended is and the parties are agreed;
And therefore we discharge you both, the combat to refrain.

Nero. [*aside*]. The heavens therefore, O noble king, thy happy shield remain!

---

[1] Pert fellow. [2] "For why"—because.

Clam. O king, although we be discharged for this contention now,
Betwixt us twain there resteth yet a combat made by vow,
Which should be fought before your grace; and since we here be met,
To judge 'twixt us for victory let me your grace entreat.
K. Alex. For what occasion is your strife,[1] sir knights, first let me know.
Clam. The truth thereof, renowned king, thy servant he shall show.
What time, O king, as I should take of Suavia King my sire
The noble order[2] of a knight, which long I did desire,
This knight a stranger comes to court, and at that present day
In cowardly wise he comes by stealth, and takes from me away
The honour that I should have had; for which my father he
Did of his blessing give in charge, O noble king, to me,
That I should know his name that thus bereaved me of my right,
The which he will not show unless he be subdued in fight;
Whereto we either plighted faith that I should know his name,
If that before thy grace, O king, my force in fight could frame

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "strifes." [2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "orders."

To vanquish him: now having met thus happily together,
Though they are greed, our combat rest[s], decreed ere we came hither.
[*K. Alex.*] Are you that knight that did subdue Sir Samuel in field,
For which you had in recompense of us that golden shield?
Clyo. I am that knight, renownèd prince, whose name is yet unknown,
And since I foil'd Sir Samuel, some prowess I have shown.
Queen of the S. M. Then, as I guess, you are that knight, by that same shield you bear,
Which sometime was restored to health, within our palace here,
By Neronis our daughter, she betray'd by Norway King.
Clyo. I am that knight, indeed, O queen, whom she to health did bring;
Whose servant ever I am bound wheresoever that she be,
Whose enemy, O queen, is slain, pursuing her, by me.
Queen of the S. M. Know you not where she abides? sir knight, to us declare.
Clyo. No, certis; would to gods I did! she should not live in care;
But escaped from the Norway King I am assured she is.
Queen of the S. M. Well, her absence was her father's death, which turn'd to bale my bliss.

Clyo. And till I find her out again, my toil no end shall have.

Nero. [1] [*aside*]. Alas, he's nigh enough to her! small toil the space doth crave.

K. Alex. Well, sir knights, since that you have declared before me here

The cause of this the grudge which you [do] to each other bear,

I wish you both a while to pause and to my words attend:

f reason rest with you, be sure, knights, this quarrel [2] I will end

Without the shedding any blood betwixt you here in fight.

lamydes, weigh you are nobly born, and will you, then, sir knight,

Go hazard life so desperately? I charge you both refrain,

ince for so small a cause the strife doth grow betwixt you twain:

And let him know your name, sir knight, and so your malice end.

Clyo. I have vow'd to the contrary, which vow I must defend.

K. Alex. Well, though so it be that you have vow'd your name shall not be known,

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Queene."

[2] To be pronounced as a monosyllable (quar'l).

Yet, not detracting[1] this your vow, your country may be shown,
And of what stock by birth you be.

S. Shift. [*aside*]. By'rlady, he is dash'd now, I see.

Clyo. [*aside*]. Indeed, this hath aston'd[2] me much: I cannot but confess
My country, and my birth, my state; which plainly will express
My name, for that unto them all my state is not [un] known.

K. Alex. Sir knight,[3]
Of our demand from you again what answer shall be shown?

Clyo. Of Denmark, noble prince, I am, and son unto the king.

K. Alex. Why, then Sir Clyomon hight your name, as rare report doth ring?

Clyo. It doth indeed so hight my name, O prince of high renown,
I am the Prince of Denmark's son, and heir unto the crown.

Clam. And are you son to Denmark King? then do embrace your friend,
Within whose heart here towards you all malice makes an end,
Who with your sister linkèd is in love with loyal heart.

Clyo. And, for her sake and for thine own, like friendship I impart.

---

[1] Withdrawing.
[2] Astonished, confounded.
[3] "Sir knight,"—printed as part of the following line in old ed.

K. Alex. Well, sir knights, since friendship rests where rancour did remain,
And that you are such friends become, I certain am right fain
In hope you will continue still: you shall to court repair,
And [to] remain, if that you please, a while to rest you there,
Till time you have decreed which way your journey you will frame.

Clyo. } We yield you thanks, beseeching Jove still
Clam. } to augment your fame.

[*Exeunt* [*all except* CLAMYDES, CLYOMON, *and* NERONIS.]

Clam. Well, come, my Clyomon, let us pass, and, as we journ [1] by way,
My most misfortunes unto thee I wholly will bewray,
What happen'd in my last affairs and for thy sister's sake.
Clyo. Well, then, Cœur-d'acier, come and wait, your journey you shall take;
And, seeing thou art prepared and hast all things in readiness,
Haste thee before to Denmark [court] with [utmost] speeediness,
And tell the king and the queen that Clyomon their son
In health and happy state to their court doth return.
Clam.[2] But in no wise to Juliana say anything of me.

---

1 Journey.

2 Old ed. and Dyce print this line as part of Clyomon's speech; but it plainly belongs to Clamydes.

Nero. I will not show one word amiss contrary your decree.

Clam. Well, then,[1]

My Clyomon, to take our leave, to court let us repair.

Clyo. As your friend and companion, Clamydes, everywhere.

[*Exeunt* CLAMYDES *and* CLYOMON.

Nero. O heavens, is this my loving knight whom I have served so long?

Now have I tried his faithful heart: O, so my joys do throng

To think how Fortune favoureth me! Neronis, now be glad,

And praise the gods thy journey now such good success hath had.

To Denmark will I haste with joy, my message to declare,

And tell the king how that his son doth homeward now repair;

And more to make my joys abound, Fortune could never frame

A finer mean to serve my turn than this, for by the same

I may unto the queen declare my state in secret wise,

As by the way I will recount how best I can devise.

Now pack, Neronis, like a page; haste hence lest thou be spied,

And tell thy master's message there: the gods my journey guide! [*Exit.*

[1] "Well then . . . repair"—one line in old ed.

Enter KING OF DENMARK, *the* QUEEN, JULIANA, *two* Lords.

King of D. Come, lady queen; and daughter eke, my Juliana dear,
We muse that of your knight as yet no news again you hear,
Which did adventure for your love the serpent to subdue.

Juli. O father,[1] the sending of that worthy knight my woful heart doth rue,
For that, alas, the furious force of his outrageous might,
As I have heard, subduèd hath full many a worthy knight!
And this last night, O father, past, my mind was troubled sore;
Methought in dream I saw a knight, not known to me before,
Which did present to me the head of that same monster slain;
But my Clamydes still in voice methought I heard complain
As one bereft of all his joy: now what this dream doth signify,
My simple skill will not suffice the truth thereof to specify;

[1] Dyce prints "O father" as a separate line. I have been sorely puzzled to know how to treat such extra-metrical words. The reader must choose for himself. I have followed the old edition.

But sore I fear to contraries th' expect thereof will hap,
Which will in huge calamities my woful corps bewrap
For sending of so worthy a prince, as was Clamydes he,
To sup his dire destruction there for wretched love of me.

Queen of D. Tush, daughter, these but fancies be, which run within your mind.

King of D. Let them for to suppress your joys no place of harbour find.

First Lord. O princess, let no dolours daunt: behold your knight in place.

Juli. Ah happy sight! do I behold my knight Clamydes' face?

Enter BRYAN SANS-FOY *with the head on his sword.*

B. Sans-foy. Well, I have at last through travel long achived my journey's end:
Though Bryan, yet Clamydes' name I stoutly must defend.—
Ah happy sight! the king and queen with daughter in like case
I do behold: to them I will present myself in place.—
The mighty gods, renownèd king, thy princely state maintain!

King of D. Sir Clamydes, most welcome sure you are to court again.

B. Sans-foy. O princess, lo, my promise here performèd thou mayst see;
The serpent's head by me subdued I do present to thee
Before thy father's royal grace.

Juli. My Clamydes, do embrace

Thy Juliana, whose heart thou hast till vital race be run,
Sith for her sake so venturously this deed by thee was done:
Ah, welcome home, my faithful knight!
B. Sans-foy. Gramercies, noble lady bright.
King of D. Well, Juliana, in our court your lover cause to stay:
For all our nobles we will send against your nuptial day.
Go carry him to take his rest.
Juli. I shall obey your grace's hest.—
Come, my Clamydes, go with me in court your rest to take.
B. Sans-foy. I thank you, lady; now I see account of me you make.
[*Exeunt* [JULIANA *and* BRYAN SANS-FOY.]
King of D. Well, my queen, sith daughter ours hath chosen such a make,[1]
The terror of whose valiant heart may cause our foes to quake,
Come, let us presently depart, and, as we did decree,
For all our nobles will we send, their nuptials for to see.
Queen of D. As pleaseth thee, thy lady queen, O king, is well agreed.
First Lord. May it please your graces to arrest,[2] for, lo, with posting speed
A messenger doth enter place.
King of D. Then will we stay to know the case.

---

[1] Mate. [2] Stop.

Enter NERONIS [*disguised as a page*].

Nero. The mighty powers, renownèd prince, preserve your state for aye!

King of D. Messenger, thou art welcome: what hast thou to say?

Nero. Sir Clyomon, your noble son, Knight of the Golden Shield,
Who for his valiant victories in town and eke in field
Is famèd through the world, to your court doth now return,
And hath sent me before to court, your grace for to inform.

King of D. Ah messenger, declare, is[1] this of truth the which that thou hast told?

Nero. It is most true, O noble king, you may thereof be bold.

King of D. Ah joy of joys, surpassing all! what joy is this to me,
My Clyomon in court to have, the nuptial for to see
Of Juliana sister his! O, so I joy in mind!

Queen of D. My boy, where is thy master, speak; what, is he far behind?
Declare with speed, for these my eyes do long his face to view.

Nero. O queen, this day he will be here, 'tis truth I tell to you:

[1] "Is this the truth that thou," &c., or "is this of truth the which thou'st told," would be more metrical.

But, noble queen, let pardon here my bold attempt excuse,
And for to hear a simple boy in secret not refuse,
Who hath strange tidings from your son to tell unto your grace. [*Exit* [*with the* QUEEN OF D.]

First Lord. Behold, my lord, where, as I guess, some strangers enter place.

King of D. I hope my Clyomon be not far.—O joy, I see his face!

[*Enter* CLYOMON, CLAMYDES, *and* SUBTLE SHIFT.]

Clyo. Come, Knowledge, come forward; why art thou always slack?
Get you to court, brush up our apparel, untruss your pack:
Go seek out my page, bid him come to me with all speed you can.

S. Shift. Go seek out, fetch, bring here! Gog's ounds[1] what am I, a dog or a man?
I were better be a hangman and live[2] so like a drudge:
Since your new man came to you, I must pack, I must trudge.

Clyo. How, stands thou, knave? why gets thou not away?

S. Shift. Now, now, sir, you are so hasty now, I know not what to say. [*Exit.*]

[1] "Gog's ounds"—God's wounds.
[2] "And live"—if I live.

Clyo. O noble prince, the gods above preserve thy royal grace!

King of D. How joyful is my heart, dear son, to view again thy face!

Clyo. And I as joyful in the view of parents' happy plight,
Whom sacred gods long time maintain in honour day and night!
But this my friend, O father dear, even as myself entreat,[1]
Whose nobleness, when time shall serve, to you he shall repeat.

King of D. If case my son he be thy friend, with heart I thee embrace.

Clam.[2] With loyal heart in humble wise I thank your noble grace.

King of D. My Clyomon, declare, my son, in thine adventures late
What hath been wrought by Fortune most t' advance thy noble state.

Clyo. O father, the greatest joy of all the joys which was to me[3] assign'd,
Since first I left your noble court, by cruel Fortune blind,
Is now bereft from me away through her accursèd fate,
So that I rather find she doth envý my noble state

---

[1] Treat. [2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Clyomon." [3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "one."

Than seek for to advance the same; so that I boldly may
Express she never gave so much but more she took away;
And that which I have lost by her and her accursèd ire,
From travail will I never cease until I may aspire
Unto the view thereof, O king, wherein is all my joy.
King of D. Why, how hath Fortune wrought to thee this care and great annoy?
Clyo. O father, unto me the heavenly powers assign'd a noble dame,
With whom to live in happy life my heart did wholly frame;
But not long did that glazing[1] star give light unto mine eyes
But this fell Fortune gins to frown, which every state despise,
And takes away through canker'd hate that happy light from me,
In which I fixèd had my hope a blessèd state to see:
And daughter to the King she was which of Strange Marshes hight,
Bearing bruit each where to be Dame Beauty's darling bright,

[1] I cannot recall this word in the sense of "shining," but hesitate to adopt Dr. Nicholson's correction "blazing."—"I can't afford to give up this word; I want it in support of the reading of the folios in *Julius Cæsar*, I. iii. 20, 21:—

'Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon
Who *glaz'd* upon me, and went surly by.'

Besides have we not, in *Euphues*, "Glaze-worm"=glow-worm (quoted in *Nares*)?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

Right heir unto Dame Virtue's grace, Dame Nature's pattern true,
Dame Prudence' scholar for her wit, Dame Venus for her hue,
Diana for her dainty life, Susanna being sad,[1]
Sage Saba for her soberness, mild Martha[2] being glad;
And if I should re-entry make amongst the Muses Nine,
My lady lack'd no kind of art which man may well define
Amongst those dainty dames to be: then let all judge that hear,
If that my cause it be not just for which this pensive cheer
Fell Fortune forceth me to make.

King of D. Yet, Clyomon, good counsel take;
Let not the loss of lady thine[3] so pinch thy heart with grief
That nothing may unto thy mind give comfort or relief:
What, man! there ladies are enow, although that she be gone;
Then leave to wail the want of her, cease off to make this moan.

Clyo. No, father, ne'er seem[4] to persuade, for, as is said before,

[1] Serious.
[2] Old ed. "Marpha."—Dyce suggested the correction.
[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "of the Lady thine."
[4] Old ed. "neuer seem for to."—The words "seem to persuade" appear to have here the meaning—think to persuade, attempt to persuade.

What travail I have had for her it shall be triple more
Until I meet with her again.
Clam. Well, Clyomon, a while refrain,
And let me here my woes recount before your father's grace;
But let me crave your sister may be sent for into place.—
O king, vouchsafe I may demand [your grace] a simple bound;[1]
Although a stranger, yet I hope such favour may be found:
The thing is this, that you will send for Juliana hither,
Your daughter fair, that we may talk a word or twain togither.
King of D. For what, [pray] let me know, sir knight, do you her sight desire.
Clyo. The cause pretends[2] no harm, my liege, why he doth this require.
King of D. My lord, go bid our daughter come and speak with me straightway.
First Lord. I shall, my liege, in every point your mind herein obey. [*Exit.*
Clyo. O father, this is Clamydes and son to Suavia King,
Who for my sister ventured life the serpent's head to bring,
With whom I met in travel mine; but more what did befall
To work his woe, whenas she comes, your grace shall know it all.

[1] "*i.e.* boon,—for the rhyme."—*Dyce.* [2] Intends.

King of D. My son, you are deceivèd much, I you assure, in this;
The person whom you term him for in court already is.
Clyo.[1] No, father, I am not deceived; this is Clamydes sure.
King of D. Well, my son, do cease a while such talk to put in ure,[2]
For, lo, thy sister entereth place, which soon the doubt shall end.
Clam. Then for to show my name to her I surely do pretend.[3]

[*Re-*]*enter* JULIANA [*and* First Lord; *and, after them,* SUBTLE SHIFT].

My Juliana, noble dame, Clamydes do embrace,
Who many a bitter brunt hath bode since that he saw thy face.
Juli. Avaunt, dissembling wretch! what credit canst thou yield?
Where's the serpent's head thou brought, where is my glittering shield?
Tush, tush, sir knight, you counterfeit; you would Clamydes be,
But want of these bewrays you quite and shows you are not he.
Clam. O princess, do not me disdain! I certain am your knight.

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Clamy."
[2] "Put in ure"—make use of.
[3] Intend.

Juli. What, art thou frantic, foolish man? avaunt
from out my sight!
If thou art he, then show my shield and bring the
serpent's head.
Clam. O princess, hear me show my case by Fortune
fell decreed!
I am your knight, and when I had subdued the monster fell
Through weary fight and travail great, as Knowledge
here can tell,
I laid me down to rest a space within the forest, where
One Bryan than,[1] who[2] Sans-foy hight, with cowardly
usage there
By chanting charm brought me asleep; then did he
take from me
The serpent's head, my coat, and shield the which you
gave to me,
And left me in his prison, lo, still sleeping as I was:[3]
Lo, lady, thus I lost those things the which to me you
gave;
But certainly I am your knight, and he who did deprave[4]
The flying serpent of his life, according as you will'd,
That whoso won your love, by him the same should
be fulfill'd.
Juli. Alas, poor knight, how simply have you framèd
this excuse!
The name of such a noble knight t' usurp and eke abuse.

---

[1] Old form of "then."
[2] "Who Sans-foy hight"—Dyce's correction. Old ed. "Sancefoy hight, who."
[3] A line to rhyme with this has dropped out.
[4] Deprive.

Clyo. No, sister, [no,] you are deceived; this
Clamydes sure.

Juli. No, brother, then you are deceived, such ta
to put in ure;[1]

For my Clamydes is in court, who did present to me,
In white attire, the serpent's head and shield as yet to s

Clam. That shall I quickly understand.—O ki
permit I may

Have conference a while with him, whom,[2] as y
grace doth say,

Presents[3] Clamydes for to be before your royal grace.

Juli. Behold,[4] no whit aghast to show himself, wh
he doth enter place.

[*Re-enter* BRYAN SANS-FOY.]

Clam. Ah traitor, art thou he that doth my name a
state abuse?

Juli. Sir knight, you are too bold, in presence h
such talk against him for to use.

B. Sans-foy. Wherefore dost thou upbraid me th
thou varlet, do declare.

Clyo. No varlet he; to call him so, sir knight,
blame you are.[5]

---

[1] See note 2, p. 218.

[2] Attracted into the case of the preceding word.—A piece of slov
carelessness, not a misprint.

[3] *i.e.* represents himself to be Clamydes. ("Qy. 'pretends'?"—*Dy*

[4] This and the next verse spoken by Juliana are very cumberso
"Behold" and "Sir knight" may be ranged as separate lines, if
reader chooses.

[5] "To blame you are"—Collier's correction. Old ed. "you are
blame."

Clam. Wouldst thou perstand[1] for what intent such talk I here do frame?
Because I know thou dost usurp my state and noble name.
B. Sans-foy. Who art thou, [say,] or what's thy name? re-answer quickly make.
Clam. I am Clamydes, whose name to bear thou here dost undertake.
B. Sans-foy. Art thou Clamydes? 'vaunt, thou false usurper of my state!
Avoid this place, or death shall be thy most accursèd fate;
How darest thou enterprise to take my name thus unto thee?
Clam. Nay, rather, how darest thou attempt t' usurp the name of me?
Juli. You lie, sir knight, he doth not so; 'gainst him you have it done.
Clyo. Sister,[2] you are deceived,
My friend here is Clamydes Prince, the King of Suavia's son.
Juli. Nay, brother, neither you nor he can me deceive herein.[3]
Clam. O king, bow down thy princely ears, and listen what I say:
To prove myself the wight I am before your royal grace,

---

[1] Understand.
[2] "Sister . . son"—printed as one line in old ed.—Here it would be intolerable to follow the old copy.
[3] "Herein" is no rhyme to "I say." Some lines may have dropped out.

And to disprove this faithless knight, which here I find in place
For to usurp my name so much, the combat will I try;
For before I will mine honour lose, I rather choose to die.

King of D. I like well your determined mind.—But how say you, sir knight?

S. Shift. Nay, by his ounds,[1] I'll gage my gown he dares not fight.

B. Sans-foy [*aside*]. By Gog's blood, I shall be slain now if the combat I deny,
And not for the ears of my head with him I dare try.

King of D. Sir knight, why do you not re-answer make in trial of your name?

B. Sans-foy. I will, O king, if case he dare in combat try the same.

King of D. Well, then, go to prepare yourselves, each one his weapons take.

Juli. Good father, let it not be so; restrain them for my sake.
I may not here behold my knight in danger for to be
With such a one who doth usurp his name to purchase me:
I speak not this for that I fear his force or strength in fight,
But that I will not have him deal with such a desperate wight.

[1] "His ounds"—God's wounds. (Old ed. gives this as well as the two following lines to "Bryan."—Dyce made the correction.)

King of D. Nay, sure there is no better way than that which is decreed;
And therefore for to end their strife the combat shall proceed.—
Sir knights, prepare yourselves the truth thereof to try.
Clam. I ready am, no cowar[d]ly heart shall cause me to deny.
B. Sans-foy [*aside*]. Nay, I'll never stand the trial of it, my heart to fight doth faint;
Therefore I'll take me to my legs, seeing my honour I must attaint. [*Runs.*]
King of D. Why, whither runs Clamydes? Sir knight, seem[1] to stay him. 409
Clyo. Nay, it is Clamydes, O king, that doth fray him.
Clam. Nay, come, sir, come, for the combat we will try.
B. Sans-foy. Ah, no, my heart is done![2] to be Clamydes I deny.
King of D. Why, how now, Clamydes! how chance you do the combat here thus shun?
B. Sans-foy. O king, grant pardon unto me! the thing I have begun
I must deny; for I am not Clamydes, this is plain,
Though greatly to my shame I must my words revoke again;
I am no other than the knight whom they Sans-foy [do] call:
This is Clamydes, the fear of whom my daunted mind doth 'pall.

---

[1] An awkward word, but not believe) corrupt. Cf. l. 315.
[2] "Qy. 'gone'?"—*Dyce.* ('Qy. 'down'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*)

Juli. Is this Clamydes? Ah worthy knight, then do forgive thy dear!
And welcome eke ten thousand times unto thy lady here!
Clam. Ah my Juliana bright, what's past I do forgive,
For well I see thou constant art; and, whilst that I do live,
For this my firmèd faith in thee for ever I'll repose.
Juli. O father, now I do deny[1] that wretch, and do amongst my foes
Recount him for this treason wrought.[2]
King of D. Well, Knowledge, take him unto thee; and for the small regard
The which he had to valiant knights, this shall be his reward:
Sith he by charms his cruelty in cowardly manner wrought
On knights, who, as Clamydes did, the crown of honour sought,
And traitorously did them betray in prison for to keep,
The fruits of such-like cruelty himself by us shall reap
By due desert: therefore I charge to prison him convey,
There for to lie perpetually unto his dying day.
B. Sans-foy. O king, be merciful and show some favour in this case!
King of D. Nay, never think that at my hands thou shalt find any grace.
[*Exit* Bryan Sans-foy *with* Subtle Shift.]

---

[1] Refuse.
[2] Corrupt,—or left imperfect by the author.

Clamydes, ah, most welcome thou our daughter to enjoy!
The heavens be praised that this have wrought to foil all
future noy![1]

Clam. I thank your grace that you thus so well esteem
of me.[2]

Re-enter SUBTLE SHIFT.

S. Shift. What, is all things finish'd and every man
eased?
Is the pageant pack'd up and all parties pleased?
Hath each lord his lady and each lady her love?

Clyo. Why, Knowledge, what mean'st thou those
motions to move?[3]

S. Shift. You were best wait a while and then you
shall know,
For the queen herself comes the motion to show.
You sent me, if you remember, to seek out your page,
But I cannot find him; I went whistling and calling
through the court in such a rage!
At the last very sca[r]cely in at a chamber I did pry,
Where the queen with other ladies very busy I did spy
Decking up a strange lady very gallant and gay,
To bring her here in presence, as in court I heard say.

Clyo. A strange lady, Knowledge! of whence is she
canst thou tell me?

S. Shift. Not I, and't shall please you, but anon you
shall see,

[1] Hurt.
[2] The line (if line there was) to rhyme with this has dropped out.
[3] *i.e.* those questions to ask.

For, lo, where the lady with your mother doth come.

Clyo. Then straightway my duty to her grace shall be done.

Re-enter the QUEEN OF DENMARK *with* NERONIS *in female attire.*

The mighty gods preserve your state, O queen and mother dear,
Hoping your blessing I have had, though absent many a year!

Queen of D. My Clyomon! thy sight, my son, doth make thy agèd mother glad,
Whose absence long and many a year hath made thy pensive parents sad;
And more to let thee know, my son, that I do love and tender thee,
I have here for thy welcome home a present which I'll render[2] thee;
This lady, though she be unknown, refuse her not, for sure her state
Deserves a prince's son to wed, and therefore take her for thy mate.

Clyo. O noble queen and mother dear, I thank you for your great good-will,
But I am otherwise bestow'd, and sure I must my oath fulfil:

---

[1] Old ed. has simply "*Enter Queene.*"

[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "giue to."

And so I mind, if gods tofore;[1] on such decree I mean to pause:
For sure I must of force deny;[2] my noble father knows the cause.
King of D. Indeed, my queen, this much he told, he loved a lady since he went,
Who hath his heart and ever shall, and none but her to love he's bent.
Clyo. So did I say, and so I will; no beauty's blaze, no glistering wight,
Can cause me to forget her love to whom my faith I first did plight.
Nero. Why, are you so strait-laced, sir knight, to cast a lady off so coy?
Turn once again and look on me; perhaps my sight may bring you joy.
Clyo. Bring joy to me! alas, which way? no lady's looks can make me glad.
Nero. Then were my recompense but small to quit my pain for you I had:
Wherefore, sir knight, do weigh my words, set not so light the love I show,
But when you have bethought yourself, you will recant and turn, I know.
Queen of D. My Clyomon, refuse her not; she is and must thy lady be.

---

[1] "If gods tofore"—under gods' guidance. The words "on such decree I mean to pause" appear to mean—by this decision of mine I intend to stand.

[2] *i.e.* refuse your request.

Clyo. If otherwise my mind be bent, I trust your grace will pardon me.

Nero. Well, then, I see 'tis time to speak: sir knight, let me one question crave.

Clyo.[1] Say on your mind.

Nero. Where is that lady now become, to whom your plighted faith you gave?

Clyo. Nay, if I could absolve that doubt, then were my mind at ease.

Nero. Were you not brought to health by her, when you came sick once off the seas?

Clyo. Yea, sure, I must confess a truth, she did restore my health to me,

For which good deed I rest her own in hope one day her face to see.

Nero. But did you not promise her to return to see her at a certain day,

And, ere you came that to perform, the Norway King stole her away,

And so your lady there you lost?

Clyo. All this I grant, but to his cost,

For, stealing her against her will, this hand of mine bereft his life.

Nero. Now, sure, sir knight, you served him well, to teach him know another man's wife:

But yet once more, sir knight, reply, the truth I crave to understand,

---

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. prints this speech (in italics) as part of the following line.

In forest once who gave you drink whereas you stood
with sword in hand,
Fearing lest some had you pursued for slaying of your
enemy?
Clyo. That did a silly shepherd's boy, which there I
took my page to be.
Nero. And what is of that page become? remains he
with you, yea or no?
Clyo. I sent him hither ere I came, because the king
and queen should know
That I in health returnèd was; but since I never saw
him.
Nero. And, sure, he stands not far from hence, though
now you do not know him.
Clyo. Not far from hence! where might he be?
Nero. Of troth, sir knight, myself am he:
I brought your message to the king, as here the queen
can testify,
I gave you drink in forest sure when you with drought
were like to die,
I found you once upon the shore full sick whenas you
came from seas,
I brought you home to father's court, I sought all means
your mind to please,
And I it was that all this while have waited like a page
on thee,
Still hoping for to spy a time wherein I might discover
me;
And so by hap at last I did, I thank your mother's noble
grace,

She entertain'd me courteously when I had told her all my case;
And now let this suffice, my dear, I am Neronis whom you see,
Who many a weary step hath gone before and since I met with thee.

Clyo. O sudden joys! O heavenly sight! O words more worth than gold!
Neronis, O my dear, welcóme! my arms I here unfold
To clasp thy comely corps withal: twice-welcome to thy knight!

Nero. And I as joyful am, no doubt, my Clyomon, of thy happy sight.

Clyo. Clamydes, my assurèd friend, lo, how Dame Fortune favoureth me!
This is Neronis my dear love, whose face so long I wish'd to see.

Clam. My Clyomon, I am as glad as you yourself to see this day.

King of D. Well, daughter, though a stranger yet, welcome to court, as I may say.

Queen of D. And, lady, as welcome unto me as if thou wert mine only child.

Nero. For this your gracious courtesy I thank you noble princess mild.

Juli. Though strange and unacquainted yet, do make account you welcome are:
Your nuptial day as well as mine I know my father will prepare.

King of D. Yes, we are prest[1] your nuptial day with
daughter ours to see,
As well as Clyomon's our son with this his lady fair;
Come, therefore, to our court, that we the same may soon
prepare,
For we are prest throughout our land for all our peers to
send.
All. Thy pleasure, most renownèd king, thy servants
shall attend. [*Exeunt omnes.*

---

[1] Ready, eager. (A line to rhyme with this line is wanting.)

A FAREWELL

TO

SIR JOHN NORRIS AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, Etc.

AND

A TALE OF TROY.

THE
TALE OF
Troy:
By G. PEELE
M. of Arts in
Oxford.
Printed by A. H.
1604.

A Farewell. Entituled to the famous and fortunate Generalls of our English forces: Sir Iohn Norris & Syr Frauncis Drake Knights, and all theyr braue and resolute followers. Whereunto is annexed: A tale of Troy. Ad Lectorem. Parue nec inuidio [*sic*] *sine me* (*liber*) *ibis ad arma, Hei mihi, quod domino non licet ire tuo. Doone by George Peele, Maister of Artes in Oxforde. At London Printed by I. C. and are to bee solde by William Wright, at his shop adioyning to S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie. Anno.* 1589. *4to.*

On the back of the title, as in *The Honour of the Garter*, are the arms of Elizabeth, with the motto "*Semper eadem*," and under them these verses:

> "*Gallia victa dedit flores, inuicta Leones*
> *Anglia: ius belli in flore, leone suum:*
> *O sic O semper ferat Elizabetha triumphos,*
> *Inclyta Gallorum flore leone suo.*"

On 18th April 1589 a fleet of 180 vessels, with 21,000 men, set sail from Plymouth for Portugal under the command of Drake and Norris. The ostensible object of the expedition, which proved very disastrous, was to seat the needy refugee "king" Don Antonio (who spent some years in England, snubbed by Queen Elizabeth, who posed as his patroness, and shunned by the courtiers) on the throne of Portugal.

In 1604 appeared the second edition of *The Tale of Troy: By G. Peele M. of Arts in Oxford. Printed by A. H.* 1604: the imprint at the end being *London Printed by Arnold Hatfield, dwelling in Eliots Court in the Little old Baylie: And are to be sold by Nicholas Ling.* It is a tiny volume, about an inch and a half high. A facsimile of the title, from a copy (unique?) in private hands, is given on the opposite page.

TO THE MOST FAMOUS GENERALS OF OUR ENGLISH FORCES BY LAND AND SEA, SIR JOHN NORRIS AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, KNIGHTS.

YOUR virtues famed by your fortunes, and fortunes renowned by your virtues, thrice-honourable generals, together with the admiration the world hath worthily conceived of your worthiness, have at this time encouraged me, a man not unknown to many of your brave and forward followers, captains, and soldiers, to send my short *Farewell* to our English forces. Whereunto I have annexed an old poem of mine own, *The Tale of Troy*, a pleasant discourse, fitly serving to recreate by the reading the chivalry of England; to whom, as to your ingenious judgments, I dedicate the same; that good minds, inflamed with honourable reports of their ancestry, may imitate their glory in highest adventures, and my countrymen, famed through the world for resolution and fortitude, may march in equipage of honour and arms with their glorious and renowned predecessors, the Trojans.

Beseeching God mercifully and miraculously, as hitherto he hath done, to defend fair England, that her soldiers may in their departure be fortunate and in their return triumphant,

GEO. PEELE.

A FAREWELL

ENTITULED

TO THE FAMOUS AND FORTUNATE GENERALS OF OUR ENGLISH FORCES, ETC.

—o—

HAVE done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,
With stretching sails to plough the swelling waves:
Bid England's shore and Albion's chalky cliffs
Farewell; bid stately Troynovant adieu,
Where pleasant Thames from Isis' silver head
Begins her quiet glide, and runs along
To that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts her course,
Near neighbour to the ancient stony Tower,
The glorious hold that Julius Cæsar built.
Change love for arms; girt-to your blades, my boys!
Your rests[1] and muskets take, take helm and targe,
And let God Mars his consort[2] make you mirth,—

[1] Supports for the muskets.
[2] Old form of *concert*.

The roaring cannon,[1] and the brazen trump,
The angry-sounding drum, the whistling fife,
The shrieks of men, the princely courser's neigh.
Now vail[2] your bonnets to your friends at home:
Bid all the lovely British dames adieu,
That under many a standard well-advanced
Have hid[3] the sweet alarms and braves of love;
Bid theatres and proud tragedians,
Bid Mahomet's Pow,[4] and mighty Tamburlaine,
King Charlemagne,[5] Tom Stukeley,[6] and the rest,
Adieu. To arms, to arms, to glorious arms!
With noble Norris, and victorious Drake,
Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,
To propagate religious piety,
And hew a passage with your conquering swords
By land and sea, wherever Phœbus' eye,
Th' eternal lamp of heaven, lends us light;
By golden Tagus, or the western Inde,
Or through the spacious bay of Portugal,
The wealthy ocean-main, the Tyrrhene sea,
From great Alcides' pillars branching forth

---

[1] "Shakespeare perhaps remembered this passage when he wrote Othello's 'farewell' to war."—*Dyce.*

[2] Lower.

[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "bid."

[4] Old ed. "Mahomets Poo."—Dyce adopted Mitford's emendation "Mahomet, Scipio"—unnecessarily. Mr. Fleay points out that the allusion is to the brazen head of Mahomet in Greene's *Alphonsus.*

[5] An allusion to some lost play in which Charlemagne figures. In vol. iii. of my *Collection of Old Plays* I printed from MS. a play on the subject of Charlemagne; but that play is of later date.

[6] Peele may be alluding to his own *Battle of Alcazar.*

Even to the gulf that leads to lofty Rome;
There to deface the pride of Antichrist,
And pull his paper walls and popery down,—
A famous enterprise for England's strength,
To steel your swords on Avarice' triple crown,
And cleanse Augeas' stalls in Italy.
To arms, my fellow soldiers! Sea and land
Lie open to the voyage you intend:
And sea or land, bold Britons, far or near,
Whatever course your matchless virtue shapes,
Whether to Europe's bounds, or Asian plains,
To Afric's shore, or rich America,
Down to the shades of deep Avernus' crags,
Sail on, pursue your honours to your graves:
Heaven is a sacred covering for your heads,
And every climate virtue's tabernacle.
To arms, to arms, to honourable arms![1]
Hoise sails, weigh anchors up, plough up the seas
With flying keels, plough up the land with swords:
In God's name venture on; and let me say
To you, my mates, as Cæsar said to his,
Striving with Neptune's hills; "You bear," quoth he,
Cæsar and Cæsar's fortune in your ships."

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[1] "In *The Lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*, &c., first printed 1595, we find,—

'*To armes, my lord, to honourable armes,*'

which is followed by what forms part of the eleventh verse of the present poem,

'*Take helme and targe.*' Sig. F 2."—*Dyce.*

You follow them, whose swords successful are
You follow Drake, by sea the scourge of Spain,
The dreadful dragon, terror to your foes,
Victorious in his return from Inde,
In all his high attempts unvanquishèd;
You follow noble Norris, whose renown,
Won in the fertile fields of Belgia,
Spreads by the gates of Europe to the courts
Of Christian kings and heathen potentates.
You fight for Christ, and England's peerless queen,
Elizabeth, the wonder of the world,
Over whose throne the enemies of God
Have thunder'd erst their vain successless braves.
O, ten-times-treble happy men, that fight
Under the cross of Christ and England's queen,
And follow such as Drake and Norris are!
All honours do this cause accompany;
All glory on these endless honours waits:
These honours and this glory shall He send,
Whose honour and whose glory you defend.

Yours, G. P.

THE BEGINNING, ACCIDENTS,

AND

END OF THE FALL OF TROY.[1]

In that world's wounded part,[2] whose waves yet swell
With everlasting showers of tears that fell,
And bosom bleeds with great effuse of blood
That long war shed,—Troy, Neptune's city, stood,
Gorgeously built, like to the House of Fame,
Or Court of Jove, as some describe the same;
Under a prince whom, for his happy state,
That age surnamed Priam the Fortunate,
So honoured for his royal progeny,
Blest in his queen, his offspring, and his country:

[1] For this heading the 1604 ed. has only "The Tale of Troy."—I have restored the marginal notes found in ed. 1589. Dyce omitted them on the insufficient ground that they were "an unnecessary incumbrance to the page."

[2] Ed. 1589:

"Whilom in *Troy*, that ancient noble towne, Troy.
Did dwell a king of honor & renowne,
Of port, of puisaunce, and mickle fame,
And *Priam* was this mighty princes name; Priam.
Whom, in regard of his triumphant state,
The world as then surnamde the fortunate,
So happy was he for his progenie,
His queene, his court, his children, and countrie."

Hecuba. Y-clyppèd Stately Hecuba was she,
A goodly creature[1] of such majesty
As well became her princely personage;
And, long before she tasted fortune's rage,
Priam's honours. With twenty[2] sons and daughters, wondrous thing,
This lusty lady did enrich her king,
Fruit not unlike the tree whereof[3] they sprung;
The daughters lovely, modest, wise,[4] and young;
The sons, as doth my story well unfold,
All knights-at-arms, gay, gallant, brave,[5] and bold,
Of wit and manhood[6] such as might suffice
To venter on the highest piece of service:
His peers as loyal to their royal lord
As might ne[7] tainted be for deed or word;
His court presenting[8] to our human eyes
An earthly heaven or shining paradise,
Where ladies troop'd in rich disguised[9] attire,
Glistering like stars of pure immortal fire.

---

[1] Ed. 1589:

"So faire a creature hardlie might you see,
So braue, and of so comelie personage."

[2] "Ed. 1604 'many.' (Both lections being, for obvious reasons, very objectionable)."—*Dyce.*

[3] Ed. 1604 "from whence." [4] Ed. 1604 "fair."

[5] Ed. 1604 "knights in arms aduenterous."

[6] Ed. 1604 omits this and the next line.

[7] Not.—Ed. 1604 "not."

[8] Ed. 1589, omitting lines 27, 28, has—

"His court presenting to our earthlie eyes
A skye of starres or shyning paradise.
Thus happy *Priam*," &c.

[9] "'Disguised'= variously fashioned. Cf. 'discoloured,' *David and Bethsabe*, sc. i. l. 36."—*P. A. Daniel.*

Thus happy, Priam, didst thou live of yore,
That to thy hap could naught be added more;[1]
Till 'mong the gods I wot not which[2] was he
Envying tho[3] this happiness to thee,
Or goddess, or accursèd fiend below,
Conspiring thy Troy's wrack and overthrow,—
Alack, that happiness may not long[4] last,
That all our[5] braveries been so brief a blast!—
Till one, I say, revengeful[6] power or other
Buzz'd in the brain of the unhappy mother
A dreadful dream, and, as it did befall,
To Priam's Troy a dream deadly and fatal.
For when the time of mother's pain drew nigh,
And now the load that in her womb did lie
Began to stir and move with[7] proper strength,
Ready to leave his place; behold, at length
She dreams, and gives her lord[8] to understand
That she should soon bring forth a fire-brand,[9]
Whose flame[10] and fatal smoke would grow so great
As Ilium's towers it should consume with heat:

Hecuba with child with Paris.

Hecuba's dream.

---

[1] Ed. 1604 "That to thy fortune heauens could adde no more."
[2] Ed. 1589 "what."
[3] Then.
[4] Ed. 1604 "euer."
[5] Ed. 1589 "these."
[6] Ed. 1589 "avenging."
[7] Ed. 1604 "To moue beganne and stir with."
[8] Ed. 1604 "pheere" (*i.e.* husband).
[9] Ed. 1604 "a firy brand." (*Fire* has the value of a dissyllable.)
[10] Ed. 1589:
"Whose hote and clymbing flame should grow so great,
That *Neptunes Troy* it would consume with heate."

And, counsel taken of this[1] troublous dream,
The soothsayers said[2] that not swift Simois' stream
Nor[3] Xanthus' icy waves might quench the fire
That did this brand 'gainst Troy's proud walls conspire.
Which to prevent (a piteous tale to tell)
Both sire and dame 'gainst law and kind[4] rebel;
Paris thrown out of Troy. And, that this fear might so[5] be overblown,
This babe from Troy withouten ruth is thrown.
But tempted may the gods, not mockèd, be:
It is thy fate, nor mayst[6] thou, Troy, foresee
What must befall, thou mayst it not foreknow:
Yet Paris lives, and men him callèd so;
Paris a shepherd in Ida. He lives a shepherd's lad[7] on Ida hills,
And breathes a man 'gainst Troy and Troyans' wills,
That threatens fire to Troy, a jolly swain.
And here me list leave Priam and his train,
And tell of[8] Paris yet another while;
How he can nymphs and shepherds' trulls beguile,
And pipen songs, and whet his wits on books,
And rape[9] poor maids with sweet-alluring looks:
So couth he sing his lays among them all,
And tune his pipe unto the water's fall,[10]

---

[1] Ed. 1604 "his." [2] Ed. 1604 "say."
[3] Ed. 1589:
"Might serue to quench that fierce deuouring fire
That did this brand gainst towne of *Troy* conspire."
[4] Nature. [5] Ed. 1604 "soone."
[6] Ed. 1589 "may." [7] Ed. 1589 "swayne."
[8] Ed. 1589 "tend we." [9] Ed. 1589 "wrap."
[10] "This line is borrowed from Spenser's *Eclogue for April*—
'And tuned it unto the water's fall.'"—*Dyce.*

And wear his coat of grey[1] and lusty green,
That had the fair Œnone never seen — Œnone enamoured of Paris.
His ticing curlèd hair, his front of ivory,
The careless nymph had ne'er been so unhappy.
Then was the time when Flora dight with[2] flowers, — Summer.
Like Iris in her pride and parti-colours,
Sate in her summer arbours like a queen,
And deck'd the earth with[3] yellow, blue, and green;
Then Phœbe gan a solemn hunting make, — Diana's feast and
A feast for Pallas', Juno, Venus' sake; — hunting, with Pallas, Juno, and Venus.
And on that Ida, where King Priam's son,
Paris, this lovely shepherd's swain,[4] did won,[5] — The Goddesses contend.
A sudden[6] strife and variance did befall
Among those[7] goddesses for a golden ball, — Ate throws the ball.
That Ate brought[8] from hell, a fatal fruit,
And threw among them at Dame Tellus' suit,
That, all too weak her burden to sustain,
To Saturn's sons did of her load complain,
Whose swelling womb the gods agreed to ease
By slaughtering war a-land and wrecks by seas.
And fatal[9] was it to this shepherd's boy,
That in his bosom bare the bane of Troy,[10]

---

[1] Ed. 1604 "gay." [2] Ed. 1589 "Flora with her."
[3] Ed. 1589 "dight the earth in."
[4] For "shepherd's swain" ed. 1604 reads "swain disguisde."
[5] Dwell. [6] Ed. 1589 "wondrous."
[7] Ed. 1589 "the."
[8] Ed. 1589:

"That some fell furie threw among them all,
And fatall was it," &c.

[9] "Qy. 'fated'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*
[10] Ed. 1604 "carried fire for *Troy*."

To wander by that sacred place alone
(Belike his nymph and walking-mate was gone);
Paris chosen judge of beauty. And there was chosen judge to end the[1] strife
That after cost[2] full many a man his life.
And thus this doughty daysman,[3] as I read,
Did crankly[4] venture on this thankless deed:
Whom Juno first, that proud[5] and stately goddess,
Juno's offer. Enticed with offer[6] of much wealth and riches;
And certes gold hath store of eloquence.
Pallas' offer. Him Pallas eke, the queen of sapience,
Tempted[7] with wisdom and with chivalry,
To win the golden ball bequeath'd to beauty.
But neither wealth nor wisdom might him move,
Venus' offer. When Venus gan t' encounter him with love.
So, led away with over-vain conceit,
And surfeiting belike on pleasure's bait,[8]
As men are wont to let the better go
And choose the worse, this jolly herd-groom,[9] lo,
In hope to win the flower of gallant Greece,[10]
Fair Helena, that brave and peerless piece,

---

[1] Ed. 1589 "this."
[2] Ed. 1589 "lost."
[3] Umpire.
[4] "*i.e.* briskly."—*Dyce.*
[5] Ed. 1589 "the great."
[6] Ed. 1589 "honor."
[7] Ed. 1604:

"Wooed for pure wisdoms woorth and chiualrie
This earthly swaine to praise her heauenly beautie.
But neither wealth nor wisdoms gifts might moue,
When *Venus* gan t' enchant his thoughts with loue."

[8] For "belike on pleasure's bait" ed. 1604 reads "on pleasures wanton bait."
[9] Ed. 1589 "shepheard."
[10] Ed. 1589 "the gallant flower of Greece."

Giveth the prize to Lady Venus' grace,[1] Paris gives the ball to Venus.
And ends with endless war this doubtful case.
Ah Paris! hadst thou had but equal[2] eyes,
Indifferent in bestowing of the prize,
Thy human wits[3] might have discernèd well
Where the[4] true beauty of the mind did dwell:
But men must err, because that[5] men they be,
And men with love y-blinded cannot see.[6]
  Throughout the world the rumour being blown
Of this event, the man was quickly known,
And homeward[7] comes, forsooth, to luckless[8] Troy, Paris returns to Troy from Ida.
Of yore a shepherd's lad,[9] King Priam's boy;
And in his bosom lodg'd[10] an uncouth[11] heat,
The strength whereof began to grow so great
That needly Paris[12] must prepare to see
What might the substance of the[13] shadow be
That yet his fancy wrought upon so fast.
So, furnishèd with men and ships, at last

---

[1] Ed. 1604 "Giueth this beauties prize to *Venus* grace."
[2] "*i.e.* impartial."—*Dyce.* [3] Ed. 1589 "wit."
[4] For "Where the" ed. 1589 reads "Wherein."
[5] Ed. 1604 "but."
[6] "Ed. 1604 'may not see.'—In *England's Parnassus*, 1600 (under the head '*Beauty*,' p. 18), this couplet is given thus:

'All men do err, because that men they be,
And men with beauty blinded cannot see.'"—*Dyce.*

[7] Ed. 1589 "homewards." [8] Ed. 1604 "wretched."
[9] Ed. 1589 "swayne."
[10] For "bosom lodg'd" ed. 1589 reads "brest did beare."
[11] Strange, unaccustomed.
[12] Ed. 1589 "As needes Sir Paris.' (*Needly*=necessarily.)
[13] Ed. 1589 "this."

Paris' expedition to Lacedæmon.
To Lacedæmon doth this minion come;
The winds made way, the sea affording room:
In fine, the cut and voyage seeming[1] short,

Paris arrives at Menelaus' Court.
The knight arrives at Menelaus' court,
Where such his entertainment was, I find,
As justly might content a princely mind;
For she was there to give him welcome tho,[2]
Who more his inward sense than eyes[3] did know:
A lusty, brave, and lovely[4] dame was she,
A lass well worthy to be Paris' fee,[5]

Helen entertains Paris.
The queen herself that hight fair Helena,
Whom yet unseen his thoughts did all obey;
And by the hand she takes her new-come guest,[6]
And gives him entertainment of the best.
Yet stately Troy did flourish in her[7] pride,
And Priam, whom no king[8] might mate beside,
Till love and hate together did conspire
To waste this town with swift-devouring fire.[9]
The Prince of Troy gan easily now to see
How well her person with her[10] fame did gree;
When calling on Dame Venus for his due,

Menelaus goes from Sparta.
The King of Sparta with a lordly crew
Must post from home, and leave his wife, forsooth,
To give Sir Paris welcome for his tooth:

---

[1] Ed. 1589 "beeing." [2] Then.
[3] Ed. 1589 "eye." [4] Ed. 1589 "liuely."
[5] Ed. 1604 "Whom *Venus* promis'd *Paris* for his fee."
[6] Ed. 1604 "this gallant guest." [7] Ed. 1589 "his."
[8] Ed. 1589 "prince."
[9] Ed. 1589 "this Towne and Realme with wastful fire."
[10] Ed. 1604 "his."

Thus Venus first, to help love's policy,
Advantaged him[1] with opportunity.
And now, as lovers wont their time t' espy,[2]
This lover can his task full well apply,
And strives to court his mistress cunningly,
(No whit in fear of women's surquedry),[3]
Whose tender breast the conquering god of love,
As will'd his dame, with arrow[4] 'gan to prove,
And found it fit for love's impression.
No sooner was King Menelaus gone
But Helen's heart had ta'en so great a flame
As love increased with Paris' only name:[5]
And now she doth[6] survey his lovely face,
And curiously observe each courtly grace;
And after large disputes of right and wrong,
What did to love and womanhood belong,—
Ah, that this love will not be over-ruled,[7]
Ah, that these lovers nill[8] be better school'd!—
After sweet lines, that from this stranger's pen
Came swiftly to her reading now and then,
Regard of honour thrown aside by this,
She arms her boldly to this great amiss;[9]
And, for her heart was from her body hent,[10]
To Troy this Helen with her lover went,

Paris courts Helen.

Helen looks on Paris.

Helen sails to Troy with Paris.

---

[1] Ed. 1604 "them." [2] Ed. 1589 "times espie."
[3] "*i.e.* presumption, arrogance.—This line is not in ed. 1589."—*Dyce.*
[4] Ed. 1589 "arrowes."
[5] Ed. 1604 "with sound of *Paris* name."
[6] Ed. 1589 "gan."
[7] Ed. 1589 "will be no better rulde." (Ed. 1604 "oreruled.")
[8] Will not. [9] Crime. [10] Snatched.

Thinking, perdy,[1] a part contráry kind,[2]
Her heart so raught,[3] herself to stay behind.
And thus hath Paris with his cunning caught
The dainty bird that all so far he sought.
No sooner were they started thus away
But straight[4] the king, yet all too late a day,
Had news of this unworthy traitorous[5] deed,
And after (says my story) makes some[6] speed;
But hardy[7] Love, that hath no leaden heels,
Tied wings belike[8] unto the Troyan's keels.
Away flies Paris with his chasèd prey,
As blithe[9] as bird of morning's light in May,
Paris lands in Troy. And lands in Troy the beauteous[10] Helena;
Whom agèd Priam and Queen Hecuba,
And[11] all their noble[12] sons and daughters too,
Welcome with royal feasts and great[13] ado,
And every lovely dame and courtly[14] knight
Salute, to do their sovereign honour's right.[15]
The peers, the princes, and the lords of Greece,
Touch'd with the rape of this reproachful piece,

---

[1] Verily.
[2] Nature.
[3] Snatched away.
[4] Ed. 1604 "that."
[5] Ed. 1604 "treacherous."
[6] For "makes some" ed. 1589 reads "gins to."
[7] Ed. 1589 "conquering."
[8] Ed. 1589 "Belike tide wings."
[9] This line is not in ed. 1589.
[10] Ed. 1589 "gallant."
[11] Ed. 1589 "With."
[12] Ed. 1604 "princely."
[13] Ed. 1589 "much."
[14] Ed. 1589 "lustie."
[15] Ed. 1589 "Doe pay the Prince such honour as they might."

Not able to endure this [1] villany,
Dishonour to their state and country,[2]
In fury gan the quarrel undertake;
Not all alone for Menelaus' sake,
But to rebuke and to avenge beside
Helen's revolt,[3] Paris' adulterous pride;
Making provision for a long-lived [4] war,
That wounded all so deep as [5] yet the scar
Remains, and will abide [6] from day to day,
That fretting [7] Time shall never wear away.
In Aulis' gulf they mightily assemble,
Whose power might make the proudest Troy to tremble:
Lord Agamemnon there among them all,
With Greeks' consent, was chosen general.
Before this time a while, as I do [8] read,
Ulysses, by the wit [9] of Palamede,
Unhappy man,[10] was fetched from Ithaca,
Yet well could counterfeit a cause of stay
To tarry with his wife Penelope;
But private cause must common cause obey,
And though he feignèd [11] madness for the nonce,

The Greeks undertake Menelaus' quarrel.

Aulis.

Agamemnon general of the Grecians.

Ulysses feigns madness.

---

[1] Ed. 1589 "Not suffering such barbarous."
[2] Ed. 1604 "to the honor of the countrie." (*Country* has the value of a trisyllable.)
[3] Ed. 1589 "false loue."
[4] Ed. 1589 "lasting."
[5] Ed. 1589 "and."
[6] Ed. 1589 "endure."
[7] Ed. 1589 "teeth of fretting," &c.
[8] Ed. 1589 "can."
[9] Ed. 1589 "meanes."
[10] Dyce's copy of ed. 1604, which had been lent to him by Rodd the bookseller, wanted the leaf containing this and the three following lines.—The copy that I have used is also deficient here. (The copy before me doubtless belonged to Rodd.)
[11] Ed. 1589 "faind a."

Palamedes deciphers him.

Yet could[1] Sir Palamedes all at once,
To sift his wile, lay down[2] his tender son,
Whom while the sire refused to over-run,
That play'd the frantic ploughman there[3] in vain,
He roundly brought him to the[4] Argive train;
Who,[5] for the hate he harbour'd in his head,

Ulysses' revenge on Palamede.

Accused[6] him to the camp, that doom'd him dead.

Achilles hid by Thetis.

So Peleus' valiant[7] son, the great Achilles,
That lately[8] with the Grecians took the seas,
Restrain'd a while[9] in habit of a woman,
Unworthy wrong done to so brave a man,

Achilles discovered by Ulysses.

Ulysses with his toys and trifles trim,
In pedlar's base array, deciphered him.
The flower[10] of Greece and armies all by this,

The Greeks stayed in Aulis.

For want of wind, had[11] hover'd long in Aulis:
What mighty men misdo the meaner rue;
So great an ill by lingering did[12] ensue.

---

[1] Ed. 1589 "can."
[2] Ed. 1589 "To try his wit, offer."
[3] Ed. 1589 "all."
[4] Ed. 1604 "broght vnto the."
[5] Ed. 1589 "That."
[6] Ed. 1589 "Nill cease till this Sir Palamede was dead."
[7] Ed. 1589 "noble."
[8] Ed. 1589 "loth'lie . . . went to seas."
[9] Ed. 1589:

"Clad by his dame in habite of a woman,
Vnworthy cowardize of a valiant man,
But that no cowardize this deede can hight
In him that was approu'd so good a knight,
Ulisses with his toyes and tryfles trim
Full like a Pedler can decipher him."

[10] Ed. 1589 "force."
[11] Ed. 1589 "haue."
[12] Ed. 1589 "dooth."

So far enraged [1] was angry Artemis
With Agamemnon's sin and small amiss
For striking in the chase a gentle hind,
The Grecians pine, Phœbe restrains the wind:
And, will he, nill he, Agamemnon must,
If he will termèd be a general just,
Despatch some trusty messenger or page,
Under pretext of love and [2] marriage,
To fetch to Aulis' strond [3] the Argive queen
To see the spousals of fair Iphigen;
And Prince Achilles was her fere misnamed: [4]
But all untowardly the [5] business framed;
For Clytemnestra had espied ere long,
At their arrive, the fetch and fatal wrong. [6]
In few, [7] the virgin slain in sacrifice,
The Greeks have wind at will, the waters rise.
How many ills do follow one annoy!
Now merrily sail these [8] gallant Greeks to Troy,

Agamemnon sends for Iphigenia.

Clytemnestra comes to Aulis.

Iphigenia sacrificed.

---

[1] Instead of lines 237–240, ed. 1589 has—

> "Nor was there other helpe but Iphigen,
> That might enforce the windes to blow agen."

[2] Ed. 1589 "pretence of loue or."
[3] Ed. 1589 "gulfe."
[4] Ed. 1589 "louer namde." (*Fere*—husband.)
[5] Ed. 1589 "this."
[6] Ed. 1589 "Whereto this subtile message did belong." (*Fetch*—trick, stratagem.)
[7] Ed. 1589 "In fine."
[8] Ed. 1589 "our."

And scour the seas,[1] and keep their compass right:
Away they fly, their tackling toft and tight,
As shoots a streaming star in winter's night;
The Greeks arrive at Troy. A thousand ships well rigg'd, a glorious sight,
Waving ten thousand flags, they leave the port;
And, as ye wot, this war and tragic sport
It was for Helena.
The King of Troy gan quickly[2] understand
How Greeks with all their power were hard at hand;
And sadly do the peers their prince advise,
The while in rage Cassandra calls and cries,
Cassandra's counsel. "Render, ye Trojans, to these madding Greeks
The dame that all this expedition seeks."
And to this battle, bruited far by fame,
Great aid of arms on either party came:
From Tyber[3] and the quaking Tanais,
To Troy, the queen of Amazons by this,
Penthesilea in aid of Priam. Penthesilea, with her warlike band,
Arrives[4] in honour of King Priam's land.
And over-long it were for me to tell
In fury of this war[5] what hap befell;

---

[1] Ed. 1589:

> "And scoure the seas, & cheerly runne forth right,
> As shootes a streaming starre in winters night,
> Away they flye, their tackling teft and tight,
> Toppe and top-gallant in the brauest sort.
> And, as ye wote," &c.

[2] Ed. 1589 "King Priam now gan easelie."

[3] "So both eds.—Qy. 'Tyras' or 'Ister'?"—*Dyce.* (Ed. 1604 "Fro Tyber.")

[4] Ed. 1589 "Ariu'd."

[5] Ed. 1589 "In this afflicting warre."

How many Greeks, how many Troyan knights,
As chivalry by kind[1] in love delights,
Upon their helmets can their plumes advance,[2]
And twist their ladies' colours on[3] their lance.
So doth this love make men adventurous:[4]
So hardy was the true knight Troilus, Troilus.
And all for love[5] of the unconstant Cressed,
T' encounter with th' unworthy Diomed. Diomede.
But leave I here of Troilus ought[6] to say,
Whose passions for the ranging Cressida, Cressid.
Read as fair[7] England's Chaucer doth unfold,
Would tears exhale from eyes of iron mould.
And that I may give[8] every man his right,
Sir[9] Paris mounted, in his armour bright,
Pricks forth, and on his helm his mistress' sleeve:
How could that sight but Menelaus grieve?
And now the Greeks, and now the Troyans may,
As pleaseth[10] Fortune, bear away the day.

---

[1] Nature.
[2] Ed. 1589 "Vpon their helmes their plumes can well aduaunce."
[3] Ed. 1589 "in."
[4] Ed. 1589 "So loue doth make them bold and venturous."
[5] Ed. 1589 "All for pure *loue*."
[6] "Ought"—omitted in ed. 1589.
[7] Instead of this line and the next ed. 1589 has:
" Requires a vollume to vnfold at large;
And cunning neede he be that takes the charge,
To paint the colloures of that chaunging peece,
Staine to all Dames of Troy and stately Greece."
[8] Ed. 1589 "doo."
[9] Ed. 1604 "So."
[10] Ed. 1604 "pleased."

The time[1] of truce set down by martial law,
The dames of Troy with lovely looks do draw
The hearts of many a knight,[2] and, lo, at last
Achilles in love with Polyxena. The great Achilles is enthrallèd fast,
That night nor[3] day he might his rest enjoy;
So was his heart engagèd whole to Troy,
That now no more of arms this warrior would,
Or, shall[4] I say, no more for love he could:
The camp complains upon his love and sloth,
And charge him with his knighthood and his oath.
Out[5] Hector rides, surnamed the scourge of Greeks,
And, like the untamed panther, pries and seeks
Where he may prove his strength;[6] and, storming thus,
Hector killeth Patroclus. He lights upon Achilles' friend, Patroclus.
King Peleus' son, thus roused, soon gan[7] him greet,
And, lion-like, runs fiercely[8] him to meet,
For rescue of his friend, as he were wood,[9]
And charging so his staff in furious mood,[10]
As falcon[11] wonts to stoop upon his[12] prey,
Forgetful of the fair Polyxena,

---

[1] Ed. 1589 "times."
[2] Ed. 1589 "many Greekes."
[3] Ed. 1589 "ne."
[4] Ed. 1589 "mought."
[5] Ed. 1589 "Now out rides Hector call'd the."
[6] Ed. 1589 "might proove his force."
[7] Ed. 1589 "When as the great Achilles gan."
[8] Ed. 1589 "proudlie."
[9] Mad.
[10] Ed. 1589 "tight his staffe in eager moode."
[11] Ed. 1589 transposes lines 312–13.
[12] Ed. 1589 "her."

As Hector had unhorsed Patroclus tho,[1]
Despoiling him in field, the more the[2] woe,
Unwares to wreak Patroclus' death[3] beleek[4]
He slays a peerless Troyan for a Greek;
And having thus perform'd this piece of[5] treason,
He triumphs in the spoils of Priam's son.
The Grecians now do[6] clap their hands for glee;
But blood will blood, so ever mought[7] it be.
The Troyans' glory now gan waxen dim,
And pale[8] their hope, sith death had[9] seizèd him
That gave them hope and happy fortune too.
The mother-queen withouten more ado
Gins[10] whet her wits to wreak this malice done
And tragic[11] murder of her valiant son.
When Hector's death was more than half forgot,
Or at the least dissembled well, I wot,
Right wisely doth[12] this lady offer make,
That if the Prince Achilles pleased[13] to take
His love, her daughter Polyxene,[14] to spouse,
In Pallas' temple should they make their[15] vows:
And this the queen, that reck'd[16] no law of arms,
Vow'd clear to him and void of further harms.

Achilles kills Hector.

Hecuba offers Polyxena to Achilles.

---

[1] Then.
[2] Ed. 1589 "alas for woe."
[3] Ed. 1589 "this deede of his."
[4] Belike.
[5] Ed. 1589 "murdrous."
[6] Ed. 1589 "Now gan the Grecians."
[7] Must.
[8] Ed. 1589 "cold."
[9] Ed. 1589 "hath."
[10] Ed. 1589 "Gan."
[11] Ed. 1589 "traitorous."
[12] Ed. 1589 "Full wiselie gan."
[13] Ed. 1589 "list."
[14] Ed. 1589 "Her daughter faire Polixena."
[15] Ed. 1604 "he make his."
[16] Ed. 1589 "And thus the queene that knew."

But when the[1] Greek did little think of guile,
To work revenge for Hector's death the while,
Paris wounds Achilles in the heel. Even in the fatal place Sir Paris than[2]
With poison'd arrow rid[3] the heedless man;
And where his mother Thetis had him hent,
Close to the heel th' envenomed shaft was sent.
Achilles dies. Now lies the great Achilles dead in Troy;
The Greeks make moan, the Troyans leap for joy,
And Priam doth bestow his bloodless bones
Upon his discontented[4] Myrmidons.
Immediately began an irksome[5] brawl
Among the lords and Grecian princes[6] all
About[7] the armour of this valiant knight.
Contention 'twixt Ajax and Ulysses for Achilles armour. Sir Ajax first doth claim it as his right;
So doth the gracious[8] Lord of Ithaca
Look[9] for desert[10] to bear the prize away;
And of the two[11] but one might it enjoy;
And plead they must upon the strond of Troy
Before their[12] ships, where Ajax in a heat,
For that the stomach of the man was great,

---

[1] Ed. 1589 "this." [2] Then.
[3] Ed. 1589 :

"With poysoned shaft dispatcht the haples man;
And where his mother Thetis him not hent,
Directlie thether was his arrowe sent."

[4] Ed. 1589 "wretched hartles." [5] Ed. 1589 "a bloodie."
[6] Ed. 1589 "Greekish captaines." [7] Ed. 1589 "Touching."
[8] Ed. 1589 "And then gainst him the."
[9] Ed. 1589 "Thinkes." [10] Ed. 1604 "deserts."
[11] Ed. 1589 "twayne." [12] Ed. 1589 "the."

Lays open to the Greeks his service done
In their affairs since first this war[1] begun,
And twits Ulysses with his cowardice:
But, Ajax, this for thee may not suffice,
For though the targe were over-huge[2] to bear,
And great Achilles' casque[3] unfit to wear
For wise Laertes' son, yet policy,
The sinews and true[4] strength of chivalry,
Is that whereof this knight might[5] chiefly vaunt;
So with his words he can[6] their wits enchant,
That, when he must conclude and say no more,
He[7] shows the fatal sign that to the shore — Palladium.
He[7] stole by night from Troy, and then quoth he,
"Here, Greeks, bestow it if you nill[8] give it me."
Wherewith he won their hearts, and charm'd their eyes, — Ulysses wins the armour.
And from Lord Ajax got this[9] martial prize:
The man, whom wrath and fury overcame,
Dishonour'd[10] with the Greeks, ill brook'd the shame,
But sought foul means basely to stint the strife,
And with a deadly stab reaved his own life.
And now this wasteful war that lasted long,
To dames of Troy and Greece a tedious wrong,

---

[1] Ed. 1604 "those warres." [2] Ed. 1589 "ouerbig."
[3] Ed. 1589 "stoute Achilles helme."
[4] Ed. 1589 "That hight indeede the."
[5] Ed. 1589 "Was that whereof this Knight doth."
[6] Ed. 1589 "gan." [7] Ed. 1589 "A."
[8] Ed. 1589 "Bestowe it heere yee Greekes if ye nill."
[9] Ed. 1589 "Sir Ajax got the."
[10] Ed. 1589:

"Not able to endure this open shame,
Foulie sought violent meanes to stint this strife."

With hot encounter and unhappy fight,
And tragic end[1] of many a hardy knight,
Gan sort[2] to this, that Greeks, to blear the eyes
Of[3] Troyans, gin take counsel and advice
The Troyans horse. To rear by art a huge unwieldy frame,
Much like a horse; and having fraught[4] the same
With men of war, they make a cunning[5] show,
As if[6] from Troy they homewards[7] meant to go,
And raise the siege, and leave the prize behind,
But gods do know they nothing less did[8] mind;
For, as I ween, my history doth say,
The Greeks retire to Tenedos. To Tenedos the[9] Grecians slunk away,[10]
An isle that gave them harbour and abode:
Now leave we there these Greeks to lie at road.
Amidst this hurly-burly and uproar,
Polydore, King Priam's son. King Priam sends away young Polydore,
With store of treasure and with[11] mickle muck,
His youngest son, to Thrace: but little luck
Ensued hereof;[12] for Pylymnestor, lo,
Polymnestor, King of Thrace, murders Polydore. The thirst of Priam's pillage working[13] so,
A woful tale, as I have heard it told,
Murthers this prince for lucre of his gold.

---

[1] Ed. 1589 "hast'ned death."
[2] Ed. 1589 "grow."
[3] Ed. 1589:
"Of their foreweried foes, began deuise:
And hauing built a great vnweldie frame," &c.
[4] Ed. 1589 "and well ystuft."
[5] Ed. 1589 "subtill."
[6] Ed. 1589 "though."
[7] Ed. 1589 "homeward."
[8] Ed. 1589 "doo."
[9] Ed. 1604 "these."
[10] Ed. 1589 "tooke their way."
[11] Ed. 1604 "of."
[12] Ed. 1589 "this deede."
[13] Ed. 1589 "riches choakt him."

The traitorous [1] Sinon, for his villany
Th' infámous [2] author of Troy's tragedy,
While subtle Grecians lurk'd in [3] Tenedos,[1]
Gan with the silly Troyans highly glose,
And tell a tale that sounded like a [4] truth,
A tale that moved the hearers' hearts to [5] ruth;
And so bewitch'd King Priam and his court,
That now at last, to Troyans' fatal hurt,
Instead of that might most their states advance,
They greed [6] to hoise this engine of mischance,
And make a breach, like fools, and never lin [7]
Till their own hands had pull'd their enemies in.
Thus riot, rape, and vain credulity,
Bin nam'd chief causes [8] of Troy's tragedy.
This [9] monstrous horse, that in his spacious [10] sides
A traitorous troop of armèd [11] Grecians hides,
Gan now discharge his vast and hideous load,
And spread his bloody bowels all [12] abroad.
It was the time when midnight's sleep and rest
With quiet pause the town of Troy possess'd;
The Greeks forsake their [13] ships and make return:
Now Troy, as was foretold, began to burn,

Sinon's treason.

The Troyans receive the horse into the town.

Night.

Troy set on fire by the Greeks.

---

[1] Ed. 1589 "subtile." [2] Ed. 1589 "noted."
[3] Ed. 1589 "When traytrous Greekes had sluncke to."
[4] Ed. 1589 "perdie of little trueth."
[5] Ed. 1589 "Although as it befell of mickle."
[6] Ed. 1589 "grec." [7] *i.e.* Cease.
[8] Ed. 1589 "authors."
[9] Ed. 1589 "The." [10] Ed. 1589 "hugie."
[11] Ed. 1589 "throung of subtill."
[12] Ed. 1589 "And silently disperse his strength."
[13] Ed. 1589 "the."

And Ilium's lofty [1] towers to smoke apace;
The conquering foe begins [2] amain to chase
Th' affrighted Phrygians, that now [3] unawares
False Sinon had entrappèd [4] in his snares.
Ah, what a piercing sight it was to see
So fair [5] a town as Troy was said to be,
By quenchless fire laid level with the soil,
The prince and people made the soldiers' spoil!
Th' unhappy Priam mazed with frights and fears,
Seeing his palace flame about his ears,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,[6]
And, weening to have play'd a young man's part,
Girds-to [7] his arming-sword [8] with trembling hand;
But she that erst brought forth [9] the fatal brand
That fired the town, the most unhappy queen,
Whose like for wretchedness [10] was never seen,
Said, "Leave, my lord; becomes not us [11] to strive,
Whom would no morning sun might see alive!
And fly from aid of men to powers divine,
And so with me lay hold on Phœbus' shrine."
But he, whose bloody mind and murdering rage
Nor awe [12] of gods nor reverence of age
Could temper from a deed so tyrannous,
Pyrrhus. Achilles' son, the fierce unbridled Pyrrhus,

---

[1] Ed. 1589 "statelie." [2] Ed. 1589 "Greekes begin."
[3] Ed. 1589 "And follow fast their foes, that."
[4] Ed. 1589 "betrapped." [5] Ed. 1589 "braue."
[6] Started. [7] Ed. 1589 "Girts to."
[8] A large two-handed sword. [9] Ed. 1589 "But she alas that bare."
[10] Ed. 1589 "wretched hap." [11] Ed. 1589 "vs not."
[12] Ed. 1589 "lawe."

His father's angry ghost[1] enticing him,
With slaughtering hand, with visage pale and grim[2]
Hath hent[3] this agèd Priam by the hair,
Like butcher bent to slay; and even there,
The man that lived so many golden years,
The[4] great commander of such lordly peers,
The King of Troy, the mighty King of Troy,
With cruel iron this cursèd Greekish boy
Rids of his life, as whilom he had done
With shaft envenom'd[5] Paris, old Priam's son.
Thus souls by swarms do press to Pluto's hall;
Thus, naked Troy, or now not Troy at all,
Done is thy pride, dim is thy glittering[6] gite,[7]
Slain[8] is thy prince in this unhappy fight.
My pen, forbear to write of Hecuba,
That made the sun his glistering[9] chariot stay,
And raining tears his golden face to hide,
For ruth of that did after her[10] betide;
Sith this thrice-wretched lady lived[11] the last,
Till Fortune's spite and malice all was past,
And, worn with sorrows,[12] wexen fell and mad:
And all the happiness that Priam had

Priam slain at the altar by Pyrrhus.

Hecuba mad.

---

[1] For "angry ghost" ed. 1589 reads "ghost belike."
[2] Ed. 1589 "dim."
[3] Seized.
[4] Ed. 1589 "The Lord and Maister," &c.
[5] Ed. 1589 "With poysond shaft."
[6] Ed. 1589 "glorious."
[7] Splendour.
[8] Ed. 1589 "Dead."
[9] Ed. 1589 "That made the glorious Sunne his Chariot."
[10] For "after her" ed. 1589 reads "afterwards."
[11] Ed. 1589 "Sith this vnhappy queene suruiude," &c.
[12] Ed. 1589 "sorrow."

In his mishap[1] and bloody funeral,
Was that he saw not yet the end of all—
Polyxena sacrifi[ced] His daughters[2] ravish'd, slain in sacrifice;
Astyanax. Astyanax, before his mother's eyes,
Hector's sweet boy,[3] thrown from the highest tower:
Thus to our end[4] there needeth but an hour.
Short tale to make, when thus[5] the town of Troy
The Greeks had sack'd, to Asia's great annoy,
Paris slain by Pyrrhus. When Pyrrhus had the guilty Paris slain,
Lo, now at last the Greeks have home again,
With loss of many a Greek and Troyan's life,
Menelaus receives Helen. Their[6] wither'd flower, King Menelaus' wife.
Æneas. The good Æneas, whom the gods beleek[7]
Reserved some better future[8] hap to seek,
Anchises. With old Anchises, leaves this conquer'd[9] town
And, on the seas y-tossèd up and down,
Arrives at[10] Lavine land, when he had seen
Dido. The bounty of the famous[11] Carthage queen,
Whom,[12] forced by fate, this wandering knight deceived,
That him and his so royally received.
My author says, to honour Helen's[13] name,
That through the world hath been belied by fame,

[1] Ed. 1589 "mishaps."
[2] Ed. 1604 "children." (Only one daughter, Cassandra, was ravished.)
[3] Ed. 1589 "The princelie babe."
[4] Ed. 1589 "deathes."
[5] Ed. 1589 "first."
[6] Ed. 1589 "Vnhappy Helen, Menelaus wife."
[7] Belike.
[8] Ed. 1589 "some further better happe."
[9] Ed. 1589 "wretched."
[10] Ed. 1589 "in."
[11] Ed. 1604 "bounteous."
[12] Ed. 1589 "Whom driuen by fates."
[13] "To honour Helen's name" is the reading of ed. 1589.—Ed. 1604 "in favour of her name."

How when the king her fere [1] was absent thence,
(A tale that well may lessen her offence,)
Sir Paris took the town by arms and skill,
And carried Helen [2] thence against her will;
Whom whether afterward she loved or no,
I cannot tell, but may imagine so.

[1] Husband.
[2] Ed. 1589 "And carried her to Troy," &c.

AN ECLOGUE GRATULATORY,

ETC.

An Eglogve. Gratvlatorie. Entituled: To the right honorable, and renowmed Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall. Done by George Peele. Maister of arts in Oxon. At London; Printed by Richard Jones, and are to be solde at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, ouer against the Faulcon. 1589. *4to.*

"For a printed copy of this poem," says Dyce, "I have sought long in vain; but a transcript of it which was once in the possession of Malone, and afterwards belonged to the late Mr. Heber, has luckily come into my hands." It is curious that Dyce was not aware that Heber possessed a printed copy of the *Eglogve.* In the sale-catalogue *Bibliotheca Heberiana*, Part IV., it is numbered 1801. It was acquired by the Bodleian Library (*Malone Collection, No.* 818 *Add.*) No other copy is known.

Early in April 1589 Essex rode to Plymouth, joined the Swiftsure, and was at Falmouth before Drake and Norris had put to sea. He was the first who waded to the shore at Penichia (16th May); and when the English were about to attack Lisbon he went up to the gates and offered to fight any of the garrison in the name of his royal mistress. Soon a letter from Elizabeth arrived to demand his immediate return; and Drake and Norris insisted that he should obey. When he started from London he had left letters to state that he would return alive at no one's bidding.—See Mr. S. L. Lee's article on Essex in the *Dict. of Nat. Biography*.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL OF ESSEX.

HIS WELCOME INTO ENGLAND FROM PORTUGAL.

PIERS. PALINODE.

Dicite,[1] *Iö pæan, et, Iö, bis dicite, pæan!*
In patriam rediit magnus Apollo suam.

PALINODE.

Herdgroom, what gars[2] thy pipe to go so loud?
Why bin thy looks[3] so smicker[4] and so proud?
Perdy,[5] plain Piers, but this couth[6] ill agree
With thilk[7] bad fortune that aye thwarteth thee.

PIERS.

That thwarteth me, good Palinode, is fate,
Y-born was Piers to be infortunate;
Yet shall my bag-pipe go so loud and shrill
That heaven may entertain my kind good-will;
Iö, iö pæan!

[1] "This line is from Ovid, *Ar. Am.* ii. 1."—*Dyce.*
[2] Makes.
[3] Old ed. "bookes."
[4] Gay, smirking.
[5] *Par Dieu*, verily.
[6] Could.
[7] This same.

PALINODE.

Sot, I say, losel,[1] lewdest[2] of all swains,
Sing'st thou proud pæans on these open plains?
So ill sitteth this strain, this lofty note,
With thy rude tire and grey russet coat.

PIERS.

Grey as my coat is, green all are my cares,
My grass to dross, my corn is turn'd to tares;
Yet even and morrow will I never lin[3]
To make my crowd[4] speak as it did begin;
Iö, iö pæan!

PALINODE.

Thou art too crank,[5] and crowdest all too high;
Beware a chip fall not into thine eye:
Man, if triumphals here be in request,
Then let them chant them that can chant them best.

PIERS.

Thou art a sour swain, Palinode, perdy;
My bag-pipe vaunteth not of victory:
Then give me leave sonizance[6] to make
For chivalry and lovely learning's sake!
Iö, iö pæan!

---

[1] Worthless fellow. [2] Rudest. [3] Cease.
[4] Fiddle. [5] Bold. [6] Sounding.

PALINODE.

Thou hardy herdsman, darest thou of arms chant?
Sike[1] verse, I tell thee, ought have a great vaunt:
Then how may thy boldness scape a fine frump?[2]
War's laud is matter for the brazen trump.

PIERS.

Of arms to sing I have nor lust nor skill;
Enough is me to blazon my good-will,
To welcome home that long hath lackèd been,
One of the jolliest shepherds of our green;
Iö, iö pæan!

PALINODE.

Tell me, good Piers, I pray thee tell it me,
What may thilk jolly swain or shepherd be,
Or whence y-comen, that he thus welcome is,
That thou art all so blithe to see his bliss?

PIERS.

Palinode, thou makest a double demand,
Which I will answer as I understand;
Yet will I not forget, so God me mend,
To pipe loud pæans as my stanzas end;
Iö, iö pæan!

Thilk shepherd, Palinode, whom my pipe praiseth,
Whose glory my reed to the welkin raiseth,

---

[1] Such. [2] Flirt, flout.

He's a great herdgroom, certes, but no swain,
Save hers that is the flower of Phœbe's plain;
Iö, iö pæan!

He's[1] well-allied and lovèd of the best,
Well-thew'd,[2] fair and frank, and famous by his crest;
His Rain-deer, racking[3] with proud and stately pace,
Giveth to his flock a right beautiful grace;
Iö, iö pæan!

He waits where our great shepherdess doth wun,[4]
He playeth in the shade, and thriveth in the sun;
He shineth on the plains, his lusty flock him by,
As when Apollo kept[5] in Arcady;
Iö, iö pæan!

Fellow in arms he was in their flow'ring days[6]
With that great shepherd, good Philisides;[7]
And in sad sable did I see him dight,
Moaning the miss[8] of Pallas' peerless knight;
Iö, iö pæan!

---

[1] Old ed. "He is."
[2] "Well-thew'd"—of good quality, gentle manners.
[3] Moving at a pace between an amble and a trot.
[4] Dwell. [5] Resided.
[6] Old ed. "flowing deies." (Corrected in the transcript used by Dyce.)
[7] The poetical name assumed by Sir Philip Sidney.
[8] Loss. (All the courtiers went into mourning on the death of Sidney. "It was accounted a sin," says the author of the *Life and Death of Sir Philip Sidney*, "for any gentleman of quality, for many months after, to appear at Court or City in any light or gaudy apparel.")

With him he served, and watch'd, and waited late,[1]
To keep the grim wolf from Eliza's gate;
And for their mistress, thoughten these two swains,
They moughten[2] never take too mickle pains;
Iö, iö pæan!

But, ah for grief! that jolly groom is dead,
For whom the Muses silver tears have shed;
Yet in this lovely swain, source of our glee,
Mun[3] all his virtues sweet reviven be;
Iö, iö pæan!

PALINODE.

So moughten they, Piers, and happily thrive
To keepen this herdsman after death alive:
But whence, I pray thee tell me, come is he,
For whom thy pipe and pæans make such glee?

PIERS.

Certes, sir shepherd, comen he is fro[4] far,
Fro wrath of deepest seas and storm of war,
Safe is he come—O, swell, my pipe, with joy!—
To the old buildings of new-rearèd Troy;[5]
Iö, iö pæan!

Fro sea, fro shore, where he with swink[6] and sweat
Felt foeman's rage and summer's parching heat,

---

[1] Old ed. "fate." (Corrected in Dyce's transcript.)
[2] Might. [3] Must. [4] From.
[5] Troynovant,—London. [6] Hard toil.

Safe is he come, laden with honour's spoil:
O, swell, my pipe, with joy, and break the while;
Iō, iō pæan!

PALINODE.

Thou foolish swain that thus art overjoy'd,
How soon may here thy courage be accoy'd![1]
If he be one come new fro western coast,
Small cause hath he, or thou for him, to boast.

I see no palm, I see no laurel-boughs
Circle his temple or adorn his brows;
I hear no triumphs for this late return,
But many a herdsman more disposed to mourn.

PIERS.

Pale lookest thou, like spite, proud Palinode;
Venture doth loss, and war doth danger bode:
But thou art of those harvesters, I see,
Would at one shock spoil all the filberd-tree;
Iō, iō pæan!

For shame, I say, give virtue honours due!
I'll please the shepherd but by telling true:
Palm mayst thou see and bays about his head,
That all his flock right forwardly hath led;
Iō, iō pæan!

[1] Daunted.

But woe is me lewd[1] lad, fame's full of lies,
Envy doth aye true honour's deeds despise;
Yet chivalry will mount with glorious wings,
Spite all, and nestle near the seat of kings;
Iö, iö pæan!

Base thrall is he that is foul slander's slave:
To pleasen all what wight may him behave?
Yea, Jove's great son, though he were now alive,
Mought find no way thilk labour to achive;
Iö, iö pæan!

PALINODE.

Well plead'st thou, gentle lad, for this great peer:
Then tell me, sith but thou and I am here,
Did not thilk[2] bag-pipe, man, which thou dost blow,
A Farewell[3] on our soldiers erst bestow?

How is't, then, thilk[4] great shepherd of the field,
To whom our swains sike humble 'beisance yield,
And thou these lauds and labours seriously,
Was in that work not mention'd specially?

PIERS.

Hark, Palinode, me dare not speak too loud;
Hence was he raught,[5] wrapt in a fiery cloud,

---

[1] Rude. [2] Old ed. "thick."
[3] Peele's *Farewell . . . to the famous and fortunate Generals*, &c., 1589.
[4] Old ed. "thicke."
[5] Snatched away.

With Mars his viceroy[1] and a golden drake,[2]
So that of him me durst no notice take;
Iö, iö pæan!

But now return'd, to royalize his fame,
Whose mighty thoughts at honour's trophies aim,
Lest worthily I moughten witned[3] be,
I welcome him with shepherd's country glee;
Iö, iö pæan!

And of his dread adventures here sing I,
Equivalent with the Punic chivalry,
That brake his lance with terror and renown
Against the gates of slaughter'd Remus' town;
Iö, iö pæan!

And was the first of many thousands more
That at Penichia[4] waded to the shore:
There couth he lead his landed flock so far,
Till 'a was left of men approved in war;
Iö, iö pæan!

O honour's fire, that not the brackish sea
Mought quench, nor foeman's fearful 'larums lay!
So high those golden flakes done mount and climb
That they exceed the reach of shepherd's rhyme;
Iö, iö pæan!

---

[1] "Mars his viceroy"—Sir John Norris.
[2] Dragon (Sir Francis Drake).
[3] Blamed.
[4] See Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations*, ii. pt. ii. p. 144.

PALINODE.

What boot thy welcomes, foolish-hardy swain?
Louder pipes than thine are going on this plain;
Fair Eliza's lasses and her great grooms
Receive this shepherd with unfeign'd welcomes.

Honour is in him that doth it bestow;
Thy reed is rough, thy seat is all too low,
To writen sike praise: hadst thou blithe Homer's quill,
Thou moughtst have matter equal with thy skill.

PIERS.

Twit me with boldness, Palin, as thou wilt,
My good mind be my glory and my guilt;
Be my praise less or mickle, all is one,
His high deserts deserven to be known;
Iö, iö pæan!

So cease, my pipe, the worthies[1] to record
Of thilk great shepherd, of thilk fair young lord;
Leave him with luck to those well-tunèd lays
That better ken to sound sike shepherd's praise;
Iö, iö pæan!

Now time is near to pen our sheep in fold,
And evening air is rheumatic and cold.
For my late songs plead thou, my pure good-will!
Though new-come once, brave earl, yet welcome still!
Iö, iö pæan!

[1] Worthy acts.

POLYHYMNIA.

Polyhymnia Describing, The honourable Triumph at Tylt, before her Maiestie, on the 17. of Nouember last past, being the first day of the three and thirtith yeare of her Highnesse raigne. With Sir Henrie Lea, his resignation of honour at Tylt, to her Maiestie, and receiued by the right honorable, the Earle of Cumberland. Printed at London, by Richard Ihones 1590. 4to.

On the back of the title is :

"*Polyhimnia. Entituled, with all dutie to the Right Honourable, Lord Compton of Compton. By George Peele, Maister of Artes in Oxforde.*"

There is a copy of *Polyhymnia* among the books that William Drummond bequeathed to Edinburgh University Library. Another copy is in the Duke of Devonshire's library. Bliss lent Dyce "a MS. copy which was discovered in an old family mansion in Oxfordshire, and which, like other old transcripts of our early poetry, has several variations from the printed copy."

The following extract from Segar's *Honor, Military and Ciuill*, 1602, being the whole 54th Chapter of the 3d Book, entitled "*The originall occasions of the yeerely Triumphs in England*," is given in Nichols' *Progresses of Q. Elizabeth*, vol. iii., and by Dyce :—

"Here will we remember also (and I hope without enuie so may) that these annuall exercises in armes, solemnized the 17. day of Nouember, were first begun and occasioned by the right vertuous and honourable Sir Henry Lea, Master of her highnesse Armorie, and now deseruingly Knight of the Most Noble Order, who, of his great zeale and earnest desire to eternize the glory of her maiesties court, in the beginning of her happy reigne, voluntarily vowed (vnlesse infirmity, age, or other accident did impeach him), during his life, to present himselfe at the tilt armed, the day [the anniversary of Elizabeth's succession] aforesayd yeerely, there to performe, in honor of her sacred maiestie, the promise be formerly made. Whereupon the lords and gentlemen of the sayd

court, incited by so worthy an example, determined to continue that custome, and, not vnlike to the antient Knighthood della Banda in Spaine, haue euer since yerely assembled in armes accordingly: though true it is, that the author of that custome (being now by age ouertaken) in the 33. yeere of her maiesties reigne resigned and recommended that office vnto the right noble George Earle of Cumberland. The ceremonies of which assignation were publiquely performed in presence of her maiestie, her ladies and nobilitie, also an infinite number of people beholding the same, as followeth.

"On the 17. day of Nouember, anno 1590, this honourable gentleman, together with the Earle of Cumberland, hauing first performed their seruice in armes, presented themselues vnto her highnesse, at the foot of the staires vnder her gallery-window in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, where at that time her maiestie did sit, accompanied with the Vicount Turyn Ambassador of France, many ladies, and the chiefest nobilitie.

"Her maiestie, beholding these armed knights comming toward her, did suddenly heare a musicke so sweete and secret, as euery one thereat greatly marueiled. And hearkening to that excellent melodie, the earth, as it were, opening, there appeared a Pauilion, made of white taffata, containing eight score elles, being in proportion like vnto the sacred Temple of the Virgins Vestall. This Temple seemed to consist upon pillars of pourferry, arched like vnto a church: within it were many lampes burning; also on the one side there stood an altar couered with cloth of gold, and thereupon two waxe candles burning in rich candlesticks; upon the altar also were layd certaine princely presents, which after by three virgins were presented vnto her maiestie. Before the doore of this Temple stood a Crowned Pillar, embraced by an Eglantine-tree, whereon there hanged a table; and therein written (with letters of gold) this prayer following:

ELIZAE, &c.

Piæ, potenti, fælicissimæ virgini,
fidei, pacis, nobilitatis vindici,
cui Deus, astra, virtus,
summa deuouerunt
omnia,
Post tot annos, tot triumphos,
animam ad pedes positurus
tuos,
sacra senex
affixit arma.

Vitam quietam, imperium, famam
æternam, æternam
precatur tibi,
sanguine redempturus suo.
Ultra columnas Herculis
columna moueatur tua.
Corona superet coronas omnes,
ut quam cœlum fælicissimo
nascenti coronam dedit,
beatissima moriens reportes cœlo.
Summe, Sancte, Æterne,
audi, exaudi,
Deus.

"The musicke aforesayd was accompanied with these verses, pronounced and sung by M. Hales her maiesties seruant, a gentleman in that arte excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable:

"My golden locks time hath to siluer turned;
(Oh time too swift, and swiftnes neuer ceasing!)
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth hath spurnd,
But spurnd in vaine; youth waineth by encreasing:
Beauty, strength, and youth, flowers fading beene;
Duety, faith, and loue, are rootes and euer greene.

My helmet now shall make an hiue for bees,
And louers songs shall turne to holy psalmes;
A man-at-armes must now sit on his knees,
And feed on prayers, that are old ages almes:
And so [though?] from court to cottage I depart,
My saint is sure of mine vnspotted hart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I'le teach my swaines this carrol for a song,—
Blest be the hearts that thinke my souereigne well,
Curs'd be the soules that thinke to doe her wrong!
Goddesse, vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

"The gifts which the vestall maydens presented unto her maiesty, were these: a vaile of white exceeding rich and curiously wrought; a cloke and safegard set with buttons of gold, and on them were grauen emprezes of excellent deuise; in the loope of euery button was a noblemans badge, fixed to a pillar richly embrodered.

"And here (by way of disgression) let vs remember a speech which this noble gentleman vsed at such time as these buttons were set upon the garment aforesaid: 'I would' (quoth he) 'that all my friends might

haue bene remembred in these buttons, but there is not roome enough to containe them all; and if I haue them not all, then' (said hee) 'those that are left out may take exception.' Whereunto another standing by, answered: 'Sir, let as many be placed as can be, and cause the last button to be made like the caracter of &c.' 'Now, Godamercie, with all my heart' (quoth the Knight), 'for I would not haue giuen the *Cætera* of my friends for a milion of gold.'

"But to returne to the purpose,—these presents and prayer being with great reuerence deliuered into her maiesties owne hands, and he himselfe disarmed, offered vp his armour at the foot of her maiesties Crowned Pillar; and kneeling vpon his knees, presented the Earle of Cumberland, humbly beseeching she would be pleased to accept him for her knight, to continue the yeerely exercises aforesaid. Her majesty gratiously accepting of that offer, this aged knight armed the earle, and mounted him vpon his horse. That being done, he put vpon his owne person a side coat of blacke veluet pointed vnder the arme, and couered his head (in liew of an helmet) with a buttoned cap of the countrey fashion.

"After all these ceremonies, for diuers dayes hee ware vpon his cloake a crowne embrodered, with a certaine motto or deuice, but what his intention therein was, himselfe best knoweth.

"Now to conclude the matter of assignation, you shall vnderstand that this noble gentleman, by her maiesties expresse commandement, is yerely (without respect vnto his age) personally present at these military exercises, there to see, suruey, and as one most carefull and skilfull to direct them; for indeed his vertue and valour in arms is such as deserueth to command. And touching that point I will let you know the opinion of Monsieur de Champany, a gentleman of great experience and notable obseruation, who at his beeing embassadour in England for causes of the Low-Countreys, and writing to his friends there, in one of his intercepted letters, among other occurrents, these words were found: 'I was' (quoth he) 'one day by Sir Christopher Hatton, Captaine of her maiesties guard, inuited to Eltham, an house of the queenes, whereof he was the guardian. At which time I heard and saw three things that in all my trauel of France, Italy, and Spaine, I neuer heard or saw the like. The first was a consort of musicke, so excellent and sweet as cannot be expressed. The second a course at a bucke with the best and most beautifull greyhounds that euer I did behold. And the third a man-of-armes excellently mounted, richly armed, and indeed

the most accomplished cavaliero I had euer seene. This knight was called Sir Henry Lea, who that day (accompanied with other gentlemen of the court) onely to doe me honour, vouchsafed at my returne to Greenwich to breake certaine lances: which action was performed with great dexterity and commendation.'

"Thus much was the substance (and well neere the whole circumstance) of Sir Henry Lea his last taking of armes: wherein he seemed to imitate the auncient Romanes, who hauing serued a conuenient time, and claiming the priuiledges due to old souldiers (whome they called *emeriti*), did come into Campo Martio, euery man leading his owne horse; and there offered his armes vnto Mars in presence of the chiefe magistrates: which ceremony Scipio, Cassius, the Great Pompey, with many other noble captaines, disdained not to doe.

"Summarily, these annuall actions haue bene most nobly perfourmed (according to their times) by one Duke, 19 Earles, 27 Barons, 4 Knights of the Garter, and aboue 150 other Knights and Esquiers."—P. 197.

THE NAMES OF THE LORDS AND GENTLEMEN THAT RAN, AND THE ORDER OF THEIR RUNNING.

THE COUPLES.

I.
Sir Henry Lee and
The Earl of Cumberland.

II.
The Lord Strange and
Master Thomas Gerrard.

III.
The Lord Compton and
Master Henry Nowell.

IV.
The Lord Burke and
Sir Edward Denny.

V.
The Earl of Essex and
Master Fulk Greville.

VI.
Sir Charles Blount [and]
Master Thomas Vavasor.

VII.
Master Robert Carey and
Master William Gresham.

VIII.
Sir William Knowles [and]
Master Anthony Cooke.

IX.
Sir Thomas Knowles [and]
Sir Philip Butler.

X.
Master Robert Knowles [and]
Master Ralph Bowes.

XI.
Master Thomas Sidney [and]
Master Robert Alexander.

XII.
Master John Nedham [and]
Master Richard Acton.

XIII.
Master Charles Davers [and]
Master Everard Digby.

POLYHYMNIA.

WHEREFORE, when thirty-two were come and gone,
Years of her reign, days of her country's peace,
Elizabeth, great empress of the world,
Britannia's Atlas, star of England's globe,
That sways the massy sceptre of her land,
And holds the royal reins of Albion;
Began the gladsome sunny day to shine,
That draws in length date of her golden reign,
And thirty-three she numbereth in her throne,
That long in happiness and peace I pray,
May number many to these thirty-three.
Wherefore it fares as whilom and of yore,
In armour bright and sheen fair England's knights,
In honour of their peerless sovereign,
High mistress of their service, thoughts, and lives,
Make to the tilt amain; and trumpets sound,
And princely coursers neigh and champ the bit:
When all, address'd for deeds of high devoir,
Preace[1] to the sacred presence of their prince

[1] Press.

The First Couple. { SIR HENRY LEE,[1] / THE EARL OF CUMBERLAND.[2]

Mighty in arms, mounted on puissant horse,
Knight of the crown, in rich embroidery,
And costly fair caparison charged with crowns,
O'ershadow'd with a wither'd running vine,
As who would say, "My spring of youth is past,"
In corselet gilt of curious workmanship,
Sir Henry Lee, redoubted man-at-arms,
Leads in the troops: whom worthy Cumberland,
Thrice-noble earl, accoutred as became
So great a warrior and so good a knight,
Encounter'd first, y-clad in coat of steel,
And plumes and pendants all as white as swan,
And spear in rest, right ready to perform
What 'long'd unto the honour of the place.
Together went these champions, horse and man,
Thundering along the tilt; that at the shock
The hollow gyring vault of heaven resounds.
Six courses spent, and spears in shivers split,

---

1 Son of Sir Anthony Lee by Dame Margaret, daughter of Sir Henry Wyatt. He was esteemed "the fairest man-at-arms and most complete courtier of his times," in the words of William Scott, who wrote the inscription for his monument (Nichols' *Prog. of Q. Eliz.*, iii. 44). In 1611, "having served five succeeding princes, and kept himself right and steady in many dangerous shocks, and three utter turns of state, with a body bent to earth and a mind erected to heaven, aged 80, knighted 60 years, he met his long attended end."

2 George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, 1558-1605, a famous naval commander. See an account of him by Prof. Laughton in *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*

The Second Couple. { THE LORD STRANGE,[1] / MASTER THOMAS GERRARD.[2]

The Earl of Derby's valiant son and heir,
Brave Ferdinand Lord Strange, strangely embark'd
Under Jove's kingly bird the golden eagle,
Stanley's old crest and honourable badge,
As veering 'fore the wind in costly ship,
And armour white and watchet buckled fast,
Presents himself; his horses and his men
Suited in satin to their master's colours,
Well near twice-twenty squires that went him by:
And having by his trounchman[3] pardon craved,
Vailing[4] his eagle to his sovereign's eyes,
As who would[5] say, "Stoop, eagle, to this sun,"
Dismounts him from his pageant, and attonce,[6]
Taking his choice of lusty stirring horse
Cover'd with sumptuous rich caparisons,
He mounts him bravely for his friendly foe;
And at the head he aims, and in his aim
Happily thrives, and breaks his azure staves.
Whom gentle Gerrard, all in white and green,
Colours belike best serving his conceit,
Lustily meets, mounted in seat of steel,

[1] Ferdinand Lord Strange, eldest son of Henry Stanley fourth Earl of Derby. Born in 1559, he succeeded as fifth earl in 1593, and died in 1594.

[2] Eldest son of Sir Gilbert Gerard, master of the rolls, was created Baron Gerard of Gerard's Bromley in 1603 and died in 1617.

[3] *Truchman*,—interpreter. [4] Lowering.

[5] "So *Ox. MS.*—Here the old ed. has 'should'; but in three other places of the poem it has 'As who *would* say.'"—*Dyce.*

[6] At once.

With flourishing plume and fair [1] caparison;
And then at every shock the shivers fly,
That recommend their honours to the sky.

The Third Couple. { THE LORD COMPTON,[2] / MASTER HENRY NOWELL.

Next, in the virgin's colours, as before
Ran Cumberland, comes lovely Compton in;
His courser trapp'd in white, and plumes and staves
Of snowy hue, and squires in fair array,
Waiting their lord's good fortune in the field;
His armour glittering like the moon's bright rays,
Or that clear silver path, the milk-white way,
That in Olympus leads to Jove's high court.
Him noble-minded Nowell [3] pricks to meet,
All arm'd in sables, with rich bandalier,[4]
That baldrick-wise he ware, set with fair stones
And pearls of Inde, that like a silver bend
Show'd on his varnish'd corselet black as jet;
And beauteous plumes and bases [5] suitable;
And on his stirrup waits a trusty train
Of servants clad in tawny [6] liveries:

---

[1] "*Ox. MS.* 'rich.'"—*Dyce.*

[2] William, son of Henry first Lord Compton, succeeded to the title in 1589; was created Earl of Northampton in 1618; died in 1630.

[3] "*Ox. MS.*:

'Him noble-minded Nowell pricks to meet,
Brave Nowell fam'd for courtship and for arms,
All in black armour, with rich bandalier.'"—*Dyce.*

[4] A leathern belt worn over the left shoulder.

[5] An embroidered skirt worn by knights on horseback.

[6] So old ed.—Dyce (silently) "purple."

And to't they go, this lord and lusty knight,
To do their royal mistress honour's right.

The Fourth Couple. { THE LORD BURKE,[1] / SIR EDWARD DENNY.[2]

When, mounted on his fierce and foaming steed,
In riches and in colours like his peers,
With ivory plumes, in silver-shining arms,
His men in crimson dight and staves in red,
Comes in Lord Burke, a fair young Ireland lord,
Bent chiefly to the[3] exercise of arms:
And bounding[4] in his princely mistress' eye,
Chargeth his staff, when trumpet calls away,
At noble Denny's head, brave man-at-arms,
That furiously, with flaming sword in hand,
(As if the God of War had sent him down,
Or, if you will, to show his burning zeal
And forwardness in service of her person,[5]
To whom those martial deeds were consecrate,)
Speeds to the tilt amain, rich as the rest;
Himself, his horse, his pages, all in green,
Green velvet, fairly garnish'd horse and man.

---

[1] Probably Thomas, sixth Lord Burgh, who died in 1594.

[2] Grandson of Sir Anthony Denny, Henry VIII.'s favourite. He became Earl of Norwich in 1626.

[3] "*Ox. MS.* 'to the princely.'"—*Dyce.*

[4] "*Ox. MS.*:

'And bounding in his royal mistress' eye,
(Askances thus, I come to honour thee,)
Chargeth,' &c."—*Dyce.*

[5] "*her person*] *Ox. MS.* 'the day,' omitting the next line."—*Dyce.*

The Fifth Couple. { THE EARL OF ESSEX, MASTER FULK GREVILLE.

Then proudly shocks amid the martial throng
Of lusty lanciers, all in sable sad,
Drawn on with coal-black steeds of dusky hue,
In stately chariot full of deep device,
Where gloomy Time sat whipping on the team,
Just back to back with this great champion,—
Young Essex, that thrice-honourable earl;
Y-clad in mighty arms of mourner's dye,[1]
And plume as black as is the raven's wing,
That from his armour borrow'd such a light
As boughs of yew receive from shady stream:
His staves were such, or of such hue at least,
As are those banner-staves that mourners bear;
And all his company in funeral black;[2]
As if he mourn'd to think of him he miss'd,
Sweet Sidney, fairest shepherd of our green,
Well-letter'd warrior, whose successor he
In love and arms had ever vow'd to be:
In love and arms, O, may he so succeed
As his deserts, as his desires would speed!
With this great lord must gallant Greville run,
Fair man-at-arms, the Muses' favourer,[3]
Lover of learning and of chivalry,
Sage in his saws, sound judge of poesy;

[1] "So *Ox. MS.*—Old ed. 'hue' (which occurs a little before and a little after this line)."—*Dyce.*

[2] "*funeral black*] *Ox. MS.* 'black beheest' (*i.e.*, I suppose, 'black behears'd')."—*Dyce.*

[3] So old ed.—Dyce (silently) "favourite."

That lightly mounted makes to him amain,
In armour gilt and bases full of cost.
Together go these friends as enemies;
As when a lion in a thicket pent,
Spying the boar all bent to combat him,
Makes through the shrubs and thunders as he goes.

The Sixth Couple. { SIR CHARLES BLOUNT,[1] / MASTER THOMAS VAVASOR.[2]

And then, as blithe as bird of morning's light,
Inflamed with honour, glistering as the sun
What time he mounts the sweating lion's back,
Beset with glorious sun-shine of his train,
Bearing the sun upon his armèd breast,
That like a precious shining carbuncle,
Or Phœbus' eye, in heaven itself reflects,—
Comes Sir Charles Blount, in or and azure dight;
Rich in his colours, richer in his thoughts,
Rich in his fortune, honour, arms, and art.
And him the valiant Vavasor assails,
On fierce and ready horse, with spear in rest,
In orange-tawny, bright and beautiful,
Himself, his men, and all: and on they speed,
And haste they make to meet, and meet they do,
And do the thing for which they meet in haste;
Each in his armour amiable to see,
That in their looks bear love and chivalry.

[1] Born 1563, died 1606; eighth Lord Mountjoy 1594; created Earl of Devonshire (for his services in Ireland) in 1604. He married (?) Lady Penelope Rich.

[2] Created a baronet in 1628. The baronetcy is still extant.

The Seventh Couple. { MASTER ROBERT CAREY,[1] / MASTER WILLIAM GRESHAM.[2]

By this the trump call'd Carey to the tilt,
Fair bird, fair cygnet of our silver swan;
When, like a lord in pomp and princely show
And like a champion fitted for the war,
And not unlike the son of such a sire,
Under a plume of murrey and of white,
That like a palm-tree beautifully spread,
On mighty horse of Naples[3] mounted fair,
And horse at hand and men and pages pight,[4]
All with a Burning Heart greets he her grace,
Whose gracious countenance he his heaven esteems,
And to her sacred person it presents,[5]
As who would say, "My heart and life[6] is hers,
To whom my loyalty this heart prefers."
And at the summons out his foeman flies,
Gresham, the heir of golden Gresham's[7] land,
That beautified New Troy with Royal Change,

---

[1] Seventh and youngest son of Henry Carey, first Lord Hunsdon. It was he who hurried north with such unseemly haste to convey the news of Elizabeth's death to James. He was created Earl of Monmouth by Charles I., and died in 1639.

[2] Cousin of Sir Thomas Gresham.

[3] "Next to the English horse," says Gervase Markham in *The English Horseman*, 1617, "I place the courser of Naples, which is a horse of a strong and comely fashion, of great goodness, loving disposition, and an infinite courageousness."

[4] Placed, fixed.

[5] "*Ox. MS.*:

'And to her majesty the same presents.'"—*Dyce.*

[6] "*heart and life*] *Ox. MS.* 'life and all.'"—*Dyce.*

[7] Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange.

Badge of his honour and magnificence:
Silver and sable, such his colours were,
And ready was his horse, and readier he,
To bound, and well behave him in her eye,
Upon whose looks his life and honour stood.
Then horse and man conspired to meet amain;
Along the tilt Carey and Gresham go,[1]
Swift as the swallow, or that Greekish nymph[2]
That seem'd to overfly the ears[3] of corn:
And break they do, they miss not, as I ween,
And all was done in honour of their queen.

The Eighth Couple. { Sir William Knowles,
Master Anthony Cooke.

Then, like the three Horatii in the field,
Betwixt the Roman and the Alban camp,
That triumph'd in the royal right of Rome,
Or old Duke Aymon's glory,[4] Dordogne's pride,
Came in the noble English Nestor's[5] sons,
Brave Knowles his offspring, hardy champions;
Each in his plumes, his colours, and device,
Expressing warrior's wit and courtier's grace.

[1] "*Ox. MS.* 'glide.'"—*Dyce.*

[2] This must be a mistake. Peele must certainly allude to the Volscian Camilla (see *Æneid*, book vii.).

[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "eyles."

[4] The romance of *The Four Sons of Aymon* (from the French *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*) was published by Caxton about 1489. Another edition (of which no copy is extant) was issued by Wynkyn de Worde in 1504; and a third by R. Copland in 1554.

[5] Sir Francis Knollys, appointed in 1569 to the custody of Mary Queen of Scots; was treasurer of the Queen's Household.—Sir William Knollys, created Baron Knollys in 1603 and Earl of Banbury in 1626, died (aged 88) in 1632.

Against Sir William ran a lusty [1] knight;
Fine in device he was and full of wit,
Famous beyond the chalky British cliffs,
And loved and honour'd in his country's bounds,
Anthony Cooke,[2] a man of noble name,
For arms and courtship equal to the best:
Valour and Virtue sat upon his helm,
Whom Love and lowering Fortune led along,
And Life and Death he portray'd in his show;
A liberal Hand, badge of nobility,
A Heart that in his mistress' honour vows
To task his hand in witness [3] of his heart,
Till age shake off war's rough [4] habiliments.
Then with such cunning can they couch their staves,
That worthily each knight himself behaves.

The Ninth Couple. { Sir Thomas Knowles,[5] / Sir Philip Butler.

The youngest brother, Mars his sworn man,
That wan his knightly spurs in Belgia,
And follow'd dub of drum in fortune's grace,
Well horsed and arm'd, Sir Philip Butler greets;
The noble Essex friend and follower,
In mourning sable dight by sympathy,

---

[1] "*Ox. MS.* 'gentle.'"—*Dyce.*

[2] Afterwards Sir Anthony Cooke. He was grandson of the Sir Anthony Cooke who had been tutor to Edward VI.

[3] "*Ox. MS.* 'trial.'"—*Dyce.*

[4] "So *Ox. MS.*—Old ed. 'rough wars.'"

[5] Fifth and youngest son of Sir Francis Knollys; a well-known commander in the Low Countries.—The Robert Knowles, mentioned on the next page, was the third son of Sir Francis.

A gentle knight; and meekly [1] at the tilt
He stands, as one that had no heart to hurt
His friendly foe: but at the trumpets sound
He flies along; and bravely at the face
His force he bends: the rival of his fame
Spurs on his steed, nor shuns the shock for fear:
And so they meet; the armour bears the scar
Of this encounter and delightful war.

The Tenth Couple. { MASTER ROBERT KNOWLES,
MASTER RALPH BOWES.[2]

The last, not least, of these brave bretheren,[3]
Laden with honour and with golden boughs,[4]
Entering the lists, like Titan arm'd with fire
When in the queachy [5] plot Python he slew,
Bowes takes to task with strong and mighty arm,[6]
Right richly mounted: horse and man it seem'd
Were well agreed to serve as roughly there
As in the enemy's reach for life they would;[7]
And, when they ran, methought a tempest rose,
That in the storm the clattering armours sound,
As horse and man had both been borne to ground.

The Eleventh Couple. { MASTER THOMAS SIDNEY,
MASTER ROBERT ALEXANDER.

Thus long hath dainty Sidney sit and seen

---

[1] "*Ox. MS.* 'A knight well-thew'd; and mildly.'"—*Dyce.*
[2] Son of Robert Bowes, English ambassador in Scotland.
[3] So old ed.,—to show that the word is to be pronounced as a trisyllable.
[4] "*Ox. MS.* 'leaves.'"—*Dyce.*
[5] See note 4, vol. i. p. 142.
[6] "*Ox. MS.* 'stout and sturdy lance.'"—*Dyce.*
[7] "*Ox. MS.* 'and fame.'"—*Dyce.*

Honour and Fortune hover in the air,
That from the glorious beams of England's eye
Came streaming; Sidney, at which name I sigh,
Because I lack the Sidney that I loved,[1]
And yet I love the Sidneys that survive.
  Thus long, I say, sat Sidney and beheld
The shivers fly of many a shaken spear;
When, mounted on a courser trapp'd in white,
And throughly well-appointed he and his,
Pure sparks of virtue kindling honour's fire,
He thought he might, and, for he might, he would
Reach at this glory,—fair befall him still!—
And to the tilt, impatient of delay,
He comes, encounter'd with a threatening point
That Alexander menaced to him fast,
A valorous and a lusty gentleman,
Well-fitted with his armour and his steed;
And him young Sidney sits, and had he charged
The Macedonian Alexander's staff,
He had been answer'd by that valiant youth:[2]
So well behaved himself this fair young knight,
As Paris had to great Achilles' lance
Applied his tender fingers and his force.

The Twelfth Couple. { MASTER [JOHN] NEDHAM,
MASTER RICHARD ACTON.

The next came Nedham in on lusty horse,
That, angry with delay, at trumpet's sound

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[1] "So *Ox. MS.*—Old ed. 'loue.'"—*Dyce.*
[2] "*Ox. MS.* 'this lovely boy.'"—*Dyce.*

Would snort, and stamp, and stand upon no ground,
Unwilling of his master's tarriance:
Yet tarry must his master, and with him
His prancing steed; till trumpets sounding shrill
Made Acton spur apace, that, with applause
Of all beholders, hied him lustily,
As who would say, "Now go I to the goal:"
And then they ride, and run, and take their chance,
As death were fix'd at point of either's lance.

The Thirteenth Couple. { MASTER CHARLES DAVERS,[1] / MASTER EVERARD DIGBY.[2]

Now drew this martial exercise to end;
And Davers here and Digby were the last
Of six-and-twenty gallant gentlemen,
Of noble birth and princely resolution,
That ran in compliment, as you have heard,
In honour of their mistress' holiday;
A gracious sport, fitting that golden time,
The day, the birth-day of our happiness,
The blooming time, the spring of England's peace.
Peace, then, my Muse; yet, ere thou peace, report,
Say how thou saw'st these actors play their parts,
Both mounted bravely, bravely minded both,
Second to few or none for their success;
Their high devoir, their deeds do say no less.

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[1] Sir Charles Danvers, executed as one of Essex's fellow-conspirators in 1601. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

[2] One of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators. He was executed in 1605. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

And now had England's queen, fair England's life,[1]
Beheld her lords, and lovely lordly knights,
Do honour's service to their sovereign:
And heaven by this distill'd down tears of joy,
In memory and honour of this day.

SIR HENRY LEE *resigns his place of honour at tilt to the* EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

And now, as first by him intended was,
In sight of prince, and peers, and people round,
Old Henry Lee, Knight of the Crown, dismounts;[2]
And in a fair pavilion hard at hand,
Where holy lights burn'd on the hallow'd shrine
To Virtue or to Vesta consecrate,
Having unarm'd his body, head and all,
To his great mistress his petition makes;
That, in regard and favour of his age,
It would so please her princely majesty[3]
To suffer him give up his staff and arms,
And honourable place wherein he served,
To that thrice-valiant earl whose honour's pledge
His life should be. With that he singled forth
The flower of English knights, the valiant Earl
Of Cumberland; and him, before them all,
He humbly prays her highness to accept,
And him install in place of those designs;

[1] "*Ox. MS.* 'eye.'"—*Dyce.*
[2] "*Ox. MS.* 'alights.'"—*Dyce.*
[3] "*Ox. MS.* 'royal exellence.'"—*Dyce.*

And to him gives his armour and his lance,
Protesting to her princely majesty,
In sight of heaven and all her lovely [1] lords,
He would betake him to his orisons,
And spend the remnant of his waning age,
Unfit for wars and martial exploits,
In prayers for her endless happiness.
Whereat she smiles, and sighs, and seem'd to say,
"Good woodman, though thy green be turn'd to grey,
Thy age past April's prime [2] and pleasant May,
Have thy request; we take him at thy praise:
May he succeed the honour of thy days!"
"Amen," said all, and hope they do no less;
No less his virtue and nobility,
His skill in arms and practice [3] promiseth.
And many champions such [4] may England live to have,
And days and years as many such [5] as she in heart can crave!

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[1] "So *Ox. MS.*—Old ed. 'princely.'"—*Dyce.*
[2] "*Ox. MS.* 'spring.'"—*Dyce.*
[3] "*Ox. MS.* 'honour.'"—*Dyce.*
[4] "*Ox. MS.* 'moe.'"—*Dyce.*
[5] "*Ox. MS.* 'moe.'"—*Dyce.*

A SONNET.[1]

His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—
"Bless'd be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong!"
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

[1] This "sonnet" is set to music in the first book of John Dowland's *Songs and Airs*, 1597.—It has been erroneously attributed to the Earl of Essex.

SPEECHES

TO

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THEOBALD'S.

Speeches to Queen Elizabeth at Theobalds.

The *Hermit's Speech* was first printed by J. P. Collier, from a MS. in his possession, in *The History of English Dramatic Poetry*, 1833, with the following prefatory remarks: "In 1591 Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to Lord Burghley, at Theobalds, where, it seems, she was received with much solemnity, although the Lord Treasurer did not himself make his appearance to welcome her. In March, 1587, he had lost his mother at a very advanced age, and in April, 1589, his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, died: in the interval, also, his daughter, Lady Oxford, had expired, so that in 1591, depressed by these misfortunes, he had resolved to retire from public life, and the visit of the Queen was, perhaps, intended to revive his spirits, and to recall him to her active service. Mr. Nichols, in his *Progresses*, under this date, relates all that was known upon this point, and without being able to explain it, inserts from Strype a sort of mock writ or summons, directed to Sir Christopher Hatton, the object of which was, by a little official playfulness, to withdraw Lord Burghley from his seclusion: in that document he is spoken of as a Hermit; and it seems clear, that since the death of his wife, two years and some months anterior, he had quitted his noble mansion in disgust, and, making only occasional visits to court, had resided in some obscure cottage in the neighbourhood of Theobalds. A MS. poem, in blank verse, has fallen into my hands, which serves to explain the whole proceeding: it is a speech supposed to be delivered by a Hermit to the Queen, on her first arrival at Theobalds, the purpose of which was to excuse the absence of Lord Burghley, by stating that he had taken up his abode in the cell belonging to the Hermit, in consequence of his grief, and had enjoined the Hermit to do the honours of the house in his stead. Robert Cecil, knighted just afterwards, was the person who pronounced the speech, and he referred to it when the Queen again came to Theobalds in 1594. It was written by a poet no less distinguished than George Peele, who was employed by Lord Burghley's son to aid the scheme; for the mock writ, before mentioned, which puzzled Strype, and, as he says, defied commentary, is besought by the individual in the disguise of a Hermit. The whole piece is in the poet's handwriting, and his initials, G. P., are subscribed at the end."—Vol. i. pp. 283-4.

The MS. of the second and third speeches came into Collier's hands at a later date. Collier lent it to Dyce, who printed it in his edition of Peele.

SPEECHES

TO

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THEOBALD'S.

I.

THE HERMIT'S SPEECH.

My sovereign lady, and most gracious queen,
Be not displeased that one so meanly clad
Presumes to stand thus boldly in the way
That leads into this house accounted yours;
But, mild and full of pity as you are,
Hear and respect my lamentable tale.
I am a hermit that this ten years' space
Have led a solitary and retirèd life,
Here in my cell, not past a furlong hence.
Till by my founder, he that built this house,
Forgetful of his writing and his word,
Full sore against my will I was removed;
For he, o'ertaken with excessive grief,
Betook him to my silly hermitage,
And there hath lived two years and some few months,

By reason of these most bitter accidents;
As, first of all, his agèd mother's death,
Who lived a fifth and saw her four descents
Of those that lineally have sprung from her;
His daughter's death, a countess of this land,
Lost in the prime and morning of her youth;
And, last of all, his dear and loving wife.
These brought him to this solitary abode,
Where now he keeps,[1] and hath enjoinèd me
To govern this his house and family,
A place unfit for one of my profession;
And therefore have I oft desired with tears,
That I might be restorèd to my cell,
Because I vow'd a life contemplative;
But all in vain; for, though to serve your majesty,
He often quits the place and comes to court,
Yet thither he repairs, and there will live.
Which I perceiving, sought by holy prayers
To change his mind and ease my troubled cares;
Then, having many days with sacred rites
Prepared myself to entertain good thoughts,
I went up to the lantern of this hall,
The better to behold God's works above;
And suddenly, when my devotion gan
To pierce the heavens, there[2] did appear to me
A lady clad in white, who closed my eyes,
And, casting me into a slumbering trance,
"I am," said she, "that holy prophetess

[1] Resides. [2] MS. "that."

Who sung the birth of Christ ere he appear'd;
Sibylla is my name; and I have heard
The moan thou mak'st for thy unquiet life:
Take thou this table,[1] note the verses well;
Every first golden letter of these lines
Being put together signify her name
That can and will relieve thy misery;
And therefore presently go search her out,
A princely paragon, a maiden queen,
For such a one there is and only one:"
And therewithal she vanish'd was again.
After this vision, coming down from thence,
The bruit was that your majesty would come;
But yet my founder kept his hermitage,
And gave me warrant to provide for all,
A task unfitting one so base as I,
Whom neither sons nor servants would obey;
The younger like to scorn my poor advice,
Because that he hereafter in this place
Was to become the guardian of this house,
And so the same to settle in his blood
By that young babe, whom I have heard of late
By your appointment bears my founder's name;
Therefore I wish, for my good founder's sake,
That he may live, with this his first-born son,
Long time to serve your sacred majesty,
As his grandfather faithfully hath done.
Now, since you know my most distressèd plight,

[1] Table-book, note-book.

My guardian's carelessness which came by care,
I humbly crave these verses may be read,
Whose capital letters make ELIZABETH,
By you, my noble Lord High Admiral;
The rather for [that] this great prophetess
Seem'd unto me as if she had foretold
Your famous victory o'er that Spanish navy
Which by themselves was term'd Invincible.
Seeing in these lines your princely name is writ
The miracle of time and nature's glory,
And you are she of whom Sibylla spake,
Vouchsafe to pity this your beadman's plaint,
And call my founder home unto his house,
That he may entertain your majesty,
And see these walks, wherein he little joys,
Delightful for your highness and your train;
Wherein likewise his two sons that be present
Will be both dutiful and diligent,
And this young Lady Vere, that's held so dear
Of my best founder, her good grandfather.
And lastly for myself, most gracious queen,
May it please you to restore me to my cell,
And, at your highness' absolute command,
My Lord High Chancellor may award a writ
For peaceable possession of the same;
And that [your] majesty's Lord Chamberlain
May from your highness have the like command
To cause my founder, now the guardian
Of this [fair] house, increased for your delight,
To take the charge thereof this present night:

Which being done, I'll to my hermitage,
And for your highness pray continually,
That God may pour upon you all his blessings,
And that the hour-glass of your happy reign
May run at full and never be at wane.
Thus having naught of value or of worth
Fit to present to such a peerless queen,
I offer to your highness, here, this bell,
A bell which hermits call Saint Anthony,
Given me by my noble lord and founder;
And I'll betake me to this brazen bell,
Which better me beseems ten thousand fold
Than any one of silver or of gold.

Finis. G. P.

II.

THE GARDENER'S SPEECH.

Most fortunate and fair queen, on whose heart Wisdom hath laid her crown, and in whose hands Justice hath left her balance, vouchsafe to hear a country controversy, for that there is as great equity in defending of poor men's onions as of rich men's lands.

At Pymms,[1] some four miles hence, the youngest son of this honourable old man (whom God bless with as many years and virtues as there be of him conceived

[1] "Qy. 'Mimms'?"—*Dyce.*

hopes [and] wishes!) devised a plot for a garden, as methought, and in a place unfit for pleasure, being overgrown with thistles and turned up with moles, and besides so far from the house that, in my country capacity, a pound had been meeter than a paradise. What his meaning was I durst not inquire, for *sunt animis celestibus iræ;* but what my labours were I dare boast of. 16

The moles destroyed and the plot levelled, I cast it into four quarters. In the first I framed a maze, not of hyssop and thyme, but that which maketh time itself wither with wondering; all the Virtues, all the Graces, all the Muses winding and wreathing about your majesty, each contending to be chief, all contented to be cherished: all this not of potherbs, but flowers, and of flowers fairest and sweetest; for in so heavenly a maze, which astonished all earthly thought's promise, the Virtues were done in roses, flowers fit for the twelve Virtues, who have in themselves, as we gardeners have observed, above an hundred; the Grace[s] of pansies partly-coloured,[1] but in one stalk, never asunder, yet diversely beautified; the Muses of nine several flowers, being of sundry natures, yet all sweet, all sovereign. 31

These mingled in a maze, and brought into such shapes as poets and painters use to shadow, made mine eyes dazzle with the shadow, and all my thoughts amazed to behold the bodies. Then was I commanded to place

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[1] "*i.e.* parti-coloured: 'there budded out the checkerd paunsie or *partly-coloured* harts-ease'—Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, Sig. B. ed. 1620."—*Dyce.*

an arbour all of eglantine, in which my master's conceit outstripped my cunning: "Eglantine," quoth he, "I most honour, and it hath been told me that the deeper it is rooted in the ground, the sweeter it smelleth in the flower, making it ever so green that the sun of Spain at the hottest cannot parch it." 41

As he was telling me more, I, intending[1] my work more than his words, set my spade with all force into the earth, and, at the first, hit upon the box. This rat-catcher (as children do when any thing is found) cried, "Half!" which I denying, [he] claimed all, because he killed the moles, and if the moles had not been destroyed, there had been no garden; if no garden, no digging; if no digging, no box found. At length this box bred boxes betwixt us; till weary of those black and blue judges, we determined to appeal to your majesty, into whose hands we both commit the box and the cause, [I] hoping that this weaselmonger, who is no better than a cat in a house or a ferret in a cony-gat,[2] shall not dissuade your majesty from a gardener whose art is to make walks pleasant for princes, to set flowers, cast knots, graft trees, to do all things that may bring pleasure and profit; and so to give him one gird for all, as much odds as there is between a woodcleaver and a carpenter, so great difference in this matter is between the mole-catcher and the gardener. 16

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[1] Attending to.

[2] Rabbit-burrow.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE BOX.

I was a giant's daughter of this isle,
  Turn'd to a mole by the Queen of Corn:
My jewel I did bury by a wile,
  Again never from the earth to be torn,
Till a virgin had reigned thirty-three years,
Which shall be but the fourth part of her years.

III.

THE MOLECATCHER'S SPEECH.

Good lady, and the best that ever I saw, or any shall, give me leave to tell a plain tale, in which there is no device, but desert enough. I went to seek you at Greenwich; and there it was told me that the queen was gone from the court: I wondered that the body should start from the shadow. Next was I pointed to Hackney; there they said the court was gone into the country: I had thought to have made hue and cry, thinking that he that stole fire from heaven had stolen our heaven from earth. At the last I met with a post who told me you were at Theobald's: I was glad, for that next your majesty I honour the owner of that house, wishing that his virtues may double his years and yours treble. 14

I cannot discourse of knots and mazes: sure I am

that the ground was so knotty that the gardener was amazed to see it; and as easy had it been, if I had not been, to make a shaft of a cammock[1] as a garden of that croft. I came not to claim any right for myself, but to give you yours; for that, had the bickering been between us, there should have needed no other justice of peace than this,[2] to have made him a mittimus to the first gardener that ever was, Adam. 23

I went to lawyers to ask counsel, who made law like a plaice, a black side and a white; "for," said one, "it belongeth to the lord of the soil, by the custom of the manor." "Nay," said the other, "it is treasure trove." "What's that?" quoth I. "Marry, all money or jewels hidden in the earth are the queen's." *Noli me tangere:* I let go my hold, and desire your majesty that you will hold yours. 31

Now, for that this gardener twitteth me with my vocation, I could prove it a mystery not mechanical, and tell the tale of the giant's daughter which was turned to a mole because she would eat fairer bread than is made of wheat, wear finer cloth than is made of wool, drink neater wine than is made of grapes; why she was blind, and yet light of hearing; and how good clerks told me that moles in fields were like ill subjects in commonwealths, which are always turning up the place in which they are bred. But I will not trouble your

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[1] "A crooked tree; also a crooked beam, or knee of timber, used in ship-building, &c."—*Nares.*

[2] "His molespade." *Marginal note in MS.*

majesty, but every day pray on my knees that all those that be heavers at your state may come to a mole's blessing,—a knock on the pate and a swing on a tree. Now, madam, for this gardener, command him to end his garden, and, till his melancholy be past, let him walk in the alleys, and pick up worms like a lapwing. 47

THE HONOUR OF THE GARTER.

The Honovr of the Garter. Displaied in a Poeme gratulatorie: Entitled to the worthie and renowned Earle of Northumberland, Created Knight of that Order, and installd at Windsore. Anno Regni Elizabethæ. 35. *Die Junii.* 26. *By George Peele, Maister of Artes in Oxenforde. At London, Printed by the Widdowe Charlewood, for John Busbie, and are to be sold at the West doore of Paules.* 4to. [1593.]

On the back of the title are the arms of Elizabeth with the motto "*Semper eadem*," and under them these verses:

> "*Gallia victa dedit flores, invicta Leones*
> *Anglia; ius belli in flore, leon suum:*
> *O sic O semper ferat Elizabetha triumphos*[,]
> *Inclyta Gallorum flore*[.] *leone suo.*"

It appears from "A Book of Payments" (1592–4) preserved at Alnwick Castle that Peele received three pounds from the Earl of Northumberland for this gratulatory poem. Under date 23rd June 1593 is the entry, "delivered Mr. Warnour at my Lord's appointment to give to one Geo. Peele, a poett, as my Lord's liberality, £3." (Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep., vi. Rep., p. 227.)

AD MÆCENATEM PROLOGUS.

PLAIN is my coat, and humble is my gait:
Thrice-noble earl, behold with gentle eyes
My wit's poor worth, even for your nobléss,
Renowmèd lord, Northumberland's fair flower,
The Muses' love, patron, and favourite,
That artisans and scholars dost embrace,
And clothest Mathesis in rich ornaments;
That admirable mathematic skill,
Familiar with the stars and zodiac,
To whom the heaven lies open as her book;
By whose directions undeceivable,
Leaving our schoolmen's vulgar trodden paths,
And following the ancient reverend steps
Of Trismegistus and Pythagoras,
Through uncouth[1] ways and unaccessible,
Dost pass into the spacious pleasant fields
Of divine science and philosophy;
From whence beholding the deformities
Of common errors, and world's vanity,
Dost here enjoy that sacred sweet content

[1] Unfrequented.

That baser souls, not knowing, not affect:
And so by Fate's and Fortune's good aspect
Raised, in thy height, and these unhappy times,
Disfurnish'd wholly of heroical spirits
That learning should with glorious hands uphold,
(For who should learning underbear but he
That knows thereof the precious worthiness,
And sees true science from base vanity?)
Hast in regard the true philosophy
That in pure wisdom seats her happiness.
And you the Muses, and the Graces three,
You I invoke from heaven and Helicon,
For other patrons have poor poets none,
But Muses and the Graces, to implore.
Augustus long ago hath left the world,
And liberal Sidney, famous for the love
He bare to learning and to chivalry,
And virtuous Walsingham are fled to heaven.
Why thither speed not Hobbin and his feres,[1]
Great Hobbinol,[2] on whom our shepherds gaze,
And Harington,[3] well-letter'd and discreet,
That hath so purely naturalizèd
Strange words, and made them all free denizens?

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[1] Companions.

[2] "Old ed. '*Hobbinall.*'—*Hobbinol*, as most readers are aware, was the poetic name of Gabriel Harvey, and *Colin Clout* that of Spenser: but that Spenser is meant here I have no doubt: in *England's Helicon*, 1600, is a poem attributed to *Spenser* called *Hobbinol's Dittie in praise of Eliza, Queene of the Shepheards.*"—*Dyce.*

[3] Sir John Harington's *Orlando Furioso* was published in 1591.

Why thither speeds not Rosamond's trumpeter,[1]
Sweet as the nightingale? Why go'st not thou,
That richly cloth'st conceit with well-made words,
Campion,[2] accompanied with our English Fraunce,[3]
A peerless sweet translator of our time?
Why follow not a thousand that I know,
Fellows to these, Apollo's favourites,
And leave behind our ordinary grooms,
With trivial humours to pastíme the world,
That favours Pan and Phœbus both alike?
Why thither post not all good wits from hence,
To Chaucer, Gower, and to the fairest Phaer
That ever ventured on great Virgil's works?[4]
To Watson, worthy many epitaphs
For his sweet poesy, for Amyntas' tears[5]
And joys so well set down? And after thee

---

[1] Samuel Daniel, whose *Complaint of Rosamond* was first published in the 1592 edition of Delia.

[2] At this early date none of Dr. Thomas Campion's charming lyrics had been published; but they had been circulated in manuscript. There are some of them in *Harl. MS.* 6910, which was written not later than 1596. Campion published a little volume of Latin epigrams in 1595.

[3] It was cruel to couple that true poet Campion with the lumbering versifier Abraham Fraunce, author of *The Countess of Pembroke's Ivy Church*, 1591, &c.

[4] *The seven first bookes of the Eneidos* appeared in 1558; books i.-ix. in 1562; *The Whole xii. Bookes* (completed by Thomas Twyne) in 1573.

[5] Dyce says that the poems of Watson "more particularly alluded to here are *Amyntas*, 1585, duod., its subject the lamentation of Amyntas for the death of Phillis. Secondly, *Amyntæ Gaudia*, 1593." Peele may also be alluding to *The Tears of Fancy or Love Disdained*, 1593.

Why hie they not, unhappy in thine end,
Marley,[1] the Muses' darling for thy verse,
Fit to write passions for the souls below,
If any wretched souls in passion speak?
Why go not all into th' Elysian fields,
And leave this centre barren of repast,
Unless in hope Augusta will restore
The wrongs that learning bears of covetousness,
And court's disdain, the enemy to art?
Leave, foolish lad, it mendeth not with words;
Nor herbs nor time such remedy affords.

Your honour's in all humble service,

GEO. PEELE.

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[1] Christopher Marlowe, who was buried 1st June 1593.

THE HONOUR OF

THE HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

—o—

About the time when Vesper in the west
Gan set the evening watch, and silent Night,
Richly attended by his twinkling train,
Sent sleep and slumber to possess the world,
And fantasy to hauzen[1] idle heads;
Under the starry[2] canopy of heaven
I laid me down, laden with many cares,
(My bed-fellows almost these twenty years),
Fast by the stream where Thame and Isis meet,
And day by day roll to salute the sea
For more than common service it perform'd
To Albion's queen, when foemen shipp'd for fight,
To forage England plough'd the ocean up,
And slunk into the channel that divides

[1] Embrace.
[2] In *England's Parnassus*, p. 333, the reading is "stately."

The Frenchmen's strond[1] fro Britain's fishy towns.
Even at that time, all in a fragrant mead,
In sight of that fair castle, that o'erlooks
The forest one way, and the fertile vale
Water'd with that renowmèd river Thames,
Old Windsor Castle, did I take my rest:
When Cynthia, companion of the Night,
With shining brand lightning[2] his[3] ebon car,
Whose axletree was jet enchased with stars,
And roof with shining ravens' feathers ceil'd,
Piercing mine eyelids as I lay along,[4]
Awaked me through. Therewith methought I saw
A royal glimmering light streaming aloft,
As Titan mounted on the Lion's back
Had clothed himself in fiery-pointed beams,
To chase the Night, and entertain the Morn;
Yet scarce had chaunticleer rung the midnight peal,
Or Phœbe half-way gone her journey through.
Sleeping or waking as alone I lay,
Mine eyes, and ears, and senses all were served
With every object perfect in his kind:
And, lo, a wonder to my senses all!
For through the melting air, perfumed with sweets,
I might discern a troop of horsemen ride,

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[1] *Strond*=strand; *fro*=from. (I have followed the Ashmole copy in Bodl. Library. Dyce gives "The Frenchmen's *strand from*." His copy differs occasionally from the Oxford copy.)

[2] *England's Parnassus*, p. 334, "lighting."

[3] *i.e.* Night's.

[4] *England's Parnassus*, p. 334:
"Piercing my eyelids as I lie along."

Arm'd cap-de-pè, with shield and shivering lance;
As in a plash,[1] or calm transparent brook,
We see the glistering fishes scour along;
A number numberless, appointed well
For tournament, as if the God of War
Had held a justs in honour of his love,
Or all the sons of Saturn and of Ops
Had been in arms against Enceladus.
Therewith I heard the clarions and the shalms,
The sackbuts, and a thousand instruments
Of several kinds; and, loudest of them all,
A trump more shrill than Triton's is at sea:[2]
The same[3] Renown, precursor of the train,
Did sound,—for who rings louder than Renown?
He mounted was upon a flying horse,
And clothed in falcon's feathers to the ground:
By his escutcheon justly might you guess
He was the herald of eternity,
And pursuivant-at-arms to mighty Jove.
I look'd to see an end of that I saw,
And still methought the train did multiply;
And yielding clouds gave way, and men-at-arms
Succeed as fast, one at another's heels,
As in the vast Mediterranean sea
The rolling waves do one beget another.
Those that perfumed the air with myrrh and balm,
Dancing and singing sweetly as they went,

[1] Pool.

[2] *England's Parnassus*, p. 381 ("*Renown*"), for "is at sea" reads "on the sea."

[3] *England's Parnassus* "said."

Were naked virgins, deck'd with garlands green,
And seem'd the Graces, for with golden chains
They linkèd were, three lovely countenances.
About them Cupid, as to me it seem'd,
Lay playing on his parti-colour'd wings;
And sometime on a horse as white as milk
I saw[1] him arm'd and mounted in the throng,
As Love had right to march with men of war.
Weary of looking up, I laid me down,
Willing to rest, as sleepy souls are wont,
When of a sudden such a noise I heard
Of shot of ordnance pealing in mine ears,
As twenty thousand tire[2] had play'd at sea,
Or Ætna split had belch'd her bowels forth,
Or heaven and earth in arms thundering amain
Had bent their great artillery for war,
And weary Atlas had let fall his load,
Enough to wake Endymion from his trance.
Yet was the welkin clear, nor smoke nor dust
Annoy'd mine eyes: I gazed, and, as I look'd,
Methought this host of aery armed men
Girt Windsor Castle round. Anon I saw,
Under a canopy of crimson bysse,[3]
Spangled with gold, and set with silver bells
That sweetly chimed and lull'd me half a-sleep,
A goodly king in robes most richly dight
The upper like a Roman palliament,

[1] Old ed. "see." [2] *i.e.* tier? [3] Fine silk.

Indeed a chaperon, for such it was;
And looking nearer, lo, upon his leg
An ancient badge of honour I espied,
A garter brightly glistering in mine eye,
A worthy ornament! Then I call'd to mind
What princely Edward, of that name the Third,
King Edward, for his great achievments famed,
What he began,—the Order of Saint George,
That at this day is honour'd through the world,
The Order of the Garter so y-clept,
A great effect grown of a slender cause,
Graced by a king, and favour'd of his feres,[1]
Famed by his followers, worthy kings and queens,
That to this day are sovereigns of the same.
The manner how this matter grew at first
Was thus. The king, disposèd on a time
To revel, after he had shaken France,
(O, had he bravely held it to the last!)
And deck'd his lions with their flower-de-lyce,
Disposed to revel,—some say otherwise,—
Found on the ground by fortune, as he went,
A lady's garter, and[2] the queen's, I trow,
Lost in a dance, and took it up himself:
It was a silken ribbon weaved of blue.
His lords and standers-by, seeing the king
Stoop for this garter, smiled, as who would say,
"Our office that had been," or somewhat else.
King Edward wistly looking on them all,

[1] Companions.
[2] So Dyce's copy.—Ashmole copy "But."

With princely hands having that garter seized,
From harmless heart, where honour was engraved,
Bespake in French ('a could[1] the language well,
And rife was French those days with Englishmen;
They went to school to put together towns,
And spell in French with fescues[2] made of pikes),
"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," quoth he.
Wherewith upon advisement, though the cause
Were small, his pleasure and his purpose was
T'advance that garter, and to institute
A noble order sacred to Saint George,
And knights to make, whom he would have be term'd
Knights of the Garter. This beginning had
This honourable order of our time.
Hereon I thought when I beheld the king;
But swifter than my thought, by that I saw,
And words I heard or seem'd to hear at least,
I was instructed in the circumstance,
And found it was King Edward that did march
In robes like those he ware when with his lords
He held Saint George's royal feast on earth.
His eldest son, surnamèd the Black Prince,—
Though black of hue, that surname yet in France
He wan, for terror to the Frenchmen's hearts
His countenance was, his sword an iron scourge,—
He on a coal-black courser mounted was,
And in his hand a battle-axe he hent;[3]

---

[1] Was acquainted with.

[2] "*i.e.* pieces of wire or stick, with which those who taught children to read pointed out the letters."—*Dyce.*

[3] Held.

His beaver up; his corselet was of steel
Varnish'd as black as jet; his bases[1] black;
And black fro[2] head to foot, yea, horse and hoof,
As black as night. But in a twinck methought
'A changed at once his habit and his steed,
And had a garter as his father had,
Right rich and costly, with embroidery
Of pearl and gold: I could on it discern
The poesy whereof I spake of yore;
And well I wot, since this King Edward's days,
Our kings and queens about their royal arms
Have in a garter borne this poesy.
Still as I lay I gazed, and guess'd at once
What was this train, and whither it did bend:
I found at last King Edward was the man,
Accompanied with kings and conquerors,
That from the spacious aery House of Fame
Set forward royally to solemnize
Th' installment of some new-created knights.
For, lo, I saw in strange accoutrements,
Like to King Edward's and the Prince of Wales',
Full four-and twenty knights, nor more nor less,
In robes with precious collars of Saint George;
And garters all they had buckled with gold.
Fame, in a stole of purple set with eyes
And ears and tongues, carried a golden book:
Upon the cover this I saw engraved;

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[1] See note 5, p. 290.
[2] So Ashmole copy.—Dyce "from."

Pauci[1] *quos æquus amavit*
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Dis geniti.
Methought this saying could not but import
They should be noble men of golden minds
And great account, favour'd of prince and peers,
Whose names should in that register be writ,
Consecrate to Saint George's chosen knights.
Herewith the golden book gan[2] open fair,
And eathly[3] I might read their names that next
Went to the king: they were no common men,
For to my seeming each one had a page
That bare a fair escutcheon after him,
Whereon his arms were drawn; I have forgot
Their several coats, but well I wot their names.
And first I saw enroll'd within this book
King Edward's name; he was the sovereign.
Their register was Fame. Renown, before
That sounded shrill, was officer-at-arms
And usher to the train; his office-badge
Was a black rod whereof he took his name.
Honour went king-at-arms, next to the knights,
Half-arm'd, like Pallas shaped for arms and arts,
Rich in habiliments of peace and war:
Ancient and grave he was and sage to see.
Near him went Time, well-pleased and well-content
As if he joy'd t'accompany this train,

[1] Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 129.
[2] So Dyce.—Ashmole copy "did."
[3] Easily.

And in his hand a royal standard bare,
Wherein Saint George was drawn and limn'd in gold.
Under the verge, as title to the book,
Was writ, *Knights of the Order of Saint George,*
Knights of the Garter. Edward Prince of Wales
Was first, then Henry Duke of Lancaster,
And Nicholas[1] Earl of Warwick made the third.
Captaine de Bouche was next, renown'd for arms.
Then the brave Earls of Stafford and Southampton;[2]
To whose successors, for his sake that lives
And now survives in honour of that name,
To whom my thoughts are humble and devote,
Gentle Wriothesley, Southampton's star,
I wish all fortune, that in Cynthia's eye,
Cynthia the glory of the western world,
With all the stars in her fair firmament,
Bright may he rise and shine immortally.
And[3] Mortimer, a gentle trusty lord,
More loyal than that cruel Mortimer
That plotted Edward's death at Killingsworth,
Edward the Second, father to this king,
Whose tragic cry even now methinks I hear,
When graceless wretches murder'd him by night.
Then Lisle, and Burwash,[4] Beauchamp, and Mahun,[5]
Grey, Courtney, and the Hollands worthy knights,

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[1] "Thomas"—marginal MS. correction in Ashmole copy.
[2] "Salisbury"—marginal correction in Ashmole copy.
[3] So Dyce.—Ashmole copy "Sir."
[4] "Written more correctly 'Burghersh.'"—*Dyce.*
[5] *i.e.* Mohun.

Fitz-simon, Wale, and Sir Hugh Wrottesley,[1]
Nele Loryng,[2] Chandos, Sir Miles Stapleton,
Walter Pagannel,[3] Eam,[4] and D'Audley,[5] last
Was the good knight Sir Sanchet D'Abrichecourt.[6]
These names I read, for they were written fair;
And, as it seem'd to me, these were the first
Created of that order by the king:
And man by man they march'd in equipage.
A many more there were than I could note,
And, sooth to say, I think the book was full;
And in the train a number infinite,
True knights of all the orders in the world,
Christians and heathens, that accompanied
This worthy king in his procession.
Cæsar himself was there; I saw him ride,
Triúmphing in his three-and-twenty wounds,
Because they show'd the malice of the world.
Pompey was there, the rival of his fame,
That died a death as base and violent.
Leave I this theme: the mightiest that have lived
Have fall'n, and headlong too; in misery
It is some comfort to have company.
Hector of Troy, and kings ere Troy was built,
Or Thrace was Thrace, were there: old Dardanus,

[1] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Wortesley."
[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Neale, Lording."
[3] "Paveley"—marginal correction in Ashmole copy.
[4] Ashmole copy seems to have read "Emr," which has been corrected to "Eme."
[5] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Dandley."
[6] So Dyce.—Old ed. "Haunchet Dambricourte."

And Ilus, and Assaracus, came along.
For in the House of Fame what famous man,
What prince, but hath his trophy and his place?
There Joshua, David, and great Machabee,
Last anchor-hold and stay of Jacob's race,
Did march; and Macedonian Alexander;
Victorious Charles the Great, the flower of France;
Godfrey of Bullen, whom the Christian kings
Created King of great Jerusalem;
And Arthur, glory of the western world,
And all his knights were in this royal train.
Jason was there, Knight of the Golden Fleece;
Knights of the Tosson,[1] and of Saint Iago,
Knights of the Rhodes, Knights of the Sepulchre,
Were there: the air was pester'd[2] to my thought.
Among them all a worthy man of mark,
A prince of famous memory I saw,
Henry the Eight, that led a warlike band
Of English earls, and lords, and lusty knights,
That ware the garter sacred to Saint George.
Who was not there? I think the court of Fame
Was naked and unpeopled, in this train
There were so many emperors, lords, and kings,
Knights errant and adventurous. In the book
That on a desk lay open before Fame,—
For in a sumptuous chariot did he ride
Of crystal, set with leaves of glittering gold,

[1] "*i.e. Toison d'or.*—Of the different orders of knighthood mentioned here, the reader will find a particular account in Segar's *Honour*, &c., pp. 79, 94, 95, 106."—*Dyce.*

[2] Crowded.

And fair tralucent stones, that over all
It did reflect,—within that glorious book
I saw a name rejoicèd me to see,
Francis of Bedford; I could read it plain,
And glad I was that in that precious book
That name I found, for now, methought, I said,
Here virtue doth outlive th' arrest of death;
For dead is Bedford, virtuous and renown'd
For arms, for honour, and religious love,
And yet alive his name in Fame's records,
That held this garter dear, and ware it well.
Some worthy wight let blazon his deserts:
Only a tale I thought on by the way,
As I observed his honourable name.
I heard it was his chance, o'erta'en with sleep,
To take a nap near to a farmer's lodge,
Trusted a little with himself belike:
This agèd earl, in his apparel plain,
Wrapt in his russet cloak, lay down to rest,
His badge of honour buckled to his leg,
Bare and unhid. There came a pilfering swad,[1]
And would have prey'd upon this ornament,
And say'd[2] t' unbuckle it, thinking him asleep:
The noble gentleman,[3] feeling what he meant,
"Hold, foolish lad," quoth he, "a better prey;
This garter is not fit for every leg,
And I account it better than my purse."

[1] Clown. [2] Assay'd.
[3] So Dyce.—Ashmole copy "gentle."

The varlet ran away; the earl awaked,
And told his friends, and smiling said withal,
"'A would not, had 'a understood the French
Writ on my garter, dared t' have stoln the same."
This tale I thought upon, told me for truth,
The rather for it praised the poesy,
Right grave and honourable, that importeth much;
"*Ill be to him*," it saith, "*that evil thinks.*"
O sacred loyalty, in purest hearts
Thou build'st thy bower! thy weeds of spotless white,
Like those that stood for Rome's great offices,
Make thee renown'd, glorious in innocency.
Why stick I here? The train cast in a ring
About the castle, making melody,
Under the glorious spreading wings of Fame,
I saw a virgin queen, attired in white,
Leading with her a sort[1] of goodly knights,
With garters and with collars of Saint George:
"*Elizabeth*" on a compartiment
Of gold in bysse[2] was writ, and hung askew
Upon her head, under an imperial crown.
She was the sovereign of the knights she led:
Her face, methought, I knew, as if the same,
The same great empress that we here enjoy,
Had climb'd the clouds, and been in person there;
To whom the earth, the sea, and elements
Auspicious are. A many that I knew,

[1] Company.

[2] "'*Byce* a colour, *azur*.' Palsgrave's *Lesclar. de la Lang Fran.*, 1530, fol. xx. (Table of Subst.)"—*Dyce*.

Knighted in my remembrance, I beheld,
And all their names were in that register;
And yet I might perceive some so set down,
That, howsoe'er it hapt I cannot tell,
The carl Oblivion stoln from Lethe's lake,
Or Envy stept from out the deep Avern,
Had razed, or blemish'd, or obs[c]ured at least.
What have those fiends to do in Fame's fair court?
Yet in the House of Fame, and courts of kings,
Envy will bite, or snarl and bark at least,
As dogs against the moon that yelp in vain:
Say "*Frustra*" to those curs, and shake thy coat.
And all the kings, since that King Edward's days,
Were with their knights and companies in that train.
When all were whist,[1] King Edward thus bespake:
"Hail, Windsor! where I sometimes took delight
To hawk, and hunt, and back the proudest horse,
And where in princely pleasure I reposed
In my return from France,"—a little sigh
I heard him fetch withal; his reason why
I cannot guess; I think it was for this,
That England had given o'er their traffic there,—
"And twenty times hail, Windsor!" quoth the king,
"Where I have stall'd so many hardy knights,
And tournaments and royal justs perform'd:
Behold, in honour of mine ancient throne,
In honour of fair England, and Saint George,
To whom this Order of the Garter first

[1] Silent.

I sacred held; in honour of my knights,
Before this day created and install'd,
But specially in honour of those five
That at this day this honour have received
Under Elizabeth, England's great sovereign,—
Northumberland and Worcester, noble earls,
Borough and Sheffield, lords of lively hope,
And honourable old Knowles famed for his sons,
And for his service gracious and renown'd;
Lo, from the House of Fame, with princely trains
Accompanied, and kings, and conquerors,
And knights of proof, loyal and valourous,
I re-salute thee here, and gratulate
To those new knights, created by a queen
Peerless for wisdom and for majesty,
The honour of the Garter: may they long
Wear them as notes of true nobility
And virtue's ornaments! Young Northumberland,
Mounted on Fortune's wheel, by virtue's aim
Become thy badge, as it becometh thee,
That Europe's eyes thy worthiness may see.
And, Worcester, what pure honour hath put on
With chaste and spotless hands, in honour wear;
Answer the noblest of thine ancestry,
In deeds to fame and virtue consecrate.
Borough, brought up in learning and in arms,
Patron of music and of chivalry,
Brandish thy sword in right, and spend thy wits
In commonwealth affairs: it shall become
Thy forwardness to follow virtue's cause,

And great designs of noble consequence.
And, Sheffield, shape thy course no otherwise
Than loyalty, the load-star of renown,
Directs; that, as thine ancestors have done,
Thine earthly race in honour thou mayst run.
To thee, old man," with kindness quoth the king,
"That reap'st this honour in thy waning age,
See what a trophy Queen Elizabeth
Prepares before thy hearse: long mayst thou live,
And die in fame, that hast well near achieved
The noble Norris' honour in thy sons,
Thrice-noble lord, as happy for his few,
As was the King of Troy for many more."
With that he ceased, and to the foremost earl,—
For why[1] methought I saw[2] them every man,
Stall'd in their places and their ornaments,—
"Percy," quoth he, "thou and thy lordly peers,
Your names are in this register of Fame,
Written in leaves and characters of gold:
So live, as with a many more you may
Survive and triumph in eternity,
Out of Oblivion's reach or Envy's shot;
And that your names immortally may shine
In these records, not earthly, but divine."
Then shalms and sackbuts sounded in the air,
But shrill'st of all, the trumpet of Renown;
And by and by a loud retraite he rung.
The train retired, as swift as stars don shoot,

[1] "For why"—because.

[2] So Dyce.—Old ed. "see."

From whence they came, and day began to break;
And with the noise and thunder in the sky,
When Fame's great double-doors fell to and shut,
And this triumphant train was vanish'd quite,
The gaudy Morn out of her golden sleep
Awaked, and little birds uncaged gan sing
To welcome home the bridegroom of the sea.

EPILOGUS.

Wherewith I roused, recounting what I saw:
And then thought I; were it as once it was,
But long ago, when learning was in price,
And poesy with princes gracious,
I would adventure to set down my dream,
In honour of these new-advancèd lords,
Saint George's knights. I was encouragèd,
And did as I have done; which humbly here
I yield, as firstlings of my scholar's crop,
Consecrated[1] purely to your noble name,
To gratulate to you this honour's height,
As little boys with flinging up their caps
Congratulate great kings and conquerors.
Take it in gree,[2] fair lord. *Procul hinc turba invidiosa:*
Stirps rudis urtica est, stirps generosa rosa.

G. P.

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[1] "Qy. 'Consecrate'?"—*Dyce.*
[2] "Take in gree"—take in good part.

ANGLORUM FERIÆ, ENGLAND'S HOLIDAYS.

Anglorum Feriæ, Englandes Hollydayes, celebrated the 17th of Novemb. last, 1595, beginninge happyly the 38 yeare of the raigne of our soveraigne ladie Queene Elizabeth. By George Peele Mr of Arte in Oxforde,—was first printed, for private circulation, by a Mr. Fitch, of Ipswich, in an undated 4to (circ. 1830), from a MS. in his possession. This MS. is now in the British Museum. Fitch, who made his transcript *verbatim et literatim*, must have freely used chemicals in order to decipher some passages—which are now hopelessly obliterated.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND WORTHY LADY,

KATHERINE, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGTON.

ANGLORUM FERIÆ.

DESCEND, ye sacred daughters of King Jove:
Apollo, spread thy sparkling wings to mount,
And try some lightsome sweet Castalian springs
That warble to their silver-winding waves,
Making soft music in their gentle glide:
Clio, the sagest of these Sisters Nine,
Conduct thy learnèd company to court,
Eliza's court, Astræa's earthly heaven;
There take survey of England's emperess,
And in her praise tune your heroic songs:
Write, write, you chroniclers of time and fame
That keep Remembrance' golden register,
And recommend to time's eternity
Her honour's height and wonders of her age,
Wonders of her that reason's reach transcend,
Such wonders as have set the world at gaze;
Write, write, you chroniclers of time and fame,
Elizabeth by miracles preserved
From perils imminent and infinite:
Clio, proclaim with golden trump and pen

Her happy days, England's high holidays;
O'er Europe's bounds take wing, and make thy flight
Through melting air, from where the rising sun
Gallops the zodiac in his fiery wain,
Even to the brink where Thetis in her bower
Of pumey [1] and tralucent pebble-stones
Receives the weary bridegroom of the sea,
Beyond Grand Cair, by Nilus' slimy bank,
Over the wild and sandy Afric plains,
Along the frozen shore of Tanais,
Whose icy crust Apollo cannot thaw;
Even there and round about this earthly ball
Proclaim the day of England's happiness,
The days of peace, the days of quietness,
And let her gladsome birth-day be the first,
Her day of birth, beginning of our bliss;
Set down the day in characters of gold,
And mark it with a stone as white as milk,
That cheerful sunny day. Wear eglantine,
And wreaths of roses red and white put on
In honour of that day, you lovely nymphs,
And pæans sing and sweet melodious songs;
Along the chalky cliffs of Albion
Lead England's lovely shepherds in a dance
O'er hill and dale, and downs, and daisy-plots,
And be that day England's high holiday;
And holidays and high days be they all,
High holidays, days, minutes, months, and hours,

[1] Pumice.

That multiply the number of her years;
Years that for us beget this golden age,
Wherein we live in safety under her,
Wherein she reigns in honour over us:
So may she long and ever may she so,
Untouch'd of traitorous hand or treacherous foe!
  Her birth-day being celebrated thus,
Clio, record how she hath been preserved,
Even in the gates of death and from her youth,
To govern England in the ways of truth;
Record heaven's goodness to this gracious queen,
Whose virtue's peer what age hath ever seen?
  To pass the story of her younger days,
And stormy tempest happily o'erblown,
Wherein by mercy and by miracle
She was rescúed for England's happiness,
And comfort of the long-afflicted flock
That stray'd like scatter'd sheep scared from the fold;
To slip remembrance of those careful days,
Days full of danger, happy days withal,
Days of her preservation and defence;
Behold the happiest day, the holiday
That young and old and all don[1] celebrate,
The day of joy, the day of jollity!
The best of all the days that we have seen
Was wherein she was crownèd England's Queen,
Elizabeth, anointed of the Highest

[1] Doen, do.

To sit upon her kingly father's seat,
And wear in honour England's diadem,
To sway that massy sceptre and that sword
That aw'd the world in his triumphant hand,
And now in her's commands the enemy,
And with dishonour drives the daring foe
Back to his den, tired with successless arms,
Wearied with wars by land and wrack by sea.
Muses and Graces, gods and goddesses,
Adorn, adore, and celebrate this day.
The meanest with the mightiest may in this
Express his love; for loyalty alike
Blazons affection's force in lord and lown.
  In honour of this happy day, behold
How high and low, the young and old in years,
England, hath put a face of gladness on,
And court and country carol in her praise,
And in her honour tune a thousand lays!
  With just return of this triumphant day,
And prosperous revolution of the same,
Auspiciously beginning many years
And golden days and infinite to come,
Passing in number and in happiness
The best that ever earthly prince enjoy'd
By suffrance of the highest King of kings;
Behold, in honour of this holiday,
What pæans loud triumphant London sings,
What holy tunes and sacrifice of thanks
England's metropolis as incense sends!
And in the sound of cymbals, trumps, and shalms,

In honour of his noble mistress' name,
To whom[1] his life he owes and offers up,
Lo, London's shepherd, guardian of his flock,
Praiseth the Mighty One of Israel,
And with the strings of his unfeignèd heart
Tunes his true joy for all those days of peace,
Those quiet days that Englishmen enjoy
Under our queen, fair queen of Brute's New Troy!
With whom in sympathy and sweet accord
All loyal subjects join, and hearts and hands
Lift up to Heaven's high throne, and sacrifice
Of praises and of hearty prayers send;
Thanksgiving for our blessings and the grace,
The gracious blessings on that day pour'd down
On England's head; that day whereon this queen
Inaugur'd was and holily install'd,
Anointed of the highest King of kings,
In her hereditary royal right
Successively to sit enthronizèd.
And in this general plaudit and applause,
And celebration of this joyful day,
Wherein pale Envy, vanquish'd long ago,
Gave way to Virtue's great deserts in her,
And wounded with remembrance of her name,
Made hence amain to murmur that abroad
He durst not openly disgorge at home,
In his own nest filed with so foul a bird,
And breathe his discontentments over sea

[1] For "whom" MS. reads "whō he."

Among those erring fugitives that pine
At England's prosperous peace, and nothing more
Do thirst than alteration of the state,
And nothing less than our good queen affect;
A number of unnatural Englishmen,
That curse the day so happy held of us,
Whose base revolt from their allegiance due
To prince and country makes them infamous,
Condemn'd among the Turks and Infidels,
False architects of those foul practices
That end in their dishonour and their shame,
Those bloody stratagems, those traitorous trains,
And cruel siege they lay unto her life,
Precious in sight of heaven and dear to us,
Her loving and her loyal subjects all,
Whom Jacob's God hath many ways preserved,
Yea, even betwixt the bridge and water's brink,
Saving her as by miracle in the fall
From Pharaoh's rod and from the sword of Saul :—
Lo, in this triumph that true subjects make,
Envied of none but enemies of the truth,
Her enemies, that serves the living Lord
And puts in him her confidence and trust,
Thou, sacred Muse of History, describe,
That all may see how well she is beloved,
What troop of loyal English knights in arms,
Right richly mounted and appointed all,
In shining arms accoutred for the war,
Small number of a number numberless,
Held justs in honour of her holiday,

Ready to do their duties and devoir
Against the mightiest enemy she hath,
Under what clime soe'er his colours wave,
And with keen sword and battle-axe in hand
To wound his crest, whatever foe he be
That any way in her dishonour braves.
  Among this stirring company of knights,
That at the tilt in fair habiliments
Gan show themselves, renowmèd Cumberland,
Knight of the Crown, in gilded armour dight,
Mounted at Queen Elizabeth's approach,
Inflamed with honour's fire, and left his hold
Kept by a dragon, laden with fair spoils :
And there his duty done, and large device
Made by his page known to her majesty,
Whose gracious eye reflecting on this earl
Was like Prometheus' life-infusing fire,
Behold, he stands impatient of delay,
Awaiting there his friendly foe's approach !
Daring he stands, true knight and challenger,
And hardly brooks the time of their address
That shortly came in duty all devote,
To solace with their martial exercise
Their princely mistress, to whose worthiness
That day's device and days of all their lives
Right humbly were and purely dedicate.
  The first that led, in cheerful colours clad,
In innocent white and fair carnation,
Was he whose wisdom in his younger years
And love to arms make him so far renown'd,

The noble earl of Essex and of Ewe.
His mute approach and action of his mutes
Said that he was solicited diversely;
One way to follow war and war's designs,—
And well he may, for skill he can full well
Of war's adventures, 'larms, and stratagems;—
Another way t' apply him to the care
Of commonweal-affairs, and show the way
To help to underbear with grave advice
The weighty beam whereon the state depends:
Well may he this way or the other take,
And both shall his nobility become;
The gravity and greatness of the one
Shall beautify the other's worthiness;
His senate-robes shall beautify his arms,
His chivalry nobilitate his name.
  Then Sussex, seated on his champing steed,
Dreadful to see, and in sad tawny dight,
Came in, as if some angry man of war
Had charged his lance and put himself in arms,
Under an eben-tree or blasted yew:
Such show'd his plume, or like in my conceit
To ravens' feathers by the moon's reflex,
Shining where night by day doth take repose.
Mars in his wrath sitting upon his drum,
Devising tragedies, strikes no greater fear
Into the eyes and hearts of earthly men,
Than did methought this champion in his way;
Nor in his doings ever man-at-arms
So young of years more forward than this earl:

So prone, so puissant, and successful still
In all his courses was this warlike knight.
  Then Bedford and Southampton made up five,
Five valiant English earls. Southampton ran
As Bevis of Southampton, that good knight,
Had justed in the honour of the day;
And certes Bevis was a mighty man,
Valiant in arms, gentle and debonair;
And such was young Wriothesley, that came
As if in duty to his sovereign
And honour's race for all that he had done,
He would be of the noblest over-run.[1]
Like to himself and to his ancestors,
Ran Bedford, to express his readiness,
His love to arms, his loyalty to her
Whose burning eyeballs did retain the heat
That kindled honour's fire at their hearts;
Bravely ran Bedford, and his staves he brake
Right happily for his high mistress' sake.
  Compton[2] of Compton came in shining arms,
Well mounted and appointed for the field,
A gallant lord; richly array'd was he,
He and his train. Clio, recount his fame;
Record with me his love to learning's lore,
And valiant doings on this holiday:

---

[1] "Qy.
  'He would not of the noblest be o'er-run'?"—*Dyce.*

[2] See note 2, p. 290.

Short will I be in process of his praise;
Courageously he ran, and with the best
From forth the field bare honour on his crest.
  Carew was well acquainted with the place,
And to the tilt proudly he made approach;
His steed well-taught, himself fitted in all,
Fell to his noble exercise of arms,
And on his courser gan himself advance,
Whose neighs and plays were princely to behold:
Remembrance of this day revived this knight;
His turn he takes, and at the trumpet's sound
Breaks at the head with many a lofty bound.
  In bases[1] and caparisons of cost
Came three redoubted knights and men-at-arms,
Old Knowles[2] his offspring, gallant cavaliers;
And such they show'd as were King Arthur's knights
He whilom used to feast at Camelot,
Or three of great King Priam's valiant sons
Had left Elysium and the fields of Mars
To celebrate Eliza's holiday:
They ran as if three Hectors had made way
To meet Achilles, Ajax, Diomede.
Palm had the eldest branching of his crest:
'Tis hard to say which brother did the best.
  Like Venus' son in Mars his armour clad,

[1] See note 5, p. 290.

[2] There is more praise of Sir Francis Knowles and his three sons in *Polyhymnia.* Naunton says of the sons that they were "brave men in their times and places, but they were of the court and carpet and not by the genius of the camp."

Beset with glorious globes and golden flames,
Came Dudley in; nor shall it me become
To dive into the depth of his device;
Rich in his thoughts and valiant in his deeds,
No whit dishonour'd by his fainting horse,
That cowardlike would have held his master back
From honour's goal,—ill-natured and ill-taught,
To fail him foully in so great a presence.
But as an archer with a bended bow
The farther from the mark he draws his shaft,
The farther flies it and with greater force
Wounds earth and air; so did it fare in this;
This lusty runner, thus restrain'd at first,
Now all inflamed, soon having changed his steed,
And view'd the person of his princely mistress,
Whose radiant beams have[1] power to set on fire
The icy ridge of snowy Rhodope,
Flies like a bullet from a cannon's mouth.
His armèd horse made dreadful harmony,
Grating against the rails: so valiantly
He justed, that unjust it were in me
Not to admire young Dudley's chivalry.
  Young Howard, ramping lion-like, came on,
Anchor of Howard's honourable house,
His noble father's hope, his mother's joy.
Loyal and lovely was this fair young knight,
Gracious in his beginnings at the tilt,
Pleasing to her to whom he did present

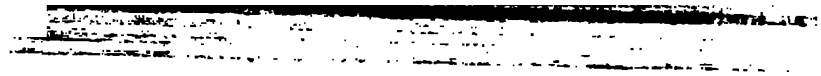
[1] So Dyce.—MS. "and.

His person and the service of that day,
And all the days and minutes of his life:
Bravely he bare him in his mistress' eye,
And brake[1] his staves and let the shivers fly.
  Drury in flames of gold embroider'd fair,
Inflamed with love of virtue and of arms,
Came to the tilt like Phœbus,
And like a warrior there demean'd himself;
Heaven's vault, earth's centre sounded of his force:
So well he ran as they that do him right,
For field and court held him a worthy knight.
  Among these runners that in virtue's race
Contended, rivals of each other's praise,
Nowell and Needham, gentlemen of name,
Came mounted and appointed gallantly;
Both nobly minded, as became them well,
Resolved to run in honour of the day.
  L'éscu d'amour, the arms of loyalty,
Lodged Skydmore in his heart; and on he came,
And well and worthily demean'd himself
In that day's service: short and plain to be,
Nor lord nor knight more forward than was he.
  Then Ratcliffe, Reynolds, Blount, and Carey came,
In all accoutrements fitting gentlemen;
Well mounted and appointed every man;
And gallantly and worthily they ran.
  Long may they run in honour of the day!
Long may she live to do them honour's right,

[1] So Dyce.—MS. "breakes."

To grace their sports and them as she hath done,
England's Astræa, Albion's shining sun!
And may she shine in beauty fresh and sheen
Hundreds of years, our thrice-renownèd queen!
Write, Clio, write; write, and record her story,
Dear in heaven's eye, her court and country's glory.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THOMAS WATSON,

Prefixed to *The* ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ, *or Passionate Centurie of Love*, n.d. [1582].

If graver heads shall count it overlight
To treat of love, say thou to them, a stain
Is incident unto the finest dye:
And yet no stain at all it is for thee,
These lays of love, as mirth to melancholy,
To follow fast thy sad *Antigone*;[1]
Which may bear out a broader work than this,
Compiled with judgment, order, and with art;
And shroud thee under shadow of his wings,
Whose gentle heart, and head with learning fraight,[2]
Shall yield thee gracious favour and defence.

---

[1] *Sophoclis Antigone. Interprete Thoma Watsono J. U. studioso.* . . . 1581. 4to.

[2] Fraught.

THE PRAISE OF CHASTITY,

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH, BY WAY OF COMPARISON, HOW GREAT IS THE CONQUEST OVER OUR AFFECTIONS.

From *The Phœnix Nest*, 1593.

THE noble Romans whilom wonted were,
For triumph of their conquer'd enemies,
The wreaths of laurel and of palm to wear,
In honour of their famous victories;

And so, in robes of gold and purple dight,
Like bodies shrined in seats of ivory,
Their names renown'd for happiness in fight,
They bear the guerdon of their chivalry.

The valiant Greeks for sack of Priam's town,
A work of manhood match'd with policy,
Have fill'd the world with books of their renown,
As much as erst the Roman empery.

The Phrygian knights that in the House of Fame
Have shining arms of endless memory,
By hot and fierce repulse did win the same,
Though Helen's rape hurt Paris' progeny.[1]

Thus strength hath guerdon by the world's award;
So praise we birth and high nobility:
If, then, the mind and body reap reward
For nature's dower, conferrèd liberally,

[1] Race.

Press, then, for praise unto the highest room,
That art the highest of the gifts of heaven,
More beautiful by wisdom's sacred doom
Than Sol himself amid the Planets Seven;

Queen of content and temperate desires,
Choice nurse of health, thy name hight Chastity;
A sovereign power to quench such climbing fires
As choke the mind with smoke of infamy;

Champion-at-arms, re'ncounter with thy foe,
An enemy foul and fearful to behold:
If, then, stout captains have been honour'd so,
Their names in books of memory enroll'd

For puissant strength,—ye Roman peers, retire,
And, Greeks, give ground; more honour there is won,
With chaste rebukes to temper thy desire,
Than glory gain'd the world to over-run;

Than fierce Achilles got by Hector's spoil;
Than erst the mighty Prince of Macedon,
King Philip's imp,[1] that put his foes to foil
And wish'd more worlds to hold him play than one.

Believe me, to contend 'gainst armies royal,
To tame wild panthers but by strength of hand,
To praise[2] the triumph, not so special,
As ticing pleasure's charms for to withstand;

---

[1] Offspring. [2] Unintelligible.—Qy. "raise"?

And, for me list compare with men of war,
  For honour of the field, I dare maintain,
This victory exceedeth that as far
  As Phœbus' chariot Vulcan's forge doth stain:[1]

Both noble, and triumphant in their kinds,
  And matter worthy Queen Remembrance' pen;
But that that tangles both our thoughts and minds,
  To master that, is more than over men

To make thy triumph; sith to strength alone
  Of body it belongs, to bruise or wound;
But raging thoughts to quell, or few or none,
  Save Virtue's imps, are able champions found;

Or those whom Jove hath loved; or noble of birth:
  So strong Alcides, Jove's unconquer'd son,
Did lift Achelous' body from the earth,
  To show what deeds by Virtue's strength are done;

So him he foil'd; and put to sudden flight,
  By aim of wit, the foul Stymphalides:
And while we say, he master'd men by might,
  Behold, in person of this Hercules,

It liketh me to figure Chastity;
  His labour like that foul unclean desire
That, under guide of tickling fantasy,
  Would mar the mind through pleasure's scorching fire.

---

[1] Outshine, excel.

And who hath seen a fair alluring face,
A lusty girl, y-clad in quaint array,
Whose dainty hand makes music with her lace,
And tempts thy thoughts, and steals thy sense away;

Whose ticing hair, like nets of golden wire,
Enchain[s] thy heart; whose gait and voice divine
Inflame thy blood, and kindle thy desire;
Whose features rape and dazzle human eyne;

Who hath beheld fair Venus in her pride
Of nakedness, all alabaster white,
In ivory bed, straight laid by Mars his side,
And hath not been enchanted with the sight;

To wish to dally, and to offer game,
To coy, to court, *et cætera* to do;
(Forgive me, Chasteness, if in terms of shame,
To thy renown, I paint what longs thereto;)

Who hath not lived, and yet hath seen, I say,
That might offend chaste hearers to endure;
Who hath been halèd on to touch and play,
And yet not stoop'd to pleasure's wanton lure;

Crown him with laurel for his victory,
Clad him in purple and in scarlet dye,
Enroll his name in books of memory,
Ne let the honour of his conquest die;

More royal in his triumph than the man
Whom tigers drew in coach of burnish'd gold,
In whom the Roman monarchy began,
Whose works of worth no wit hath erst controll'd:

Elysium be his walk, high heaven his shrine,
His drink sweet nectar, and ambrosia,
The food that makes immortal and divine,
Be his to taste, to make him live for aye;

And that I may, in brief, describe his due,
What lasting honour Virtue's guerdon is,
So much and more his just desert pursue,
Sith his desert awards it to be his.

L'ENVOY.

To thee, in honour of whose government
Entitled is this *Praise of Chastity*,
My gentle friend, these hasty lines are meant:
So flowereth Virtue like the laurel-tree,
Immortal green, that every eye may see;
And well was Daphne turn'd into the bay,
Whose chasteness triumphs, grows, and lives for aye.

CUPID'S ARROWS.[1]

From *England's Parnassus*, 1600 (p. 177, under the head *Love*).

At Venus' entreaty for Cupid her son,
These arrows by Vulcan were cunningly done.
The first is Love, as here you may behold,
His feathers, head, and body, are of gold:

[1] This piece and the next are from the lost pastoral play, *The Hunting of Cupid.*

The second shaft is Hate, a foe to love,
And bitter are his torments for to prove:
The third is Hope, from whence our comfort springs;
His feathers [they] are pull'd from Fortune's wings:
Fourth Jealousy in basest minds doth dwell;
His metal Vulcan's Cyclops sent from hell.

CORIDON AND MELAMPUS' SONG.

From *England's Helicon*, 1600.

Cor. Melampus, when will love be void of fears?
Mel. When jealousy hath neither eyes nor ears.
Cor. Melampus, when will love be thoroughly shrieved?
Mel. When it is hard to speak and not believed.
Cor. Melampus, when is love most malcontent?
Mel. When lovers range and bear their bows unbent.
Cor. Melampus, tell me when love takes least harm?
Mel. When swains' sweet pipes are puff'd and trulls are warm.
Cor. Melampus, tell me when is love best fed?
Mel. When it has suck'd the sweet that ease hath bred.
Cor. Melampus, when is time in love ill-spent?
Mel. When it earns meed and yet receives no rent.
Cor. Melampus, when is time well-spent in love?
Mel. When deeds win meed and words love-works do prove.

THE HUNTING OF CUPID.

BY GEORGE PEELE OF OXFORD, PASTORAL.

Fragments of *The Hunting of Cupid* from a MS. commonplace-book by WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden, belonging to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. (A facsimile of a portion is here given.)

ON the snowy brows of Albion. Sweet woods, sweet running brooks, that chide in a pleasant tune and make quiet murmur, laving[1] the lilies, mints, and waterflowers in their gentle glide. Making her face the mark of his wondering eyes, and his eyes the messengers of his woundit heart. Like a candle keepeth but a little room, yet blazeth round about. Heardgroom with his strawberry lass. Some with his sweetheart making false position, putting a short syllable where a long one should be.[2] Some a false supposition. To celebrate mistress holiday in idleness.

What[3] thing is love for (well I wot) love is a thing.
It is a prick, it is a sting,
It is a pretty, pretty thing;
It is a fire, it is a coal
Whose flame creeps in at every hole;

---

[1] MS. "leauing."

[2] I suppose Drummond is censuring some metrical irregularities.

[3] This song (signed "G. Peele") is found, with some variations, in *Rawlinson MS. Poet.* 85, *fol.* 13. The first six lines also occur in the old play, *The Wisdom of Dr. Dodypoll*, 1600 (reprinted in vol. iii. of my *Collection of Old English Plays*, *1st series*).

And as[1] my wit doth best devise,
Love's dwelling is in ladies' eyes:
From[2] whence do glance love's piercing darts,
That make such holes into our hearts;
And all the world herein accord
Love is a great and mighty lord,
And when he list to mount so high,
With Venus he in heaven doth lie,
And ever more hath been a god
Since Mars and she played even and odd.—
Kiss a little and use not.

Q. Why, kissing's good. *R.* To stir your blood, to make you well disposed to play: *ab aquilone omne malum:* would have moved tears in wrath[3] herself: wrinkled sorrow sate in furrows of a fair face: famous for his ill-fortune: you that think there is no heaven but on earth: you that suck poison instead of honey: he exceedeth fiends in cruelty, and fortune in unconstancy.

Set up Cynthia by day, and Citherea by night.
She strakid his head and missed his horns.
Who bluntly bespake her,
"Grew this sweet rose in this sour stalk?"

---

[1] Drummond MS. "is."
[2] Rawlinson MS. reads—

> "From whence he shoots his dainty darts
> Into the lusty gallants hearts;
> And ever since was call'd a god
> That Mars with Venus play'd even and odd."

[3] MS. "vreath."

Cupid's Arrows. At Venus' entreaty[1] for Cupid her son,
These arrows by Vulcan are cunningly done:
The first is love, the second shaft is hate,
But this is hope from whence sweet comfort springs;
This jealousy in basest minds doth dwell,
His metal Vulcan's Cyclops fetched from hell.—
A smacking kiss that waked me with the din.

Know good and eschew it, praise chasteness and follow lustful love like the old [*one or two words illegible here*].
All quickly come home by weeping cross.
Highest imperial orb and throne of the thunder.
Et non morieris inultus. Shelter and shade
Holdeth them faster than Vulcan's fine wires kept Mars.

A song to be sung for a wager, a dish of damsons new gathered off the trees.
Melampus, when will love be void of fears?
When jealousy hath neither eyes nor ears.
Melampus, tell me when is love best fed?
When it hath sucke[d] the sweet that ease hath bred.

Liquorice as sweet to him as liquorice. *Cor sapit et* [*some words illegible here*]: a hot liver must be in a lover.
To commend anything is the Italian way of craving.
My heart is like a point of geometry indivisible, and where it goes it goes all.
Hard heart that did thy reed (poor shepherd) brake,
Thy reed that was the trumpet of thy wit,

---

[1] MS. "entreate."

Yet, though unworthy, sound thy phœnix' praise,
And with this slender pipe her glory raise.
Cupid, enraged to see a thousand boys
As fair as he sit shooting in her eyes,
Fell down, and she
Plucked all his plumes and made herself a fan,
Swearing him her true little serving man.
Muse choose:
My mistress feeds the air, air feeds not her,
Light of the light she is, delight supreme.
Yet so far from the lightness of her sex,
For she is the bird whose name doth end in X.
Not clouds cast from the spongy element,
Nor darkness shot from Orcus' pitchy eyes,
Yet both her shines veiled with her arch beauties.
Her words such quickening odours cast
As raise the sick and make the soundest think
Air is not wholesome, till her walk be past,
More than the fountains till the unicorns[1] drink.
A thousand echoes wait[2] upon her voice.
Cupid. Those milky mounts he every morning haunts,
Where to their drink his mother's doves he calls.
In my younger days when my wits ran a wool gathering.
Some pretty lie he coined.

---

[1] "For his horn being put into the water, driveth away the poyson, that he may drink without harm, if any venemous Beast shall drink therein before him."—Topsell, *Hist. of Four-footed Beasts*, p. 555, ed. 1658.

[2] MS. "vat."

A MERRY BALLET OF THE HAWTHORN-TREE.[1]

TO BE SUNG AFTER DONKIN DARGESON.[2]

(From a Manuscript in the Cottonian Library, Vesp. A. xxv. ff. 163-4.)

It was a maid of my country,
As she came by the hawthorn-tree,
As full of flowers as might be seen,
She marvell'd to see the tree so green.

At last she askèd of this tree,
"How came this freshness unto thee,
And every branch so fair and clean?
I marvel that you grow so green."

The tree made answer by and by,
"I have good cause to grow triumphantly;
The sweetest dew that ever be seen
Doth fall on me to keep me green."

"Yea," quoth the maid, "but where you grow,
You stand at hand for every blow,
Of every man for to be seen:
I marvel that you grow so green."

---

[1] First printed in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790. In the MS. the name "G. Peele" is subscribed—in a seventeenth century hand. Ritson does not mention that Peele's name is appended. Whether Peele wrote the ballet is, as Dyce remarks, very doubtful.

[2] Many old songs are directed to be sung to the tune of Dargeson or Donkin Dargeson, but nobody now knows what the tune was.

"Though many one take flowers fro me,
And many a branch out of my tree,
I have such store they will not be seen,
For more and more my twigs grow green."

"But how and they chance to cut thee down,
And carry thy branches into the town?
Then will they never no more be seen,
To grow again so fresh and green."

"Though that you do, it is no boot;
Although they cut me to the root,
Next year again I will be seen
To bud my branches fresh and green.

"And you, fair maid, can not do so,
For if you let your maidhood[1] go,
Then will it never no more be seen,
As I with my branches can grow green."

The maid with that began to blush,
And turn'd her from the hawthorn-bush;
She thought herself so fair and clean,
Her beauty still would ever grow green.

When that she heard this marvellous doubt,
She wander'd still then all about,
Suspecting still what she would ween,
Her maidhead[2] lost would never be seen.

---

[1] The MS. gives { "maidhode goe / virginiti go."

[2] So MS.—Dyce "maidhood."

With many a sigh she went her way,
To see how she made herself so gay,
To walk, to see, and to be seen,
And so outfaced the hawthorn green.

Besides all that, it put her in fear,
To talk with company any where,
For fear to lose the thing that should be seen
To grow as were the hawthorn green.

But after this never I could hear
Of this fair maiden any where,
That ever she was in forest seen,
To talk again with [1] the hawthorn green.

---

[1] MS. "of."

MERRY CONCEITED JESTS OF GEORGE PEELE.

Merrie conceited Iests: of George Peele Gentleman, sometimes a Student in Oxford. Wherein is shewed the course of his life, how he liued: a man very well knowne in the Citie of London, and elsewhere.

Buy, reade, and iudge,
The price doe not grudge:
It will doe thee more pleasure,
Then twice so much treasure.

London, Printed by G. P. for F. Faulkner, and are to be sold at his Shop in Southwarke, neare Saint Margarets Hill. 1627. 4to.

Concerning these merry jests see *Introduction*. The earliest edition known is dated 1607. Other editions appeared in 1626, 1627, 1657, and 1671. There is also an old undated edition.

In Stationers' Registers, 14th December 1605 (Arber III. 308), is the entry :—

"**ffrauncis ffawkner.** Entred for his copie vnder the handes of the wardens A booke called the *Iestes of* GEORGE PEELE ‖ . . . . vj^{d}.

MERRY CONCEITED JESTS OF GEORGE PEELE.

THE JEST OF GEORGE PEELE WITH FOUR OF HIS COMPANIONS AT BRAINFORD.[1]

GEORGE, with others of his associates, being merry together at the tavern, having more store of coin than usually they did possess, although they were as regardless of their silver as a garden-whore is of her honesty; yet they intended for a season to become good husbands, if they knew how to be sparing of that their pockets were then furnished withal. Five pounds they had amongst them; and a plot must be cast how they might be merry with extraordinary cheer three or four days, and keep their five pounds whole in stock. George Peele was the man must do it or none, and generally they conjured him by their loves, his own credit, and the reputation that went on him, that he would but in this show his wit; and withal he should have all the furtherance that in them lay. George, as easy as they earnest to be won to such an exploit, consented, and [they] gathered their money together, and gave it all to George,

[1] "Perhaps Rowlands had this story . . . in his mind when he composed the epigram on *Master Makeshift* in the *Knave of Clubs*."—*Hazlitt*. Probably both writers drew from a common source.

who should be their purse-bearer, and the other four should seem as servants to George Peele; and the better to colour it, they should go change their cloaks, the one like the other, so near as they could possible; the which at Beelzebub's brother the broker's they might quickly do. This was soon accomplished, and George was furnished with his black satin suit, and a pair of boots, which were as familiar to his legs as the pillory to a baker's or collier's neck; and he sufficiently possessed his friends with the whole scope of his intent, as, gentle reader, the sequel will show. Instantly they took a pair of oars, whose arms were to make a false gallop no further than Brainford, where their fare was paid them so liberally, that each of them, the next tide to London, purchased two new waistcoats: yet should these good benefactors come to their usual places of trade, and if they spy a better fare than their own, that happily the gentleman hath more mind to go withal, they will not only fall out with him that is of their own sweet transporters, as they are, but abuse the fare they carry with foul speeches, as "A pox," or "The devil go with you," as their godfather Charon, the ferryman of hell, hath taught them. I speak not this of all, but of some that are brought up in the east, some in the west, some in the north, but most part in the south; but for the rest, they are honest complete men. Leaving them, to come to my honest George; who is now merry at The Three Pigeons[1] in Brainford, with sack and sugar, not any wine wanting, the musicians playing, my host drinking, my hostess dancing with the worshipful justice, for so then he was termed, and his mansion-house in Kent, who came thither of purpose to be merry with his men, because he could not so conveniently near home by reason of a shrewish wife he had. My gentle hostess gave him all the entertainment her house could afford; for Master Peele had paid royally,

[1] A noted inn: it was kept by Lowin the actor in the Civil War time.

for all his five pounds was come to ten groats. Now George Peele's wit labours to bring in that five pounds there was spent; which was soon begotten. Being set at dinner, "My host," quoth George, "how falls the tide out for London?" "Not till the evening," quoth mine host: "have you any business, sir?" "Yes, marry," quoth George, "I intend not to go home this two days: therefore, my host, saddle my man a horse for London, if you be so well furnished, for I must send him for one bag more," quoth George, "ten pounds hath seen no sun this six months." "I am ill furnished if I cannot furnish you with that," quoth my host, and presently saddled him a good nag, and away rides one of George's men to London, attending the good hour of his master Peele in London. In the meantime George bespeaks great cheer to supper, saying, he expected some of his friends from London. Now you must imagine there was not a penny owing in the house, for he had paid as liberal as Cæsar, as far as Cæsar's wealth went; for, indeed, most of the money was one Cæsar's, an honest man yet living in London. But to the catastrophe. All the day before, had one of the other men of George Peele been a great solicitor to my hostess, she would beg leave of his master he might go see a maid, a sweetheart of his, so far as Kingston, and before his master went to bed he would return again; saying he was sure she might command it at his master's hands. My kind hostess willing to pleasure the young fellow, knowing in her time what belonged to such matters, went to Master Peele, and moved him in it, which he angrily refused; but she was so earnest in it, that she swore he should not deny her, protesting he went but to see an uncle of his some five miles off. "Marry, I thank you," quoth George: "my good hostess, would you so discredit me, or hath the knave no more wit than at this time to go, knowing I have no horse here, and would he base cullian go a-foot?" "Nay, good sir," quoth mine hostess, "be not angry, it is not his

intent to go a-foot, for he shall have my mare; and I will assure you, sir, upon my word, he shall be here again to have you to bed." "Well," quoth George, "hostess, I'll take you at your word, let him go; his negligence shall light upon you." "So be it," quoth mine hostess. So down goeth she, and sends away civil Thomas, for so she called him, to his sweetheart, backed upon her mare: which Thomas, instead of riding to Kingston, took London in his way; where meeting with my other horseman, attended the arrival of George Peele, which was not long after. They are at London; George in his chamber at Brainford, accompanied with none but one Anthony Nit, a barber, who dined and supped with him continually, of whom he had borrowed a lute,[1] to pass away the melancholy afternoon, of which he could play as well as Banks his horse.[2] The barber very modestly takes his leave: George obsequiously bids him to supper, who (God willing) would not fail. George being left alone with his two supposed men, gave them the mean how to escape, and walking in the court, George found fault with the weather, saying it was rawish and cold; which word mine hostess hearing, my kind hostess fetched her husband's holiday gown, which George thankfully put about him, and withal called for a cup of sack, after which he would walk into the meadows and practise upon his lute. "'Tis good for your worship to do so," quoth mine hostess: which walk George took directly to Sion; where having the advantage of a pair of oars at hand, made his[3] journey for London. His two associates behind had the plot in their heads by George's instruction for their escape; for they knew he was gone. My hostess she was in the market, buying of provision for supper;

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[1] Lutes were kept in barbers' shops for the diversion of the customers.

[2] The wonderful horse Morocco, whose feats are noticed by scores of Elizabethan writers.

[3] Old eds. "this."

mine host he was at tables;[1] and my two masterless men desired the maids to excuse them if their master came, "For," quoth they, "we will go drink two pots with my smug smith's wife at Old Brainford." "I warrant you," quoth the maids. So away went my men to the smith's at Old Brainford, from thence to London; where they all met, and sold the horse and the mare, the gown and the lute, which money was as badly spent as it was lewdly got. How my host and my hostess looked when they saw the event of this, go but to The Three Pigeons at Brainford, you shall know.

THE JEST OF GEORGE AND THE BARBER.[2]

GEORGE was not so merry at London with his capons and claret as poor Anthony the barber was sorrowful at Brainford for the loss of his lute; and therefore determined to come to London to seek out George Peele; which by the means of a kinsman that Anthony Nit had in London, his name was Cuts or Feats, a fellow that had good skill in tricks on the cards, and he was well acquainted with the

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[1] Backgammon.

[2] "George Pyeboard escapes from the sheriff's officers by a like stratagem. When they arrest him at the suit of his hostess for 'four pound, five shillings, and five pence,' he says, 'If you had not crossed me, I was going in great joy to receive five pound of a gentleman, for the device of a masque here, drawn in this paper;' and they consent to accompany him to the gentleman's house, on condition of their receiving what remains of the five pounds after the claim of the hostess has been satisfied. George takes them to a house in the next street; and while the officers think he is talking to the owner of it about the masque, George explains his situation to him, and begs permission to make his exit by a back-door: the good-natured gentleman likes the jest, and George escapes.—*The Puritan*, Act 3, sc. 4 and 5."—*Dyce.*

place where George's common abode was; and for kindred-sake he directed the barber where he should have him, which was at a blind alehouse in Sea-coal Lane. There he found George in a green jerkin, a Spanish platter-fashioned hat, all alone at a peck of oysters. The barber's heart danced within him for joy he had so happily found him. He gave him the time of the day. George not a little abashed at the sight of the barber, yet went not to discover it openly. He that at all times had a quick invention, was not now behindhand to entertain my barber, who knew for what his coming was. George thus saluted him. "My honest barber," quoth George, "welcome to London: I partly know your business; you come for your lute, do you not?" "Indeed, sir," quoth the barber, "for that is my coming." "And believe me," quoth George, "you shall not lose your labour; I pray you stand to and eat an oyster, and I'll go with you presently; for a gentleman in the city of great worship borrowed it of me for the use of his daughter, that plays exceeding well and had a great desire to have the lute: but, sir, if you will go along with me to the gentleman's house, you shall have your lute with great satisfaction; for had not you come, I assure you, I had sent [it] to you; for you must understand that all that was done at Brainford among us mad gentlemen was but a jest, and no otherwise." "Sir, I think not any otherwise," quoth the barber: "but I would desire your worship that as you had it of me in love, so in kindness you would help me to it again." "O God, what else?" quoth George: "I'll go with thee presently, even as I am, for I came from hunting this morning; and should I go up to the certain gentlemen above, I should hardly get away." "I thank you, sir," quoth the barber. So on goes George with him in his green jerkin, a wand in his hand very pretty, till he came almost at the alderman's house: where making a sudden stay, "Afore God," quoth George, "I must crave thy pardon at this instant, for I have bethought myself,

should I go as I am, it would be imagined I had had some of my lord's hounds out this morning; therefore I'll take my leave of thee, and meet thee where thou wilt about one of the clock." "Nay, good sir," quoth the barber, "go with me now; for I purpose, God willing, to be at Brainford to-night." "Sayest thou so?" quoth George: "why, then, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do: thou art here a stranger and altogether unknown; lend me thy cloak and thy hat, and do thou put on my green jerkin, and I'll go with thee directly along." The barber, loth to leave him until he had his lute, yielded to the change. So when they came to the gentleman's porch, he put on George's green jerkin and his Spanish hat, and he the barber's cloak and his hat. Either of them being thus fitted, George knocks at the door: to whom the porter bids heartily welcome, for George was well known, who at that time had all the oversight of the pageants.[1] He desires the porter to bid his friend welcome; "For he is a good fellow and a keeper, Master Porter, one that at his pleasure can bestow a haunch of venison on you." "Marry, that can I," quoth the barber. "I thank you, sir," answered the porter. "Master Peele, my master is in the hall; pleaseth it you to walk in?" "With all my heart," quoth George: "in the meantime let my friend bear you company." "That he shall, Master Peele," quoth the porter; "and if it please him, he shall take a simple dinner with me." The barber gives him hearty thanks, not misdoubting Master Peele any way, seeing him known; and himself so welcome, fell in chat with the porter. George Peele goes directly to the alderman, who now is come into the court, in the eye of the barber; where George, after many complaints,[2] draws a blank[3] paper out of his bosom, and making action to the

[1] "'He's an excellent scholar,' says Puttock of George Pyeboard, 'and especially for a masque.'—*The Puritan*, Act 3, sc. 5."—*Dyce*.

[2] "Qy. 'compliments'?"—*P. A. Daniel*.

[3] So Dyce.—Old ed. "black."

barber, reads to the alderman as followeth. "I humbly desire your worship to stand my friend in a slight matter. Yonder hard-favoured knave, that sits by your worship's porter, hath dogged me to arrest me, and I had no other means but to take your worship's house for shelter. The occasion is but trivial, only for stealing of a piece of flesh, myself consorted with three or four gentlemen of good fashion, that would not willingly have our names come in question. Therefore, this is my boon;[1] that your worship would let one of your servants let me out at the garden-door, and I shall think myself much indebted to your worship." The kind gentleman, little dreaming of George Peele's deceit, took him into the parlour, gave him a brace of angels, and caused one of his servants to let George out at the garden-door; which was no sooner opened, but George made way for the barber seeing him any more, and all the way he went could not choose but laugh at his knavish conceit, how he had gulled the simple barber, who sat all this while with the porter blowing of his nails; to whom came this fellow that let out George. "You whoreson keeperly rascal," quoth the fellow, "do you come to arrest any honest gentleman in my master's house?" "Not I, so God help me," quoth the barber. "I pray, sir, where is the gentleman, Master Peele, that came along with me?" "Far enough," quoth the fellow, "for your coming near him; he is gone out at the garden-door." "Garden-door!" quoth the barber; "why, have you any more doors than one?" "We have, sir; and get you hence, or I'll set you going, goodman keeper." "Alas," quoth the barber, "sir, I am no keeper, I am quite undone! I am a barber dwelling at Brainford:" and with weeping tears up and told him how George had used him. The

[1] "May it please your good worship, then, but to uphold my device, which is to let one of your men put me out at a back-door, and I shall be bound to your worship for ever."—*Puritan*, iii. 5.

servant goes in, and tells his master: which when he heard, he could not but laugh at the first; yet in pity of the poor barber, he gave him twenty shillings towards his loss. The barber sighing took it, and towards Brainford home he goes; and whereas he came from thence in a new cloak and a fair hat, he went home weeping in an old hat and a green jerkin.

HOW GEORGE PEELE BECAME A PHYSICIAN.

GEORGE on a time being happily furnished both of horse and money, though the horse he hired, and the money he borrowed; but no matter how he was possessed of them; and towards Oxford he rides to make merry with his friends and fellow students; and in his way he took up Wickham, where he sojourned that night. Being at supper, accompanied with his hostess, among other table-talk, they fell into discourse of chirurgery, of which my hostess was a simple professor. George Peele, observing the humour of my she-chirurgeon, upheld her in all the strange cures she talked of, and praised her womanly endeavour; telling her, he loved her so much the better, because it was a thing that he professed, both physic and chirurgery: and George had a dictionary of physical words, that it might set a better gloss upon that which he seemingly professed; and told his good hostess, at his return he would teach her something that should do her no hurt; "For," quoth he, "at this instant I am going about a great cure, as far as Warwickshire, to a gentleman of great living, and one that hath been in a consumption this half year, and I hope to do him good." "O God," quoth the hostess, "there is a gentleman not a quarter of a mile off, that hath been a long time sick of the same disease. Believe me, sir," quoth the hostess, "would it please your worship, ere your departure

in the morning, but to visit the gentleman, and but spend your opinion of him, and I make no question but the gentlewoman will be very thankful to you." "'I faith," quoth George, "happily at my return I may; but at this time my haste is such that I cannot; and so good night, mine hostess." So away went George to bed; and my giddy hostess, right of the nature of most women, thought that night as long as ten, till she was delivered of that burden of news which she had received from my new doctor, for so he termed himself. Morning being come, at break of the day mine hostess trudges to this gentleman's house, acquainteth his wife what an excellent man she had at her house; protesting he was the best seen in physic, and had done the most strangest cures that ever she heard of; saying, that if she would but send for him, no question he would do him good. The gentlewoman, glad to hear of anything that might procure the health of her husband, presently sent one of her men to desire the doctor to come and visit her husband. Which message when George heard, he wondered; for he had no more skill in physic than in music; and they were as distant both from him as heaven from hell. But, to conclude, George set a bold face on it, and away went he to the sick gentleman: where when he came, after some compliment to the gentlewoman, he was brought to the chamber, where the ancient gentleman lay wonderful sick, for all physic had given him over. George begins to feel his pulses and his temples, saying, he was very far spent: "Yet," quoth he, "under God, I will do him some good, if nature be not quite extinct." Whereupon he demanded whether they had ever a garden? "That I have," quoth the gentlewoman. "I pray you direct me thither," quoth George. Where when he came, he cut a handful of every flower, herb and blossom, or whatsoever else in the garden, and brought them in in the lappet of his cloak, boiled them in ale, strained them, boiled them again; and when he had all the juice out of them, of which

he made some pottle of drink, he caused the sick gentleman to drink off a maudlin cupful, and willed his wife to give him of that same at morning, noon, and night; protesting, if anything in this world did him good, it must be that; giving great charge to the gentlewoman to keep him wonderful warm: "And at my return," quoth George, "some ten days hence, I will return and see how he fares; for," quoth he, "by that time something will be done; and so I will take my leave." "Not so," quoth the gentlewoman; "your worship must needs stay and take a simple dinner with me to-day." "Indeed," quoth George, "I cannot now stay; my haste is such, I must presently to horse." You may suppose George was in haste until he was out of the gentleman's house; for he knew not whether he had poisoned the gentleman or not, which made him so eager to be gone out of the gentleman's house. The gentlewoman, seeing she could by no means stay him, gave him two brace of angels, which never shined long in his purse, and desired him at his return to know her house: which George promised, and with seeming niceness took the gold, and towards Oxford went he, forty shillings heavier than he was; where he bravely domineered while his physical money lasted. But to see the strangeness of this. Whether it was the virtue of some herb which he gathered, or the conceit the gentleman had of George Peele, but it so pleased God the gentleman recovered; and in eight days walked abroad; and that fortunate potion which George made at random, did him more good than many pounds that he had spent in half a year before in physic. George, his money being spent, he made his return towards London; and when he came within a mile of the gentleman's house, he inquired of a country fellow how such a gentleman did? The fellow told him, God be praised, his good landlord was well recovered by a virtuous gentleman that came this way by chance. "Art thou sure of it?" quoth George. "Yes, believe me," quoth the fellow; "I saw him in the

fields but this morning." This was no simple news to George. He presently set spurs to his horse, and whereas he thought to shun the town, he went directly to his inn: at whose arrival, the hostess clapped her hands; the ostler laughed; the tapster leaped; the chamberlain ran to the gentleman's house, and told him the doctor was come. How joyful the gentleman was, let them imagine that have any after-healths. George Peele was sent for; and after a million of thanks from the gentleman and his friends, George Peele had twenty pounds delivered him; which money, how long it was a-spending, let the taverns in London witness.

HOW GEORGE HELPED HIS FRIEND TO A SUPPER.

GEORGE was invited one night by certain of his friends to supper at The White Horse in Friday Street; and in the evening as he was going, he met with an old friend of his, who was so ill at the stomach, hearing George tell him of the good cheer he went to, himself being unprovided both of meat and money, that he swore he had rather have gone a mile about than have met him at that instant. "And believe me," quoth George, "I am heartily sorry that I cannot take thee along with me, myself being but an invited guest; besides, thou art out of clothes, unfitting for such a company: marry, this I'll do; if thou wilt follow my advice, I'll help thee to thy supper." "Any way," quoth he to George: "do thou but devise the means, and I'll execute it." George presently told him what he should do; so they parted. George well entertained, with extraordinary welcome, and seated at the upper end of the table, supper being brought up, H. M. watched his time

below; and when he saw that the meat was carried up, up he follows, as George had directed him: who when George saw, "You whoreson rascal," quoth George, "what make you here?" "Sir," quoth he, "I am come from the party you wot of." "You rogue," quoth George, "have I not forewarned you of this?" "I pray you, sir," quoth he, "hear my errand." "Do you prate, you slave?" quoth George; and with that took a rabbit out of the dish, and threw it at him. Quoth he, "You use me very hardly." "You dunghill," quoth George, "do you outface me?" and with that took the other rabbit, and threw it at his head; after that a loaf; then drawing his dagger, making an offer to throw it, the gentleman stayed him. Meanwhile H. M. got the loaf and the two rabbits, and away he went: which when George saw he was gone, after a little fretting, he sat quietly. So by that honest shift he helped his friend to his supper, and was never suspected for it of the company.

HOW GEORGE PEELE WAS SHAVEN, AND OF THE REVENGE HE TOOK.[1]

THERE was a gentleman that dwelt in the west country, and had stayed here in London a term longer than he intended, by reason of a book that George had to translate out of Greek into English; and when he wanted money, George had it of the gentleman: but the more he supplied him of coin, the further off he was from his book, and could get no end of it, neither by fair means, entreaty, or double

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[1] The revenge is described in the chapter "How the gentleman was gulled for shaving of George" (p. 392).

payment; for George was of the poetical disposition, never to write so long as his money lasted; some quarter of the book being done, and lying in his hands at random. The gentleman had plotted a means to take such an order with George next time he came, that he would have his book finished. It was not long before he had his company. His arrival was for more money: the gentleman bids him welcome, causeth him to stay dinner; where falling into discourse about his book, found that it was as near ended as he left it two months ago. The gentleman, meaning to be gulled no longer, caused two of his men to bind George, hand and foot, in a chair. A folly it was for him to ask what they meant by it: the gentleman sent for a barber; and George had a beard of an indifferent size and well grown: he made the barber shave him, beard and head, left him as bare of hair as he was of money. The barber he was well contented for his pains, who left George like an old woman in man's apparel; and his voice became it well, for it was more woman than man. "George," quoth the gentleman, "I have always used you like a friend; my purse hath been open to you: that you have of mine to translate, you know it is a thing I highly esteem; therefore I have used you in this fashion, that I might have an end of my book, which shall be as much for your profit as my pleasure." So forthwith he commanded his men to unbind him; and putting his hand into his pocket, gave him two brace of angels. Quoth he, "Master Peele, drink this, and by that time you have finished my book, your beard will be grown; until which time I know you will be ashamed to walk abroad." George patiently took the gold, said little, and when it was dark night, took his leave of the gentleman, and went directly home: who when his wife saw, I omit the wonder she made, but imagine those that shall behold their husbands in such a case. To bed went George; and ere morning he had plotted sufficiently how to cry *quid pro quo* with his politic gentleman.

THE JEST OF GEORGE PEELE AT BRISTOW.[1]

GEORGE was at Bristow, and there staying somewhat longer than his coin would last him, his palfrey that should be his carrier to London, his head was grown so big that he could not get him out of the stable. It so fortuned at that instant, certain players came to the town, and lay at that inn where George Peele was: to whom George was well known, being in that time an excellent poet, and had acquaintance of most of the best players in England: from the trivial sort he was but so so; of which these were; only knew George by name, no otherwise. There was not past three of the company come with the carriage, the rest were behind, by reason of a long journey they had, so that night they could not enact; which George hearing, had presently a stratagem in his head to get his horse free out of the stable, and money in his purse to bear his charges up to London. And thus it was. He goes directly to the mayor, tells him he was a scholar and a gentleman, and that he had a certain history[2] of *The Knight of the Rhodes;* and withal, how Bristow was first founded and by whom, and a brief of all those that before him had succeeded in office in that worshipful city; desiring the mayor, that he with his presence, and the rest of his brethren, would grace his labours. The mayor agreed to it, gave him leave, and withal appointed him a place, but for himself, he could not be there, being in the evening; but bade him make the best benefit he could of the city, and very liberally gave him an angel; which George thankfully receives, and about his business he goes, got his stage made, his history

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[1] "See No. 133 of *Merry Tales and Quick Answers*, ed. 1567."—*Hazlitt.*

[2] Historical play.

cried, and hired the players' apparel, to flourish out his show, promising to pay them liberally; and withal desired them they would favour him so much as to gather him his money at the door; for he thought it his best course to employ them, lest they should spy out his knavery, for they have perilous heads. They willingly yield to do him any kindness that lies in them; in brief, carry their apparel to the hall, place themselves at the door; where George in the meantime, with the ten shillings he had of the mayor, delivered his horse out of purgatory, and carries him to the town's end, and there placeth him to be ready at his coming. By this time the audience were come, and some forty shillings gathered; which money George put in his purse, and putting on one of the players' silk robes, after the trumpet had sounded thrice,[1] out he comes, makes low obeisance, goes forward with his prologue, which was thus:

"A trifling toy, a jest of no account, perdy;[2]
The knight, perhaps you think for to be I:
Think on so still; for why[3] you know that thought is free:
Sit still a while, I'll send the actors to ye."

Which being said, after some fire-works that he had made of purpose, threw out among them, and down stairs goes he, gets to his horse, and so with forty shillings to London; leaves the players to answer it; who when the jest was known, their innocence excused them, being as well gulled as the mayor and the audience.

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[1] It was the custom for the Prologue to enter at the third sounding of the trumpet. See Prologue to *Every Man out of his Humour*, *Cynthia's Revels*, &c.

[2] Verily.

[3] "For why"—because.

HOW GEORGE GULLED A PUNK,

OTHERWISE CALLED A CROSHABELL.

COMING to London, he fell in company with a cockatrice; which pleased his eye so well, that George fell a-boarding of her, and proffered her the wine, which my croshabell willingly accepted. To the tavern they go; where, after a little idle talk, George fell to the question about the thing you wot of. My she-hobby was very dainty, which made George far more eager; and my lecherous animal proffered largely to obtain his purpose. To conclude, nothing she would grant unto except ready coin, which was forty shillings, not a farthing less; if so he would, next night she would appoint him where he should meet her. George saw how the game went, that she was more for lucre than for love, thus cunningly answered her; "Gentlewoman, howsoever you speak, I do not think your heart agrees with your tongue: the money you demand is but to try me, and indeed but a trifle to me; but because it shall not be said I bought that gem of you I prize so highly, I'll give you a token to-morrow, that shall be more worth than your demand, if so you please to accept it." "Sir," quoth she, "it contenteth me well; and so, if please you, at this time we'll part, and to-morrow in the evening meet you where you shall appoint." The place was determined; and they kissed and parted, she home, George into Saint Thomas Apostle's, to a friend of his, of whom he knew he could take up a petticoat of trust; the first letter of his name begins with G. A petticoat he had of him, at the price of five shillings; which money is owing till this day. The next night being come, they met at the place appointed, which was a tavern: there they were to sup; that ended, George was to go home with her, to end

his yeoman's plea in her common case. But Master Peele had another drift in his mazzard; for he did so ply her with wine, that in a small time she spun such a thread, that she reeled homewards, and George he was fain to be her supporter. When to her house she came, with nothing so much painting in the inside as her face had on the outside, with much ado her maid had her to bed; who was no sooner laid, but she fell fast asleep: which when George perceived, he sent the maid for milk and a quart of sack to make a posset; where, before her return, George made so bold as to take up his own new petticoat, a fair gown of hers, two gold rings that lay in the window, and away he went. The gown and the gold rings he made a chaffer of; the petticoat he gave to his honest wife, one of the best deeds he ever did to her. How the croshabell looked when she awaked and saw this, I was never there to know.

HOW THE GENTLEMAN WAS GULLED FOR SHAVING OF GEORGE.

GEORGE had a daughter of the age of ten years, a girl of a pretty form, but of an excellent wit: all part of her was father, save her middle; and she [*i.e.* her] had George so tutored all night, that although himself was the author of it, yet had he been transformed into his daughter's shape, he could not have done it with more conceit. George at that time dwelt at the Bankside: from whence comes this she-Sinon,[1] early in the morning, with her hair dishevelled,

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[1] So Dyce.—Old eds. "she-sinnow" and "she-sinnew."

wringing her hands, and making such pitiful moan, with shrieks and tears, and beating of her breast, that made the people in a maze. Some stood wondering at the child, others plucked her to know the occasion; but none could stay her by any means, but on she kept her journey, crying "O, her father, her good father, her dear father!" over the Bridge, thorough Cheapeside, and so to the Old Bailey, where the gentleman sojourned. There sitting herself down, a hundred people gaping upon her, there she begins to cry out, "Woe to that place, that her father ever saw it! she was a cast-away, her mother was undone!" till with the noise one of the gentleman's men coming down, looked on her, and knew her to be George Peele's daughter. He presently runs up, and tells his master, who commanded his man to bring her up. The gentleman was in a cold sweat, fearing that George had, for the wrong that he did him the day before, some way undone himself. When the girl came up, he demanded the cause why she so lamented and called upon her father? George his flesh and blood, after a million of sighs, cried "Out upon him! he had made her father, her good father, drown himself:" which words once uttered, she fell into a counterfeit swoon; whom the gentleman soon recovered. This news went to his heart: and he being a man of a very mild condition, cheered up the girl; made his men to go buy her new clothes from top to toe; said he would be a father to her; gave her five pounds; bid her go home and carry it to her mother, and in the evening he would visit her. At this, by little and little, she began to be quiet, desiring him to come and see her mother. He tells her he will not fail; bids her go home quietly. So down stairs goes she pertly; and the wondering people that stayed at door to hear the manner of her grief, had of her naught but knavish answers, and home went she directly. The gentleman was so crossed in mind, and disturbed in thought at this unhappy accident, that his soul could not be in quiet till he had been with this

woful widow, as he thought; and presently went to Black Friars, took a pair of oars, and went directly to George Peele's house: where he found his wife plucking of larks, my crying crocodile turning of the spit, and George, pinned up in a blanket, at his translation. The gentleman, more glad at the unlooked-for life of George than [grieved at] the loss of his money, took part of the good cheer George had to dinner; wondered at the cunning of the wench; and within some few days after had an end of his book.

HOW GEORGE READ A PLAY-BOOK TO A GENTLEMAN.

THERE was a gentleman whom God had endued with good living to maintain his small wit: he was not a fool absolute, although in this world he had good fortune; and he was in a manner an ingle [1] to George, one that took great delight to have the first hearing of any work that George had done, himself being a writer, and had a poetical invention of his own, which when he had with great labour finished, their fatal end was for privy purposes. This self-conceited brock [2] had George invited to half-a-score sheets of paper; whose Christianly pen had writ *Finis* to the famous play of *The Turkish Mahamet and Hyrin the fair Greek*,[3] in Italian called a curtezan, in Spain, a margerite, in French, *une curtain*,[4] in England, among the barbarous, a whore,

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[1] Familiar. [2] Badger,—a term of contempt.
[3] Concerning this lost play of Peele's see *Introduction*.
[4] "Qy. 'putain'?"—*P. A. Daniel.*

but among the gentle, their usual associates, a punk: but now the word refined being latest, and the authority brought from a climate as yet unconquered, the fruitful county of Kent, they call them croshabell, which is a word but lately used, and fitting with their trade, being of a lovely and courteous condition. Leaving them, this fantastic, whose brain was made of naught but cork and sponge, came to the cold lodging of Monsieur Peele, in his black satin suit, his gown furred with cony, in his slippers. Being in the evening, he thought to hear George's book, and so to return to his inn; this not of the wisest, being of Saint Barnard's. George bids him welcome; told him he would gladly have his opinion in his book. He willingly condescended; and George begins to read, and between every scene he would make pauses, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it. Quoth he, "Wondrous well, the conveyance." "O, but," quoth George, "the end is far better;" for he meant another conveyance ere they two departed. George was very tedious in reading, and the night grew old. "I protest," quoth the gentleman, "I have stayed over-long; I fear me I shall hardly get into mine inn." "If you fear that," quoth George, "we will have a clean pair of sheets, and you shall take a simple lodging here." This house-gull willingly embraced it, and to bed they go: where George, in the midst of the night, spying his time, put on this dormouse his clothes, desired God to keep him in good rest, honestly takes leave of him and the house to whom he was indebted four nobles. When this drone awaked, and found himself so left, he had not the wit to be angry, but swore scurvily at the misfortune, and said, "I thought he would not have used me so." And although it so pleased the fates he had another suit to put on, yet he could not get thence till he had paid the money George owed to the house, which for his credit he did; and when he came to his lodging, in anger he made a poem of it:

" Peele is no poet, but a gull and clown,
To take away my clothes and gown:
I vow, by Jove, if I can see him wear it,
I'll give him a glyg, and patiently bear it.'

HOW GEORGE PEELE SERVED HALF A SCORE CITIZENS.

GEORGE once had invited half a score of his friends to a great supper, where they were passing merry, no cheer wanting, wine enough, music playing: the night growing on, and being upon departure, they call for a reckoning. George swears there is not a penny for them to pay. They, being men of good fashion, by no means will yield unto it, but every man throws down his money, some ten shillings, some five, some more; protesting, something they will pay. "Well," quoth George, taking up all the money, "seeing you will be so wilful, you shall see what shall follow." He commands the music to play, and while they were skipping and dancing, George gets his cloak, sends up two bottles of hippocras,[1] and leaves them and the reckoning to pay. They, wondering at the stay of George, meant to be gone; but they were stayed by the way, and before they went, forced to pay the reckoning anew. This showed a mind in him, he cared not whom he deceived, so he profited himself for the present.

[1] Old eds. "hypocrist."

A JEST OF GEORGE RIDING TO OXFORD.[1]

THERE was some half-dozen of citizens that had oftentimes been solicitors to George, he being a Master of Art at the University of Oxford, that he would ride with them to the Commencement, it being at midsummer. George, willing to pleasure the gentlemen his friends, rode along with them. When they had rode the better part of the way, they baited at a village called Stoken, five miles from Wycombe. Good cheer was bespoken for dinner; and frolic was the company, all but George, who could not be in that pleasant vein that did ordinarily possess him, by reason he was without money: but he had not fetched forty turns about the chamber, before his noddle had entertained a conceit how to money himself with credit, and yet glean it from some one of the company. There was among them one excellent ass, a fellow that did nothing but frisk up and down the chamber, that his money might be heard chide in his pocket. This fellow had George observed, and secretly conveyed his gilt rapier-and-dagger into another chamber, and there closely hid it: that done, he called up the tapster, and upon his cloak borrows five shillings for an hour or so, till his man came, as he could fashion it well enough. So much money he had; and then who more merry than George! Meat was brought up: they set themselves to dinner, all full of mirth, especially my little fool, who drank[2] not of the

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[1] "In *The Puritan*, Captain Idle (who is in prison) and George Pyeboard persuade Nicholas to steal Sir Godfrey's gold chain, to hide it in the garden, and to inform the simple knight that Idle is a great conjurer able to recover it: Sir Godfrey procures the release of Idle, who, assisted by George Pyeboard, plays the conjurer, and makes the Devil drop the chain on a rosemary-bank.—Act 1, s. 4; Act 4, s. 2."—*Dyce.*

[2] "Qy. 'dreamed'?"—*Dyce.*

conclusion of their feast. Dinner ended, much prattle past, every man begins to buckle to his furniture: among whom this hichcock missed his rapier; at which all the company were in a maze; he besides his wits, for he had borrowed it of a special friend of his, and swore he had rather spend twenty nobles. "This is strange," quoth George, "it should be gone in this fashion, none being here but ourselves, and the fellows of the house;" who were examined, but no rapier could be heard of: all the company much grieved; but George, in a pitiful chafe, swore it should cost him forty shillings but he would know what was become of it, if art could do it: and with that he caused the ostler to saddle his nag; for George would ride to a scholar, a friend of his, that had skill in such matters. "O good Master Peele," quoth the fellow, "want no money: here is forty shillings; see what you can do; and if you please, I'll ride along with you." "Not so," quoth George, taking his forty shillings, "I'll ride alone, and be you as merry as you can till my return." So George left them, and rode directly to Oxford. There he acquaints a friend of his with all the circumstance; who presently took horse and rode along with him to laugh at the jest. When they came back, George tells them he had brought one of the rarest men in England; whom they with much compliment bid welcome. He, after a distracted countenance and strange words, takes this bullfinch by the wrist, and carried him into the privy, and there willed him to put in his head, but while he had written his name and told forty: which he willingly did. That done, the scholar asked him what he saw? "By my faith, sir, I smelt a villanous scent, but I saw nothing." "Then I have," quoth he; and with that directed him where his rapier was; saying, "It is just north-east, enclosed in wood near the earth:" for which they all made diligent search, till George, who hid it under a settle, found it, to the comfort of the fellow, the joy of the company, and the eternal credit of his friend, who was

entertained with wine and sugar: and George redeemed his cloak, rode merrily to Oxford, having coin in his pocket, where this loach spares not for any expense, for the good fortune he had in the happy finding of his rapier.

HOW GEORGE SERVED HIS HOSTESS.

GEORGE lying at an old widow's house, and had gone so far on the score that his credit would stretch no farther; for she had made a vow not to depart[1] with drink or victuals without ready money. Which George, seeing the fury of his froward hostess, in grief kept his chamber; called to his hostess, and told her, "She should understand that he was not without money, how poorly soever he appeared to her, and that my diet shall testify; in the meantime, good hostess," quoth he, "send for such a friend of mine." She did: so his friend came; to whom George imparted his mind, the effect whereof was this, to pawn his cloak, hose, and doublet, unknown to his hostess: "For," quoth George, "this seven nights do I intend to keep my bed." Truly he spake, for his intent was, the bed should not keep him any longer. Away goes he to pawn his apparel: George bespeaks good cheer to supper, which was no shamble-butcher-stuff, but according to the place; for, his chamber being remote from the house, at the end of the garden, his apparel being gone, it appeared to him as the counter; therefore, to comfort himself, he dealt in poultry.[2] His friend brought the money, supped with him: his hostess he very liberally paid, but cavilled with her at her unkindness,

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1 Part.

2 "A quibbling allusion to the Counter Prison in the Poultry."—*Dyce.*

vowing that, while he lay there, none should attend him but his friend. The hostess replied, a' God's name, she was well contented with it: so was George too; for none knew better than himself what he intended. But, in brief, thus he used his kind hostess. After his apparel and money was gone, he made bold with the feather-bed he lay on, which his friend slily conveyed away, having as villanous a wolf in his belly as George, though not altogether so wise, for that feather-bed they devoured in two days, feathers and all; which was no sooner digested, but away went the coverlet, sheets, and the blanket; and at the last dinner, when George's good friend perceiving nothing left but the bed-cords, as the devil would have it, straight came in his mind the fashion of a halter, the foolish kind knave would needs fetch a quart of sack for his friend George; which sack to this day never saw vintner's cellar: and so he left George in a cold chamber, a thin shirt, a ravished bed, no comfort left him but the bare bones of deceased capons. In this distress George bethought him what he might do: nothing was left him; and as his eye wandered up and down the empty chamber, by chance he spied out an old armour, at which sight George was the joyfulest man in Christendom; for the armour of Achilles, that Ulysses and Ajax strove for, was not more precious to them, than this to him; for he presently claps it upon his back, the halbert in his hand, the morion on his head; and so gets out the back way, marches from Shoreditch to Clerkenwell, to the no small wonder of those spectators that beheld him. Being arrived to the wished haven he would be, an old acquaintance of his furnished him with an old suit and an old cloak for his old armour. How the hostess looked when she saw that metamorphosis in her chamber, judge those bomborts[1] that live by tapping, between the age of fifty and three-score.

[1] Skinkers, drawers. (*Bombard* was a name for a large leathern drinking-vessel.)

HOW HE SERVED A TAPSTER.

GEORGE was making merry with three or four of his friends in Pye-corner, where the tapster of the house was much given to poetry; for he had engrossed *The Knight of the Sun*,[1] *Venus and Adonis*,[2] and other pamphlets, which the stripling had collected together; and knowing George to be a poet, he took great delight in his company, and out of his bounty would bestow a brace of cans of him. George observing the humour of the tapster, meant presently to work upon him. "What will you say," quoth George to his friends, "if out of this spirit of the cellar I fetch a good angel that shall bid us all to supper?" "We would gladly see that," quoth his friends. "Content yourself," quoth George. The tapster ascends with his two cans; delivers one to Master Peele, and the other to his friends; gives them kind welcome: but George, instead of giving him thanks, bids him not to trouble him, and begins in these terms. "I protest, gentlemen, I wonder you will urge me so much; I swear I have it not about me." "What is the matter?" quoth the tapster; "hath any one angered you?" "No, faith," quoth George; "I'll tell thee, it is this. There is a friend of ours in Newgate for nothing but only the command of the justices; and he being now to be released, sends to me to bring him an angel. Now the man I love dearly well, and if he want ten angels, he shall have them, for I know him sure: but here's the misery, either I must go home, or I must be forced to pawn this;" and plucks

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[1] The famous romance, or group of romances, *The Mirror of Knighthood*, translated from the Spanish; in nine parts, 1579–1601.

[2] Shakespeare's poem.

an old Harry-groat[1] out of his pocket. The tapster looks upon it: "Why, and it please you, sir," quoth he, "this is but a groat." "No, sir," quoth George, "I know it is but a groat: but this groat will I not lose for forty pounds; for this groat had I of my mother as a testimony of a lease of a house I am to possess after her decease; and if I should lose this groat, I were in a fair case; and either I must pawn this groat, or there the fellow must lie still." Quoth the tapster, "If it please you, I will lend you an angel on it, and I will assure you it shall be safe." "Wilt thou?" quoth George: "as thou art an honest man, lock it up in thy chest, and let me have it whensoever I call for it." "As I am an honest man, you shall," quoth the tapster. George delivered him his groat: the tapster gave him ten shillings: to the tavern go they with the money, and there merrily spend it. It fell out in a small time after, the tapster, having many of these lurches,[2] fell to decay, and indeed was turned out of service, having no more coin in the world than this groat; and in this misery he met George as poor as himself. "O sir," quoth the tapster, "you are happily met; I have your groat safe, though since I saw you last, I have bid great extremity: and I protest, save that groat, I have not any one penny in the world; therefore I pray you, sir, help me to my money, and take your pawn." "Not for the world," quoth George: "thou sayest thou hast but that groat in the world; my bargain was, that thou shouldst keep that groat until I did demand it of thee; I ask thee none. I will do thee far more good, because thou art an honest fellow; keep thou that groat still, till I call for it; and so doing, the proudest Jack in England cannot justify that thou art not worth a groat; otherwise they might: and so, honest Michael, farewell." So George leaves the poor tapster picking of his fingers,

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[1] Groat of Henry the Eighth.

[2] "Having many of these lurches"—having been often duped.

his head full of proclamations what he might do; at last, sighing, he ends with this proverb:—

> "For the price of a barrel of beer
> I have bought a groat's-worth of wit:
> Is not that dear?"

HOW GEORGE SERVED A GENTLEWOMAN.[1]

GEORGE used often to an ordinary in this town, where a kinswoman of the good wife's in the house held a great pride and vain opinion of her own mother-wit; for her tongue was as a jack continually wagging; and for she had heard that George was a scholar, she thought she would find a time to give him notice that she had as much in her head as ever was in her grandfather's. Yet in some things she differed from the women in those days; for their natural complexion was their beauty: now this titmouse, what she is scanted by nature, she doth replenish by art, as her boxes of red and white daily can testify. But to come to George, who arrived at the ordinary among other gallants, throws his cloak upon the table, salutes the gentlemen, and presently calls for a cup of canary. George had a pair of hose on, that for some offence durst not be seen in that hue they were first dyed in, but from his first colour being a youthful green, his long age turned him into a mournful black, and for his antiquity was in print. Which this busy body perceiving, thought now to give it him to the quick; and drawing near Master Peele, looking upon his breeches, "By my troth, sir," quoth she, "these are exceedingly well

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[1] "See Thoms' *Anecdotes and Traditions*, p. 23 (Camden Society). A portion of the story is there told of Sir John Heydon and the Lady Cary."—*Hazlitt.*

printed." At which word, George being a little moved in his mind that his old hose were called in question answered, "And, by my faith, mistress," quoth George, "your face is most damnably ill painted." "How mean you, sir?" quoth she. "Marry, thus, mistress," quoth George; "that if it were not for printing and painting,[1] my arse and your face would grow out of reparations." At which she biting her lip, in a parrot fury went down the stairs. The gentlemen laughed at the sudden answer of George, and being seated to dinner, the gentlemen would needs have the company of this witty gentlewoman to dine with them; who with little denying came, in hope to cry quittance with George. When she was ascended, the gentlemen would needs place her by Master Peele; because they did use to dart one at another, they thought it meet, for their more safety, they should be placed nearest together. George kindly entertains her, and being seated, he desires her to reach him the capon that stood by her, and he would be so bold as to carve for his money: and as she put out her arm to take the capon, George sitting by her, yerks me out a huge fart, which made all the company in amaze, one looking upon the other, yet they knew it came that way. "Peace," quoth George, and jogs her on the elbow, "I will say it was I." At which all the company fell into a huge laughter;

she into a fretting fury, vowing never she
should sleep quietly till she was revenged
of George his wrong done unto her;
and so in a great chafe left
their company.

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1 "Compare:

'*Flavia.* Pray you, in ancient times were not those satin hose? In good faith, now they are new-dyed, pinked, and scowered, they show as well as if they were new. What, mute, Balurdo?

'*Feliche.* Ay, in faith, *and 'twere not for printing and painting, my breech and your face would be out of reparation.*'—Marston's *Antonio and Mellida, First Part*, 1602, act ii. sc. 1."—*Dyce.*

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